Outdoor America

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1930

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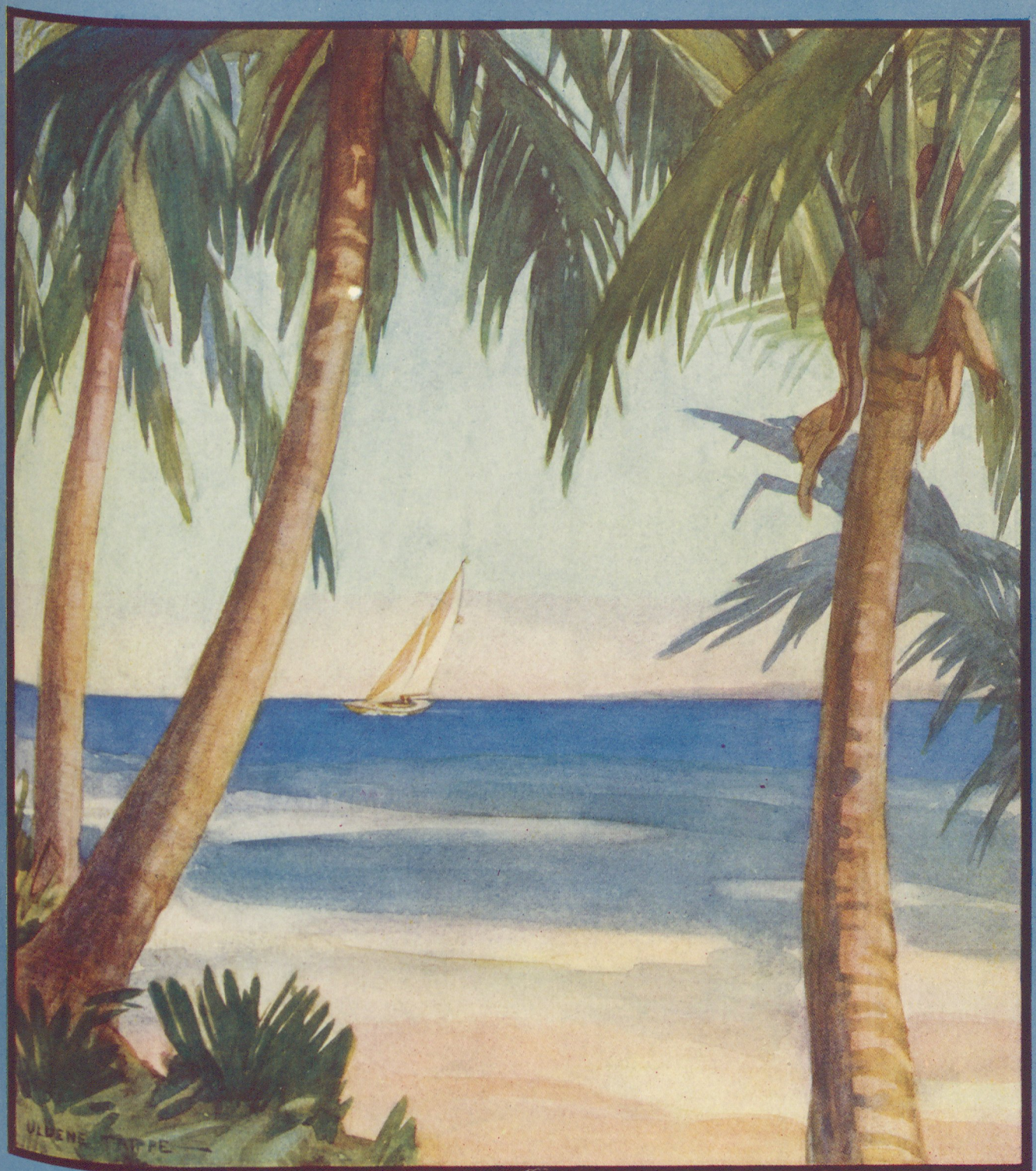

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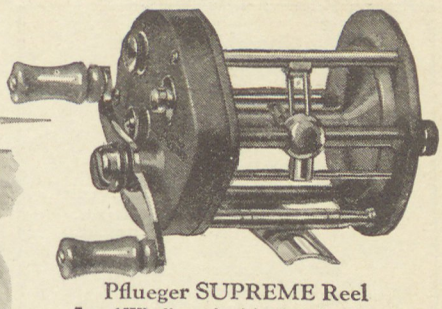

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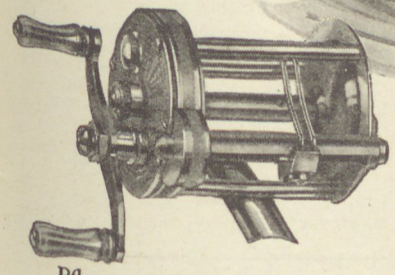

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Level Winding—Anti-back-lash
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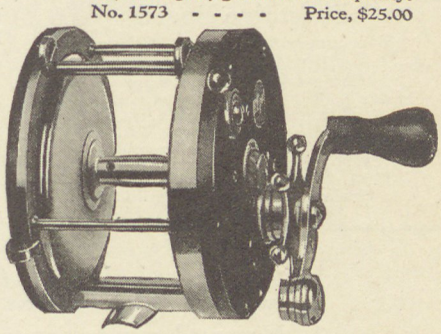

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for heavy salt water fishing.
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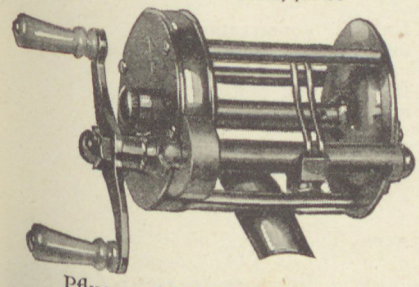
Pflueger ADAMS Reel
for heavy salt water fishing.
No. 2160—Size 6/0 - - Price, $50.00



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No. 1893 - - - - - - Price, $5.00

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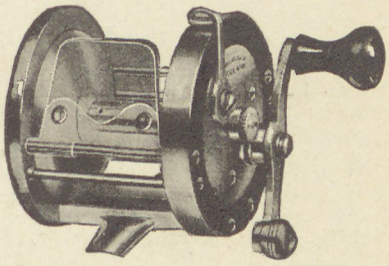
For bait casting or trolling ask to see the Pflueger Supreme, Summit and Akron reels. For trout or salmon, the Pflueger Medalist. For heavy fresh water, light and medium salt water trolling, the Pflueger Alpine. For surf casting, the Pflueger Oceanic, and for the heavier salt water fishing such as sailfish, tarpon, etc., the Pflueger Atlapac or Adams reels.



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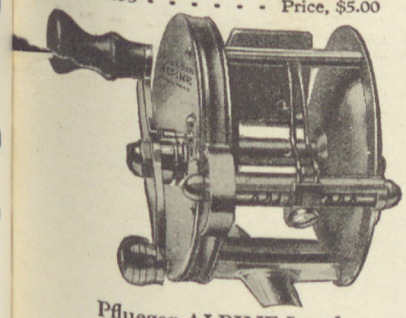

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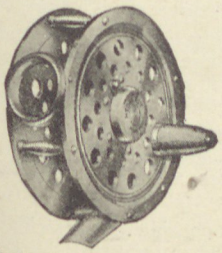

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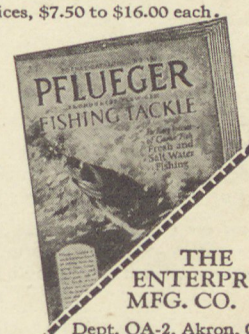

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Izaak Walton League of America

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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The Izaak Walton League has become the strongest national conservation organization in the land, and OUTDOOR AMERICA *is recognized as the voice of the outdoor people of America.*

The League has been a prime factor in molding a nation-wide conservation sentiment and in substituting wise use for abuse and waste of our outdoor resources.

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League's Conservation Platform

1. **Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.**
2. **More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.**
3. **Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.**
4. **Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.**
5. **Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.**
6. **Better protection for wild life and more refuges.**
7. **More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.**
8. **More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.**
9. **Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.**
10. **Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.**
11. **Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.**
12. **Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.**

What the League Has Done

The far-reaching benefits and accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League of America will, in a large measure, always be those local achievements which because of their very number will not attract wide publicity. A few outstanding projects are:

*1. **Upper Mississippi Refuge:*** Started campaign in 1923 resulting in setting aside the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge containing 300,000 acres devoted to the preservation of wild life and to recreation.

*2. **Elk Refuge:*** Started campaign early in 1925 to save the Jackson Hole elk herd. Raised $40,000, purchased 2,000 acres of haylands, and focused public attention upon the needs of these animals. Refuge presented to government in 1927.

*3. **Bass Law:*** Sponsored the enactment of the Hawes law, approved by President Coolidge May 20, 1926, to stop the marketing of black bass throughout the United States.

*4. **Superior Forest:*** Saved the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota as a wilderness area.

*5. **Pollution Campaign:*** In 1927 inaugurated the first real nationwide anti-pollution campaign, resulting in a program of water purification far greater than ever before attempted.

*6. **Horicon Marsh:*** In 1924 started a campaign to restore the Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, containing approximately 40,000 acres, as a wild-life and fish refuge. Set aside as a wild-life refuge in 1928.

*7. **Western Ducks:*** Promoted a "Save the Western Ducks Campaign" in 1927. Legislation approved by President Coolidge, April 24, 1928, to appropriate $350,000 for flooding almost 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes.

*8. **National Forests:*** Took a prominent part in securing legislation in 1928 establishing a definite program of national forest purchases in the Lake States, the South and the East.

*9. **Royal Gorge:*** Through the efforts of the League, and cooperating groups, the destruction of the beauty of the Royal Gorge in Colorado by power interests was averted in 1928.

*10. **National Refuge System:*** The League played an outstanding part in the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill (signed by President Coolidge on February 18, 1929), establishing a nationwide system of inviolate federal refuges, and authorizing the expenditure of $8,000,000.

What the League Is Doing

A few of the outstanding things the League has under way nationally are:

*1. **International Playground:*** Promoting a campaign to create and develop an international wilderness recreational and timber producing area in Minnesota and Ontario. Shipstead-Newton Bill pending in Congress.

*2. **Albemarle Lock:*** Waging campaign to rebuild Albemarle Canal Lock near Norfolk to stop flow of salt water and wastes into Currituck Sound and Back Bay, restoring 300 sq. mi. of waterfowl wintering grounds and bass breeding waters.

*3. **Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge:*** Promoting a plan to establish a permanent lake and wild-life refuge of 20,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms, central Kansas.

*4. **Fisheries Program:*** Urging Congress to enact the White Five-Year Fisheries Bill to establish a definite, comprehensive program of expansion and development of fish rearing and research activities. Affects thirty-three states.

*5. **Forest Protection:*** Supporting legislation to establish a program to protect National Forests against fires instead of spending several times the sum now appropriated to extinguish them. Englebright-Cutting Bill now before Congress.

*6. **Bass Law Enforcement:*** Sponsoring legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states, and endeavoring to secure funds from Congress for the enforcement of the Hawes Act. Hawes Enforcement Bill pending in Congress.

*7. **Scenic Assets:*** Vigorously opposing the destruction of such outstanding scenic assets as the Great Falls of the Potomac near our National Capitol and the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

*8. **Pollution:*** Continuing a nationwide campaign to clean up all inland and coastal waters.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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CONTENTS

Cover . . . . . *Painting by Uldene Trippe*
Frontispiece—Business Is Business . . . . . *John Held, Jr.*
The Vanished People (Second Installment) . . . . . *Edison Marshall* 5
Drawings by Frank Hoban
Dog Trails in the Northland . . . . . *Earle W. Gage* 9
Big Smoky Bear Hunting . . . . . *Charles Morrow Wilson* 12
Drawings by Don Nelson
Fable of a Fish, a Friend and a Frog . . . . . *Guy Von Schriltz* 14
Arkansas Mallards . . . . . *Cal Johnson* 17
Giant Sea Bass . . . . . *Roman J. Miller* 20
Outdoor Americans 22
Biographies by Arthur B. Wilson
Portraits by Julius L. Olson
Qui Vive Quail . . . . . *S. L. Wright, Sr.* 24
Drawings by Ferd Himme
The Tragedy of Currituck . . . . . *Senator F. M. Simmons* 30
Editorial 33
Pheasants, Facts and Fancies . . . . . *Ferdinand Brown* 34
The Law and Conservation . . . . . *Judge W. W. Knight* 37
Women—Out of Doors . . . . . *Betty Benton Patterson* 38
What's Happening in Conservation . . . . . *Seth Gordon* 40
Trips Afield with Boys . . . . . *Judge George W. Wood* 42
Let's Talk It Over 43
Outboard Motors and Small Boats . . . . . *Paul Burress* 46
Scientific Angling . . . . . *Frederick J. Lane* 50
Gun Rack and Game Fields . . . . . *Alec Mermod* 52
The Unexpected Visitor . . . . . *Stanley M. Lyman* 55
The Angler's Notebook . . . . . *O. W. Smith* 58
Uncertainties and Trout . . . . . *Fred A. Preston* 62
Camping Department 64
Murdo Gibson's Letter from the Wilderness 66
Outdoor Literature . . . . . *Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose and Ralph Cheyney* 70
Your Dog and Mine . . . . . *Ozark Ripley* 72

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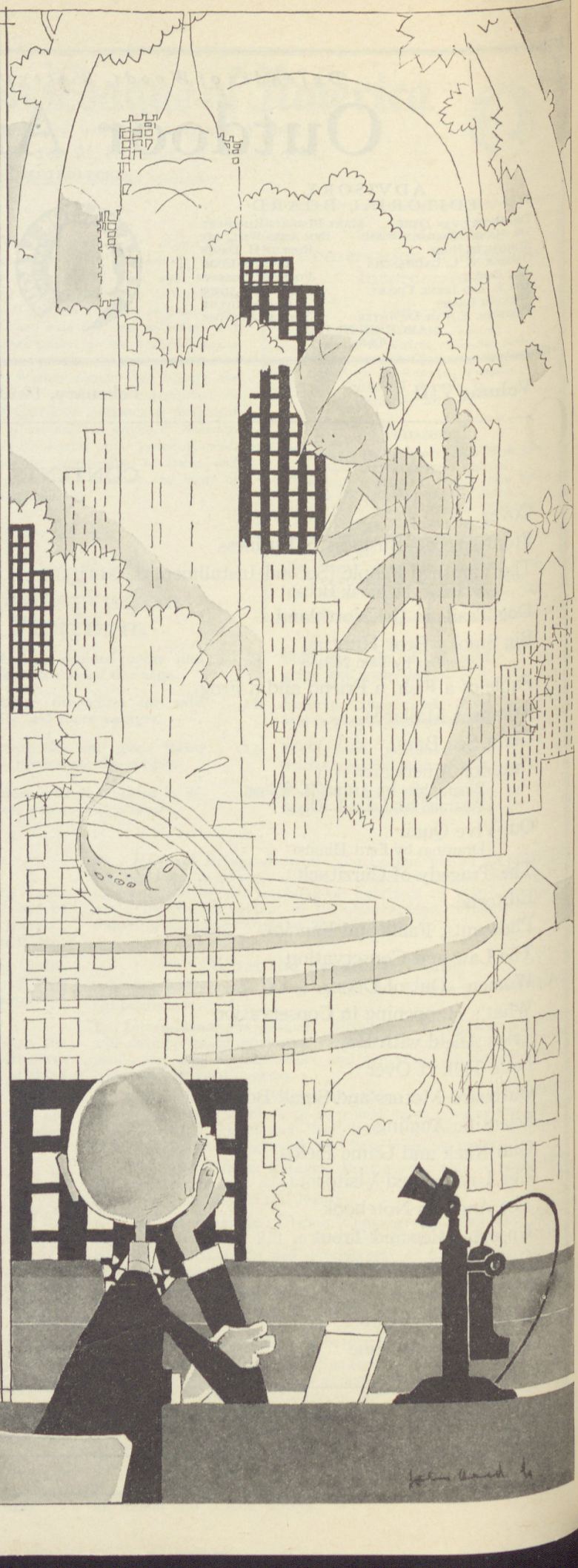
Business Is Business

By *John Held, Jr.*

MY OFFICE window frames a panorama
Of snow covered roofs
And high towers of commerce
Aglitter with light

When dusk deepens
The scene changes
There appears a grassy path
Thick with purple violets
The path
Follows a tumbled down wall of stone
Overgrown with creepers
Overhung with tender shoots
Of shadbush blooming
And mayapple
The path leads me in
Until it is a path no longer
And I cross a field
Growing thick with sumac
When I reach the great white oak
I hear the stream
Inviting me with merry laughter
As it tinkles this way and that
Through the fallen logs
And the granite ledges
I flush a hermit thrush
Anesting
In a clump of last years wire grass
Then a redwing blackbird takes wing
Chattering
At my intrusion
I cross a boggy spot
Punctured with twisted points of cabbage
Twirling up to greet the season
There the deep brown pool awaits me
Slowing up before it crowds through
Between two great boulders
Here I pause
And light my pipe
And oil my fly
Then I flick a Silver Doctor
On the mirror of the pool
And the circles of gentle ripples
Spread wider and wider
Until they caress the new green banks
A shadow darts out
From the moss grown depths
But turns under as it observes
The deceit
I tie a darker fly
And try again
This time a perfect cast
A flash of gold and blue
A momentary rainbow in the spray
The reel scolds as the line spins out
It's metallic clicking becomes bell like
The reel is ringing
Louder—loud—
"You are wanted on the phone"—

ONCE MORE
My office window frames a panorama
Of snow covered roofs
And high towers of commerce
Aglitter with light.



Drawings by Frank Hoban

The Vanished People

Synopsis of First Installment on Page 44

By *Edison Marshall*

CHAPTER III

ON THE second day out, Hull's condition took a turn for the worse. Adam wondered if he would live to see the midnight sun. He seemed to realize that his days were numbered, because he talked of his home in England, and asked to look over a number of photographs he kept in his locker.

Among these were the pictures Belgrade had mentioned. But the photographer had not discounted the low sun of the polar regions, and the prints were not plain. One of them represented a dead animal, apparently a bear. The other, of a group of Antarcticans, was somewhat clearer, but the men's faces were darkened by their parka hoods and told Adam nothing he did not already know. They were dressed in what seemed to be Eskimo costume, and looked greatly larger than the short, stocky men of the Arctic.

The remainder of the photographs, although taken with the same camera, seemed typical snapshots of English scenes and people. Adam looked through them more to please his patient than for any other reason. But the last one in the collection, an enlargement from a camera negative, made him stop and stare.

It was the picture of a young girl, apparently an English girl, of about eighteen years of age. It showed bare shoulders and throat, but was cut off too short to reveal even the top of her dress. Her hair, which was evidently yellow as his own, was plaited in a great braid, encircling her head like a coronet. It was a fashion of hairdressing with which Adam was unfamiliar, but which suggested the classic Greek.

Adam could not remember a lovelier picture. The girl's face was singularly arresting, possessing a beauty that was almost a new kind of beauty, not merely a refinement of ordinary girlhood prettiness. The face was oval and rather broad at the cheek-bones. The nose was delicate, high-bridged, the eyes wide apart, the mouth full and sensuous, the whole head beautifully shaped. Yet none of these features or their combination explained the girl's peculiar charm. It was something Adam could not analyze.

Her features were wonderfully delicate, yet she looked strong. He could imagine her in old Hellas, as an Athenian girl with the legend of a river-god somewhere in her ancestry. In her eyes and the set of her head there was an intense, seeming-righteous pride which no parvenue could pretend; at the same time a curious wild look not to be reconciled with a tame English environment. She looked as though she could feel richly, love fiercely, live fully.

What was Hull doing with a picture like this? What contacts could he have with the chosen of the earth? It might be as interesting a story as his adventure in the far south.

"Who is this girl?" Adam asked Hull.

"She's the daughter o' my best friend."

"She seems to be very pretty."

Adam made this comment in a restrained tone. Yet Hull seemed almost pitifully grateful and pleased, as if the compliment reacted in some personal way. "I think so too," he agreed earnestly. "I think she's one of the prettiest gals I ever seen, black *or* white."

It is not possible to fall in love with a photograph. Anyway, Adam was a cold-blooded scientist who would find it hard to fall in love at all. Yet for the moment he skated at the edge of sophomoric, ridiculous romanticism. He fancied himself questioning the sick man, learning the girl's name and address, and crossing the breadth of all the seven seas to find her.

At once he was so contemptuous of this nonsense that he refused to ask even casual and polite questions about the girl; and at Hull's request, shut up the photograph with the others in the locker. But he did not at once shut it out of his memory. The wild, arresting face haunted him off and on for days.

The *Penguin* steamed southward. The days grew steadily longer, the nights colder. Icebergs began to gleam like fabulous sapphires on the breast of the sea. Along the southern horizon was a faint white line, the ice-blink from the eternal floes.

There is an authentic mystery in the polar regions. It is a sense of the nearness of vast forces moving beyond human ken. The ebb and floe of the ice, and storms that rise and beat across the empty seas, the strange sun that hangs for months above the horizon and for months hides away, and over it all the curse of the Great Cold—to the awful splendor of these Adam was sharply sensitive. What manner of people could dwell in this silence, this solitude? He looked forward with a growing excitement to the journey's end.

When they entered the open pack, Hull acted as navigator. A cot was provided for him in the pilot house; with the aid of instruments and a glass he got his bearings and set the course. For ten days the vessel fought ice. Often the way seemed blocked by heavy hummocked pack, but always a lane opened to let her through. Plainly there was a warm current of water sweeping through these fields, otherwise she would have been ice-bound long before now. But it was slow work, and the crew grew savage with impatience.

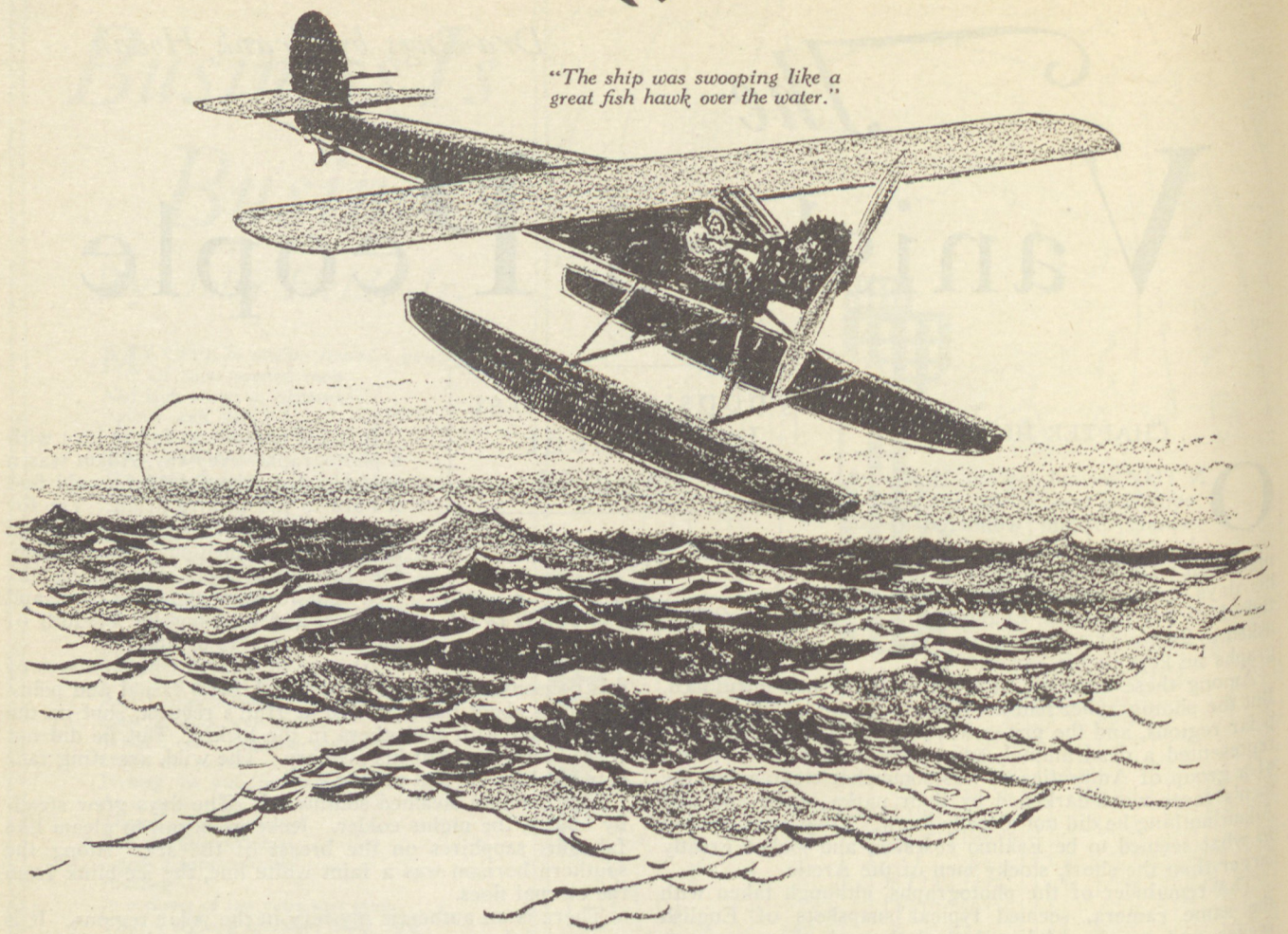
For Adam, every day was an adventure. On the sheltered shores of the nameless islands he saw herds of sea-elephants —grotesque giant seals as big as young whales. On the floes were sea-leopards and crab-eater seals; in the open water the great dorsal fins of the killer-whales idled like lazy sails. Once, in great excitement, a sailor showed him what seemed to be a crowd of people adrift on a floe—splendid people in immaculate black and white—but they proved to be emperor penguins, bowing statelily as the ship sailed by.

At last the ship emerged into a still sea, open except for scattered fields of drift ice. Beyond were towering ice-cliffs, forming what seemed to be an unbroken barricade. What lay beyond those cliffs Belgrade himself could not wholly imagine. His black eyes snapped with excitement.

"That's the last ice between here and the Moss Country," Hull said. "Professor, I've brought ye this far, but ye've got to go the rest of the way alone."

Exhausted, he sank back on his cot. Instantly Belgrade was at his side, trying to rouse him. "But you must go with me, in the plane. How can I find the villages without you? Confound you, Hull—you don't dare fail me now."

Adam's distrust of Belgrade was now vindicated. He had victimized Hull, and had tried the same tactics on Adam



"The ship was swooping like a great fish hawk over the water."

himself. The great Slav had never intended to share any part of his honors with the American, and had schemed to leave him aboard the whaler and never let him lay eyes on the new people dwelling beyond the barrier. He meant to take no one but Hull in the seaplane, and after the latter's death, he could stand in the limelight alone.

Fortunately, Adam had anticipated this move, and had taken steps to checkmate it. "Take the Doc in my place," Hull said. "I've talked to 'im when he was sittin' up with me, and told him all the landmarks, and he's learned 'em by heart. He'll guide ye to the villages."

"But I want *you* to go." Belgrade stood over the cot, and in his frenzy, shook the sick man by the shoulders. "I want you to try it anyway. Remember the gold you can carry away, and the fine furs and ivory."

But Hull was no longer concerned with gold and furs and ivory. His gaze became fixed; he mumbled of long-ago events. He seemed to be dying before their eyes, and when Belgrade laid hands on him again, Adam came to the rescue.

It was a belated rescue, true. Adam was not proud of his treatment of the dying man; all his professional instincts had rebelled against the sorry conspiracy in which he had tacitly participated. Hull was the "goat" of the expedition. Even the crew had realized that he could not survive the journey and would have no share in its profits. He should have been encouraged to spend his last days among his own people in the comforts of a civilized land, but instead he had been inveigled into an arduous sea-journey the like of which, God knew, he had had enough. Encouraged by a false friend, he had come to this lonely desolate place only to die—and Adam resolved that at least he should die in peace.

"Doctor, get me a hypodermic needle, quick," Belgrade commanded. "I'm going to give him a shot of strychnine, and keep him alive long enough to question him—"

"No you won't." Adam's face was brick red. "He's had enough trouble and pain without being called back to answer your questions."

The sallow face before him darkened with anger. "You are a stubborn fool. What is a little extra pain and trouble compared to the possible failure of our expedition? It won't make the slightest difference an hour from now—he's half dead already."

"You call me a stubborn fool again, and I'll show you how stubborn I can be." Adam's eyes were blazing. "Try to find those villages by yourself."

It was a trump card. Belgrade hesitated a moment, then chose to yield. Certainly his chances for success were far better if Adam accompanied him in the plane. On the other hand, Hull's usefulness was all but ended. Even under a stimulant, he would not be able to describe landmarks and give directions.

When the midnight sun was a red ball on the horizon, Hull raised on his elbow with a chattering cry. "The cave o' death!" he stammered, in pitiable terror. "They're takin' me to the Cave o' Death."

"You're all right," Adam answered hoarsely, himself shaken deeply by the sudden cry. "You're safe in your own bed on the ship."

"But the Eskimo woman has jumped overboard?"

"Long ago. It's all over now. You're with friends."

"Friends? You're the only friend I got." He sank back on the cot, free at last from the semi-delirium that had clouded his brain so many weeks. "The Professor has made a monkey out o' me from first to last. I hadn't ought to brought him here. He's just the first—from now on people will come in shiploads, and the tribe'll go to the dogs."

This thought had not yet occurred to Adam. It startled him profoundly. "There's no help for it now."

"I guess not. But it's a wicked shame, just the same, as you'll see when you get there. . . . I leave it in your hands."

His lips continued to move, but made no sound. Evidently he had spent his last strength. Adam watched the life go out of him as embers die in an untended fire. His eyes filmed over, his face turned gray.

Yet once more the moving lips formed audible sound. "Look after her, Doc," he said with difficulty. "She's the daughter o' my best friend."

Had the delirium taken him again? There seemed no other explanation. What had his friend's lovely white-skinned daughter to do with the savages of the Moss Country? But Adam would never hear the explanation from Hull's lips. The case was complete.

Belgrade got together his outfit—three days' supply of provisions, a small pneumatic boat, warm clothes, navigating instruments, and a small receiving set by which he could learn the position of the ship, in case ice or storm forced her to weigh anchor. He had, however, no sending set. He did not wish to give any information to the listening air until his venture was complete. He armed himself with a rifle, but for reasons of his own, provided no weapon for his companion. Adam's outfit consisted of warm clothes, a hunting knife, his medical bag, and a few personal things.

They hopped off in the seaplane, crossed the ice barrier, and twenty minutes later were looking down on the Moss Country—limitless tracks of muskeg and tundra similar to northern Alaska. It was a bleak, desolate region, yet a garden of fertility compared to the ice-bound wastes of the remainder of the Antarctic continent. Most of the country was flat, watered by large rivers and dotted with lakes, but in the far distance there was a pearly gleam that meant low mountain chains, possibly spurs from the immense range to the South. The land fronted a broad sea open except for drift ice.

As the hours droned by, the country became more hilly, and mountains of considerable height flanked the sea. In between stretched immense broad valleys where any number of Eskimo villages might lie hidden. What lived in these valleys Adam could not guess. For safety's sake, and to look over as much country as possible, Belgrade flew high. Adam could see well enough to locate a cluster of igloos, with the attendant boats, skin racks, and so on, but any wild animals roaming the tundra remained invisible.

Once his eye caught a dozen or more black spots in the neck of a valley. They looked too large to be animals—at least any animals he could imagine—and they were plainly not human habitations. He concluded they must be immense rocks, deposited here by volcanic or glacier action.

They crossed an immense river—it looked as big as the Potomac—and gazed down on a country somewhat more inviting than the rest. It was a narrow strip between low mountains and the sea; the shore was free of ice, the moss verdant green. The hills were bare of snow almost to their crest, indicating that the intense cold was considerably tempered by the warm current sweeping in from the North.

But they were not to continue their lofty survey. The air proved to be unusually rough and bumpy. Half an hour beyond the great river, they struck an air pocket that seemed to let the bottom fall out of the ship. They dropped a short distance like a diving tern, hit the hard air with force that jarred every nut and bolt in the ship, took hold, and winged on. But they had not come out unscathed. Belgrade, an expert airman, instantly realized that an oil line had broken.

There is no choice of action in a case like this. He shut off his engine, leaned out of his seat, and looked for a place to light. Watching him, Adam appreciated for the first time the mettle of this man. If he were even fazed by the disaster, his face did not show it. His eyes were alert and keen, but there seemed to be no terror in them.

Gravity was already exerting its inexorable pull on the ship, and she was descending in long glides. The roar of the motor had ceased; the only sound in the baffling silence was the whistling whir of the propeller. The sea lifted slowly toward them.

Belgrade decided to light in a sheltered bay some two miles ahead. It seemed safer than trusting to the submerged reefs of the open sea. Soon he realized that he had made a disastrous, perhaps a fatal mistake. Mud banks and sand-bars just awash showed like long sea-serpents. But it was too late now to change his tactics. The ship was swooping like a great fish hawk over the water. The pontoons splashed, rose, splashed again, tore through a mud bank, and came to rest with a jar.

Even so, it was a better landing than either man had hoped for. They were both battered and shaken, but not in the least hurt, and as far as they could tell the plane had received no considerable damage. Belgrade turned gravely to his companion.

"Perhaps I am not slated to find the villages and make the great discovery," he said. "Perhaps the ice will keep its secret."

Of his own peril he did not speak, probably did not even think. But Adam thought, and spoke too, quickly enough. "We've got to find the villages, or leave our bones on the coast. Let's get to shore as quick as we can. Then we'll climb a hill, and try to locate Hull's landmarks."

In ten minutes the small pneumatic boat was ready. They safeguarded the ship the best they could, took a few of their most necessary belongings, and rowed to shore.

"These men were not blond Eskimos or Eskimos of any kind —perhaps a new race—or else a lost tribe from some ancient race."

Presently they were standing side by side on the crest of a low hill.

They were aware of a comforting mutual respect. Although they stood at opposite poles in many regards, both had the capacity to play a hard game through to the finish. Enemies they had been—enemies they would be again—but now they were almost comrades.

"The plane is useless until we can get fire and tools to repair it, and that means we have to walk," Adam summed up. "We're able-bodied men, and can walk a long way, even with very little food. The question is—which way shall we go?"

"Toward the villages, of course. What are you thinking of, Weismann?"

"Where are they? You don't know, and I don't either. It's entirely possible that they lie at the end of one of the headlands we flew over, and are behind us instead of in front. No amount of walking will do us any good if we go the wrong direction."

"What about Hull's landmarks?"

"She rose when the visitors entered and the altar fire threw a golden gleam over her face and figure."

"They're pretty vague. According to them, we ought to be close to the villages right now. Well, we'll go on the rest of the day. If we don't find them—"

The remark ended in the air. The two started down the long coast. The country was desolate, forbidding. The wind swept over the tundra with a low moan infinitely melancholy. They searched the sand for tracks of animals, but it was bare as desert sands; and they failed to realize that this might be due to the high tides of five hours before. Looking back after half an hour's tramp, it seemed they had been walking on a treadmill. The flying boat was still in plain sight.

Today they had sped a hundred miles an hour. Now it took them almost half an hour to gain a single mile. And every step took them farther from their own kind—from familiar scenes and known sources of help—farther and farther into the utterly Unknown.

The day wore on. Their hopes ebbed. When the shadows were long and the evening mists drifted over the sea, they came to a deep river, flowing out of a narrow valley between high bluffs. To cross this river they must inflate the boat. As Adam, stern-lipped, spread it out and got the small air-pump ready, Belgrade touched him on the arm.

"Doctor, this is the Rubicon," he said. Deep, haggard lines creased his sallow skin. "If we cross this, we'll never have the heart to go back to the plane, and search the country behind us. We'll plunge on down this coast till we drop."

Adam straightened wearily. "I thought we would find 'em before now. It begins to look as though we got off wrong, somehow. What do you think we'd better do—go on, or turn back?"

But Belgrade could not answer. Either way was dark enough. His hope, and Adam's too, was at low tide. The long cold shadow of the dunes dropped over them, chilling them to the bone.

But at that moment the tide turned. From behind the great dunes at the river mouth they heard a low, booming, reverberant sound. It seemed to be the beat of a stone hammer on a bronze gong.

IV

Behind the dunes lay the Antarctic villages. Of this there was no further doubt: Hull's incredible story had been vindicated. The solemn sounds were man-made, and were not the reverberating harp-notes of the wind such as travelers sometimes hear in the open tundra. The two castaways gazed into each other's brightening eyes.

For a moment they could only listen, thrilled and awed. They had found not only safety, food for their clamoring bodies and refuge from the menacing cold and solitude of these long beaches, but the fulfillment of their highest hopes. Beyond the river dwelt a new people. Adam and Belgrade were about to behold wonders hidden from all other eyes. The curtain was rolling up on the greatest adventure of their lives.

Then came the inevitable personal reaction. Belgrade began to conjecture about the gong. He had heard the like

(Continued on page 44)

Dog Trails *in the* Northland

By *Earle W. Gage*

The husky will sleep where he drops in a soft bed of snow.

WHEN the magic touch of winter's snowy mantle turns the wilderness of Northern forests into a veritable fairyland, and weird and fantastic snow monuments, erected by wind and projecting tree, delight the eye of the visitor, then it is that the romantic Blanc Bec trails offer a new thrill to a host of people.

The term by which these dog team and snowshoe trips are known is one typical of Northern Quebec and Ontario, where millions of acres of primeval forest must be penetrated if one wishes to travel far. Just as the novice who braved the bleak Yukon trail in gold-rush days came to be known as a "Chechako," so also the greenhorn in this part of Canada is referred to as a "Blanc Bec," which literally translated into plain English, means "White Beak."

Although the regions close to civilization provide plenty of facilities, both artificial and natural, for the pursuit of the many popular winter pastimes, such as skating, skiing, tobogganing, etc., a host of people who have never enjoyed the privilege of traveling through the wilderness in the same manner as did the pioneers who first braved the unknown trails, find the new mode of travel thrilling and enjoyable. To meet this demand the Blanc Bec trails were organized, and are now providing plenty of experiences to the thousands who forsake the winter darkness of the ordinary winter season, and hie themselves up north into the heart of the big forest.

The Club Panache district is typical of that vast empire of Northern Quebec and Ontario, stretching way up to the shores of Hudson Bay, forest covered, snow-mantled for many months of the year, and providing an ideal site for the enjoyment of winter outdoor holidays close to nature.

During winter the faithful dog team is the sole means of communication, and, yes, transportation, as well, if we exclude the "shank's horses" of the ardent snowshoer. The longest jump on the Panache circuit is one of thirty-three miles between stopping places, straight through the heart of the primeval forest. And this measurement is according to the rule used in Northern Quebec, where "a mile is a mile," and a he-man mile at that. It seems to take no account of the windings up and down hill; but at the end of this arduous trip, the dog drivers trot casually into camp behind their teams as though their journey had scarcely started, or had been only three or four ordinary miles.

Most of us have heard thrilling, romantic stories about these dogs up North, upon which man depends during winter. Visiting the Panache district in winter, and becoming personally acquainted with the animals, we are bound to return home imbued with a new and genuine appreciation of the silent part the faithful dog plays in the daily lives of those scattered inhabitants who comprise the populace of the remote North.

As for the dogs themselves, the beasts of burden of the Blanc Bec trails, much may be said. A journey of a hundred miles, up hill and down dale and over frozen river or lake, is ample to breed a new enthusiasm for the humble friends of man. To watch a team of dogs putting every last ounce of their energy into the harness and digging their paws frantically into the snow as they draw a loaded sleigh up a steep incline, is to realize what willingness and determination mean.

We are forced to unhesitatingly award the palm to these ill-favored but hard-working dogs, who not only demonstrate their willingness to haul heavy loads, but to fight their weight in wolves or wildcats. Their ability to transport

three to four times their weight in equipment or human passengers up the steepest hills in the hilly area over which the journey takes the visitor, clearly shows how day by day they play a silent role of service.

For anyone save their driver to closely approach any of these dogs is only to invite a visit to the hospital. But when the driver asks the same dog to haul a heavy load, he digs in, just as he will push a member of the team aside, when told to. As a parlor pet this same dog would be as acceptable as a grizzly bear.

Like many humans, the ancestry of the northern dog should not be too closely investigated. For in the matter of pedigree, he may be, and usually is, "too-many-kinds-of-a-dog" to stand much investigation of his family tree. His veins may carry the blood of mastiff, police dog, Great Dane, wolf-hound, setter, spaniel, or collie, or even a little of all of them, with frequently a mixture of timber wolf blood to impart hardiness and a dash of speed; but though his lineage is sadly mixed, his mileage speaks for itself.

In the winter when railways, motor cars and horses have reached the end of their trails, the sleigh dog of the North takes over the burden, following the trail broken by his master's snowshoes, and carries on to and even beyond the northern limits of habitation.

And this is the type of motive power which conveys the Blanc Bec trail followers through the forest wilderness. And the trust of the visitor is not misplaced, as everyone who has taken the journey well knows.

The trail trips are through trapping, hunting and fishing territory, accompanied by expert guides and woodsmen in charge of each party; each day's journey is arranged to fit the desires and capabilities of the inexperienced woodsmen who make up the party of "Blanc Becs." Dog sleighs are at hand when the trailer desires to ride; snowshoes are provided when he wishes to follow the team afoot.

At Roberval, in the Lake St. John district of Quebec, was organized the first of these unique travel parties. This settlement has a unique stable of trained racing dogs, which enter the Quebec dog races. Each day during winter these animals may be seen undergoing their "prepping" exercises for the long grind which awaits them. At the stable we may see a typical racing husky, part wolf and part wolf-hound, bred for speed and stamina. Not the least interesting exhibit at the stables was that pen, viewed from a respectful distance, which houses the full-blooded timber wolves. Great, dark-gray brutes they appear as they glare from a distance, and while wishing to get a closer view, we are content to accept the warning of the guide to stay away. Only two men approach near enough to feed these wild beasts, and these men have been handling the animals ever since they were captured, as cubs, out in the forest.

Roberval in winter is a town of sleigh dogs, horses and one snow-mobile—a combination of sleighs in front, caterpillar tractor behind, with a closed body perched on top. Dog teams range from singles of the spaniel-collie-setter, or what-have-you-kind, which haul ruddy-faced youths to school and home again, to the more pretentious equipages of six or seven dogs, such as haul the party and baggage over the winter trail.

Once the beaten trails are left behind, the musher precedes his dog team, beating down the trail with his bear-paw snowshoes, which are favored in the light, powdery snow of this bleak territory, and along this trail the dogs haul the laden sleigh.

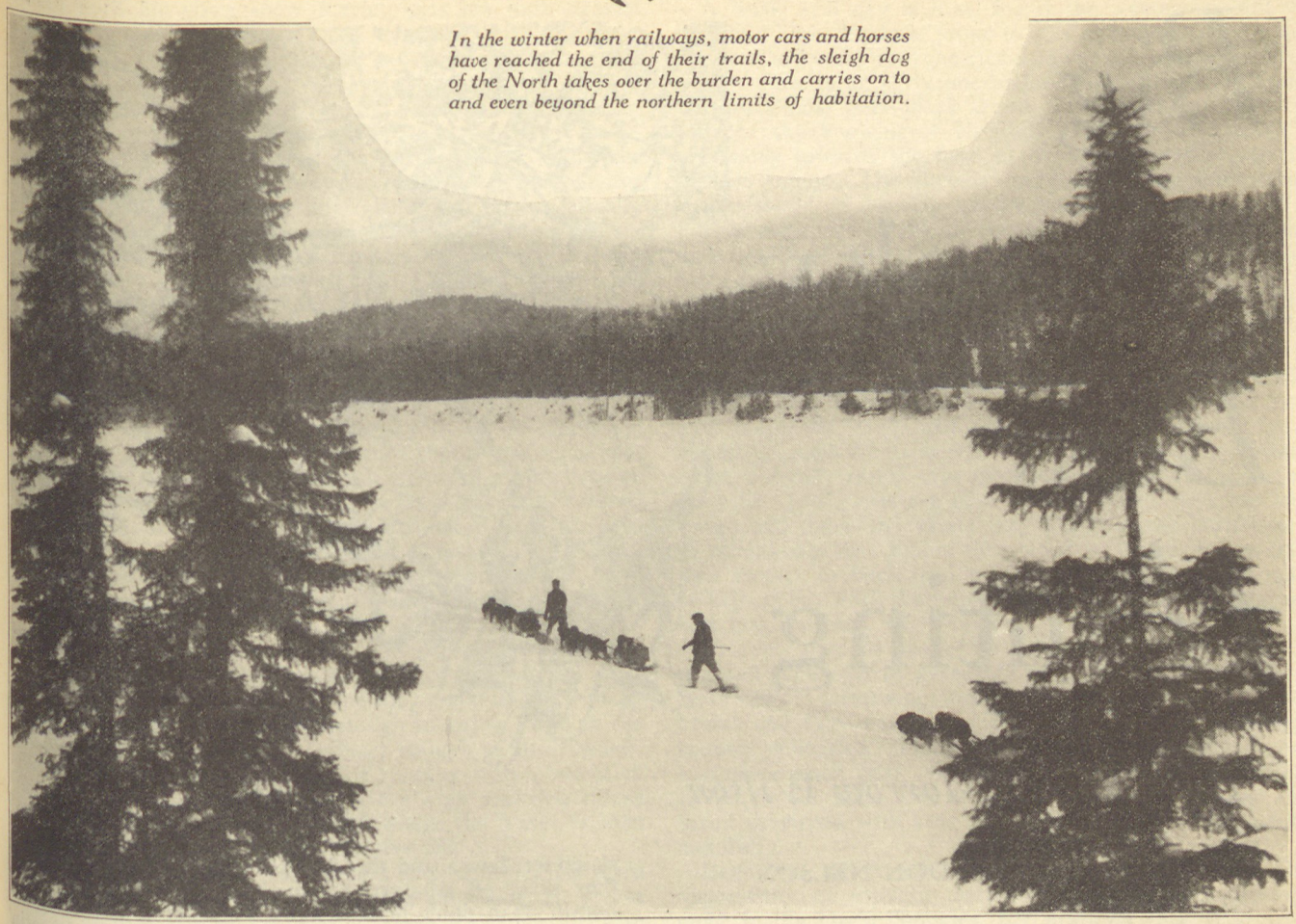
The dogs show little hesitation about leaving the settlement for the bush territory. As the sleigh is loaded and made ready, great excitement and hubbub prevail among the members of the team. "Collie," the leader, conscious of his favored position, marches to his place, once the webbed harness is placed over his shoulders. Disdaining to bark or prance around, he lays down awaiting the arrival of the less important members. In turn, "Malouse," "Quebec," "Nigger," "Bull," and "Prince" take their places in line, for the dogs are driven in a straight line hitch, instead of the double, or fan-wise hitch used in other regions. Before the hitching up starts the sleigh is snubbed to a post or tree until the driver is ready to start, and then, with everything in readiness, the rope is untied.

Along the Blanc Bec trails of Northern Quebec—

Where the husky proves his staunchness and his loyalty.

"A-right, 'Collie,' Marche! Bull! Gee! Marche!" cries the driver, and with a series of excited barks the team dashes down Roberval's one main street, while the passengers on the sleigh attempt to dodge the flying snow thrown back by the feet of the galloping dogs.

The settlement looks on apathetically, uninterested, save perhaps to conjure as to the identity of the citified-looking passengers who select this season of the year for a holiday in the big woods. Down Main Street the teams go flying along over the trail, headed for the "Country Beyond."



In the winter when railways, motor cars and horses have reached the end of their trails, the sleigh dog of the North takes over the burden and carries on to and even beyond the northern limits of habitation.

The line of bush, a few miles ahead, which was a welcome sight before we left town, where a bitter wind was blowing, sweeping across the open of the clearing is now a different proposition; though it hampers the sweep of the wind, it somehow alters the weather conditions and as the team pushes into the bush, we feel certain that the thermometer slips down at least ten degrees within as many minutes after passing the first fringes of timber. But progress is far from slow and the lunch hour finds the party at Lac Rond, where a halt is made for a hot meal. Then the trail again up hill and down dale, through a veritable fairyland of snow-bedecked evergreens for another eighteen miles to Lac Aux Sables, where arrangements have been made to stay overnight at the logger's camp.

On leaving Lac Aux Sables camp, the dog teams are realigned, and, with the addition of dogs brought up by the guides, we now have four teams, comprising in all ten dogs. Packsacks, cameras and other impediments from civilization are loaded on the sleighs and again we start to mush through the forest. Crossing lakes and portages, we traverse another five miles through evergreen and birch forest, until our camp at Big Trout Lake is a welcome sight. En route, lumberjacks at work were seen, and "snapped," and halts made now and then along the trail to "shoot" fantastic and picturesque winter scenes.

Trees and bushes, carrying the most weird shapes of snow, loom up at every turn of the winding trail. Now, the snow on one bush assumes the form of a beaver, hanging head downward; again, the outline of a swan is clearly defined; at a third turn a veritable "Old Man of the Woods" is formed by a huge load of snow carried in the boughs of a young birch. Weird and fantastic shapes and figures these, which nature has outlined in snow as white and powdery as icing sugar.

Overhead, brilliant sunshine, which filters through the tops of the evergreens and through the leafless branches of paper birch trees, casts alluring shadows across the pathway as we travel on. The visitors are not the only ones following the Blanc Bec Trails. The guides point out the tracks of fox or fisher crossing and recrossing the snowshoe trail. Now and then the tracks of moose or caribou are seen, and the guides, after close examination, are able to determine whether the animals had been running or walking and whether the trails are one or two days old. But to the Blanc Bec members of the party, these facts are as unintelligible as Sanskrit.

The temporary headquarters at Big Trout Lake is a comfortable log cabin, with two bedrooms and a combined kitchen and dining-room. This is one of a score or more of cabins scattered over the Club Panache preserve for the accommodation of visitors. While the party sleeps within, the cook and guides are satisfied to sleep in a tent outside!

To follow the Blanc Bec trails is an education tour in the best sense of the word. They have the additional attraction in that they are health-giving tours as well, for one cannot snowshoe for several hours without feeling better in health and spirit, beside having a wonderful experience, new to most of us.

For there are distinctive charms in the Canadian wilderness in winter. In its dry air, charged with life-giving oxygen, one feels exhilarated as never before in the warmer latitudes and one can scarce realize how many degrees of frost may exist at the time.

The beauty of the winter season is best appreciated by those who journey into the wilds of nature beyond the sight and sound of human activities. The silence of such places in summer is often profound, but the silence of winter is still greater, for the leaves have fallen and the birds gone south. There is no sound save the song of the pine and occasionally the deep booming of ice upon the lake cracking under the frost or the sharp snapping of trees like rifle shots. If you have a camp, such as a log cabin, you may be visited by the few birds who inhabit the northern woods in winter, the "whiskey-jack" and the snow-bunting, and you will have opportunities to study the habits of the animals.

There are few sights more beautiful than the forest after freshly fallen snow not yet disturbed by the breeze. Great hoods and mantles of white lie upon the rocks and bushes, and tiny cedars become majestic domes. This magic fairyland may last for days in sheltered nooks, for the wind does not penetrate the forest depths.

Big Smoky Bear Hunting

"Dawgs is a durned nuisance in real huntin'," says the old-school Nimrod.

By Charles Morrow Wilson

DRAWINGS BY DON NELSON

N the backwoods of the Big Smokies, bear hunting gets to be more than a sport,—it is a necessity. Bruin is omniverous, even as you or I, only more so. He eats wild berries, fruits and honey, he roots up herbs of a hundred sorts, he waxes fat on forest mast, acorns, chinquipins, beech and butternuts. He likes nuts and apples and garden stuff, but he also relishes a slab of beef now and then, or a side of pork, or a leg of mutton. It is the butcher's bill that brings the trouble. As a stock-killer bold Bruin sinks to the disparaging role of "varmint." But varmint or no varmint bear hunting stays a rough sport for rouged Nimrods and Brother Bear remains a human sort of cuss.

He loves his cubs and he figures himself boss in his own home. Speaking generally, he would rather eat than fight, but there are times when he would rather fight than eat. He is possessed of illusions and left-handed hay-makers. Skin a bear and stand him up and he assumes something of the bodily appearance of a man, a thick, burly fellow with stubby legs and long, swaying arms.

There are at least three traditional ways of bear hunting,—with traps, with dogs, and without either. Bear trapping is a business, not a sport. Sportsmen never use traps. Nimrods of the Big Smokies advocate burning the temper out of a trap wherever it may be found. In Tennessee, it is a penitentiary offense to set out a bear trap and it might well be anywhere else.

Probably the most romantic of bear hunters is the "still hunter" or stalker. Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett were of his ilk, knife-toting sons of open destinies who left home by themselves and came back with "bar." Bear stalking is the Tennessee way. Contrary to the usual North Carolina practice of running down bear with Plott hounds, a crossbreed of Mississippi bear dog and Smoky Mountain fox hound, the old-time Tennesseeans have scant faith in dogs.

"Dawgs is a durned nuisance in real huntin'. They'll trail bar, but mighty few of 'em will tree up or corner. And dawgs is destructious as bar. They kill sheep and slaughter fawns and thresh around through the bresh till they skeer off whatever game they don't kill. Besides a huntin' man don't need a dawg to foller a bar no more than he needs a bagful of these new-fangled repeatin' rifles. Gimme dry powder and a long-barrel musket—a good drap of dew or a skit of snow—and that's all I want."

The commentator spat emphatically and fondled a very long musket—"Hell and Maria, she shoots a two-ounce ball, and if I do say it, she shoots well, too. Bring in them quick repeatin' guns and the big game won't hold. It's passing mighty fast the way it is."

Uncle Blacky Williams, an old-school Nimrod who claims the spleens of close on to a hundred bear, spoke with the languid certainty of a forest prophet.

To track a bear one must know a bear. The likeliest place to still hunt is upon or near a feeding ground, for it is highly probable that he dens in "hells" of badlands and underbrush through which neither man nor dog could expeditiously follow. Most upcountry Nimrods prefer to start before dawn, while the dew or frost be fresh and sentient. The black bear is a nocturnal feeder, and if the mast is heavy, or the berries sweet, or the beef succulent, he will likely tarry well into the morning hours. The season makes comparatively little difference, for in the Great Smokies, where both flora and fauna are closely comparable to those of the Canadian woods, bear fur is dependably heavy almost the year around.

The "compleat" stalker knows a score of bearish ways—for example, that Bruin enjoys combat with yellow jackets; that he relishes windfall apples, that for some reason or other he enjoys strolling through patches of poke berries, that if he kills a calf or a pig he will most likely drag the carcass to the privacy of a sumac hedge or an oak thicket. He knows that it is best to keep low and to shy away from the windward side, for when the wind is with him a bear is a first-rate scenter, albeit Bruin's eyesight is no better than that of a medium alert dog and his hearing considerably deadened by the rarified air which makes the discharge of a rifle about as impressive as the popping of a cork.

When spotted, it is highly probable that Bruin will raise his head and blow like a meditating pig. Typically a defender rather than the aggressor, so far as Brother Man is concerned, he will likely seek to evade the issue. But when put to combat he fights gallantly, he skins back his

teeth until his gums show scarlet, gets his back against something solid and stands ready to swat.

Taking him pound for pound, a bear is about the most powerful beast afoot. A two-hundred-pound bear can kill a three-year-old steer and drag him off to convenient isolation; he can smash a fifty-pound boulder at a single unobstructed swat and withal displays what is probably the quickest reflex of any quadruped. And the knowing hunter watches for the crittur's left, since bear are habitually left-handed, and whoever would digress to the lee of them takes a splendid chance of being swatted into smithereens. As habitual tactics, Bruin swats before he hugs and smashes before he bites. A bear dies on his back, but the fact that he is sprawled on his back is by no means a death sure sign, for Bruin is prone to lie possum-like with yet enough life in him to crush an overly-spry dog or paralyze an overly confident hunter. In old flint lock days when a grizzly and a pioneer Nimrod crossed trails, etiquette of the chase had it that the hunter open with an aimed shot at the white spot on the throat and finish off pugnacities with a pine knot or a bowie knife, depending upon the ratio of muscle to damned fool. The old-time still hunters of today hew close to rugged tradition albeit that when a mad bear charges straight on, it takes musketry to bring him to a still.

A knowing still hunter can tell a great deal by the size of the track. A "reel-foot," twisting hindfoot, indicates an old bear, who although usually less carnivorous than the young, are vastly harder to catch. If one knows the ways of the hills, it is possible that he may come upon Bruin at his bath. A bear is just pig enough to enjoy a roll in the nice, sticky mud, and he is forester enough to enjoy water. Grizzlies play sometimes in swift running water, but black bear are more prone to take to the high secluded ridges where showers are frequent and where the water is kept in check by layers of closely adhesive silt.

The run of old-time bear hunters bank considerably upon dream signs. To dream of choking somebody, to dream about an overcoat, or fat meat, or about a cyclone, all these are bear signs, provided the dream be kept to the dreamer. But if the dream be told before the hunt, that means no bear plus bad luck for seven years.

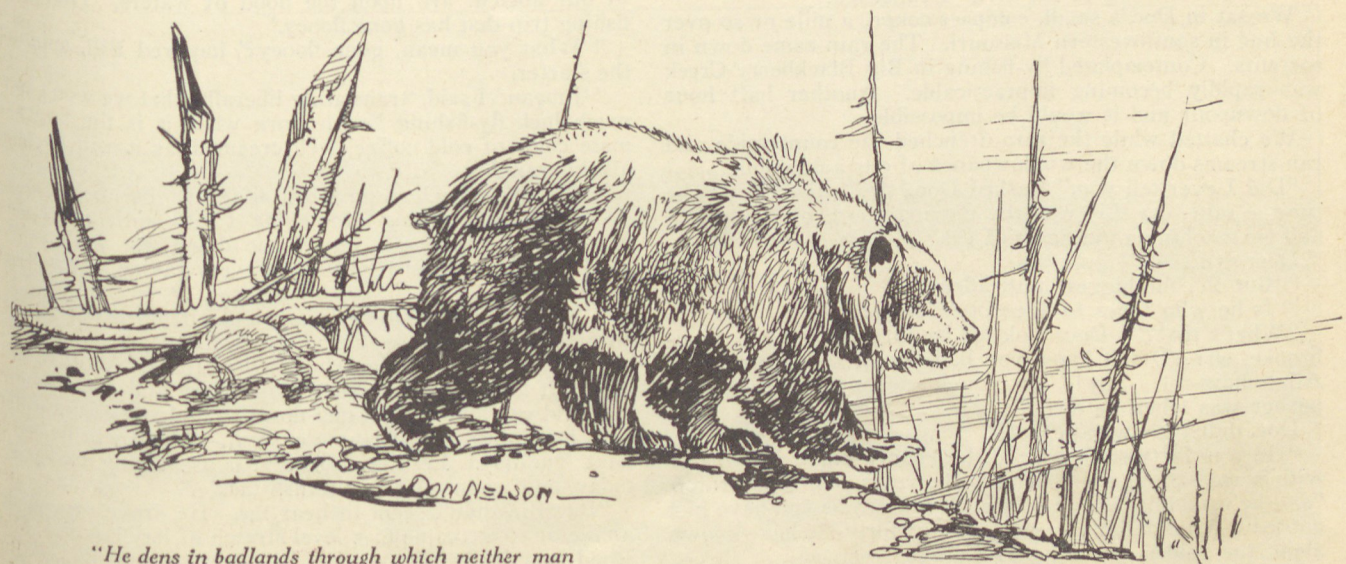
Bear hunting with dogs and "pickets" provides one of the most thrilling of the vanishing American sports. A good hunt should begin early, the earlier the better, for it is expeditious that Bruin be set upon by dogs while he is at mast, in open groves of acorn oak, or beech, or hickory, before he begins his trek homeward through barricading mountainsides of laurel, or through treacherous growths of rhododendron, in which pursuing dogs are apt to break their legs.

A brisk, still day is best, for if the weather is wet or the wind high, Bruin is prone to stay at home and suck his paws, so to speak, until the elements become better behaved. So the start is an early one under a starry sky and away into an almost pitch-black world. The trackers, three or four of the knowingest Nimrods, put the dogs to trail, preferably towards the head of a long and comparatively smooth valley. The surplus members station themselves within sound of gunshot of one another on the rim of a hill or some similar point of vantage, there to shiver on high and listen for telling yelps. As a rule the best picket spots are "brules," burnt-over patches of woodland, for it is altogether probable that a bear will make for the brule, in hopes of there being ashes enough to dust the dog's nostrils, which means throwing them off scent.

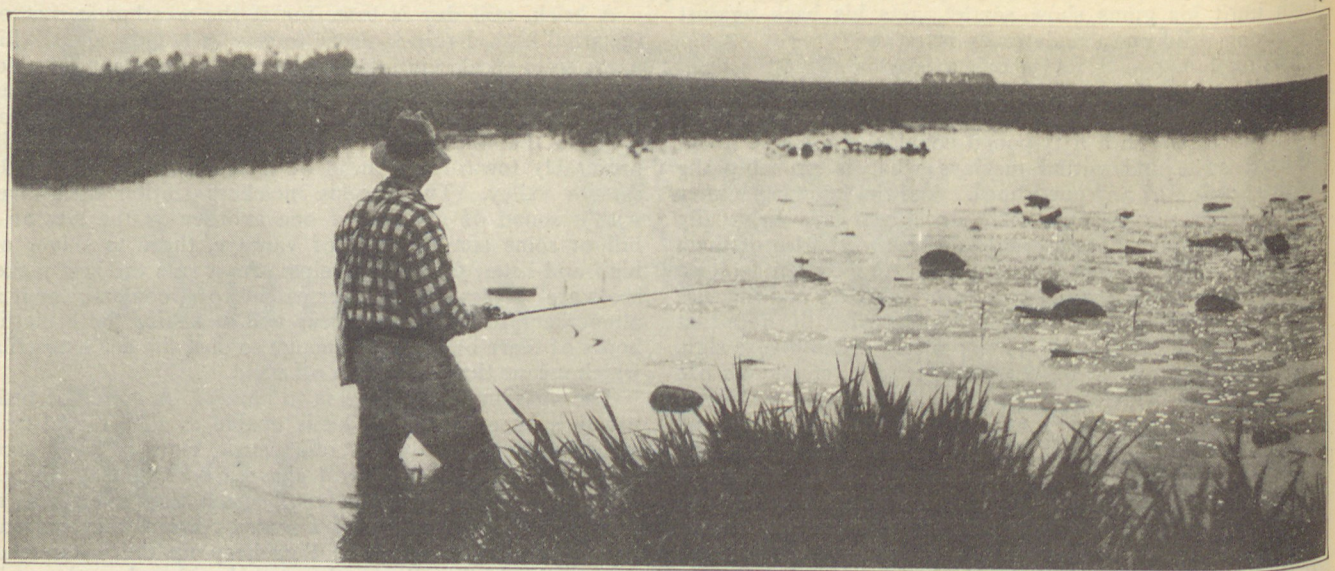
The mission of the dogs is to harass. A cur is of little use in a bear hunt since he is unable to follow cold trail and, therefore, easily put off scent. Hounds have good noses. A pack of them will chase a bear all day and all night, but they rarely ever tree because they are afraid to close in. But Plotts are of a warrior breed, they nip and dodge and flank and skirt; they keep up the harassment so relentlessly that Bruin, threatened with exhaustion, will take to tree or back into a defensive sink where he may be kept at bay until the hunters close in with steadied muskets and southern war whoops.

Properly fried, or roasted on a spit, bear meat has a succulent and gamey flavor agreeably surprising to the neophyte. Bear steak is offset magnificently with stewed onions. Bear brains and eggs are among the most sought after of upcountry delicacies. The meat abounds in fat. In autumn a mast-fattened bear will frequently carry three or four inches of fat upon favorable portions of his person, and bread shortened with bear grease is inevitably light, white and fluffy.

Bear, like silver balsam and mountain oak, have the opportunity of growing to their maximum size development in the Great Smokies, but granting this, their true size appears to be subject to considerable exaggeration. The average weight of a mountain black bear would probably be between two hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds. Of course, there are memorable exceptions. Uncle Jimmy Crawford of the Balsam country estimated his biggest bear at five hundred pounds gross. Matt Hyde of the Welch Divide neighborhood killed a grizzly which went on record as weighing four hundred and thirty-four pounds dressed, and Black Bill Walker of Mid Prong of Little River, probably the greatest living bear hunter, claims the killing of a bear whose hide, when stretched for drying, measured ten feet from tail to rump.



"He dens in badlands through which neither man nor dog could expeditiously follow."



Fable of a Fish, *a* Friend *and a* Frog

By Guy Von Schriltz

"WHY tantalize me talking about fish," demanded Doc., testily, "when I'm all ready to break out in profanity because the gale blows and the rain flows and we can't go fishing?"

"Because," I said, "as Propertius, that learned Latin of ancient times, once put it:

" 'The sailor speaks of the winds, and the ploughman of his oxen; the soldier tells his wounds, the shepherd his sheep.' "

"Insinuating, I suppose," Doc. smiled, "that you, being a fisherman, have a fishy fable on tap."

"Well, something of the sort," I conceded.

We sat in Doc.'s small, compact coupe, a mile or so over the line in southwestern Missouri. The rain came down in torrents. Contemplated fly-fishing in Big Blackberry Creek was rapidly becoming impracticable. Another half hour of downpour and it would be impossible.

We chatted while the rain drenched the countryside and ran streams down the windowpanes of our automobile.

"Did I ever tell you," I asked Doc., presently, "about the time a rain like this was the moving cause of Little Bill and me catching a nice mess of fish?"

Doc. grinned.

" 'But oh! the biggest muff afloat
Is he who takes to anecdote' " he quoted.

"What's that?" Doc. took me by surprise. "Oh! Sambrooke, eh? Didn't know you had delved so deeply. Rot. All tommy-rot. Say! Do you know how old that penpusher was when he died?"

Doc. didn't know.

"He was forty-six," I aired the chance bit of knowledge with some satisfaction. "Forty-six years old," I repeated, "and he would have us believe such bologna as you have just quoted. What, tell me, could a man of forty-six have known about the golden memories of old age?"

"Well," said Doc, dexterously drawing my attention back to my fish story, "did it rain as hard as this the time you and Little Bill had luck?"

"Rain!" I exclaimed. "Rain! Why it rained two inches in thirty minutes. Our engine drowned out the first thirty seconds it rained so hard, and the whole country was a lake when the sun broke through.

"Said I to Little Bill, after it was all over, looking out of our ancient ark upon the flood of waters, 'That's one fishing trip that has gone flooey.'

" 'What you mean, gone flooey?' inquired Bill, spinning the starter.

" 'I mean,' I said, 'translating liberally, that we won't have much luck fly-fishing North Fork when it is the approximate color of cold coffee, well creamed, as it will be after all this rain.'

" 'Oh, thataway,' grunted Bill as the engine took.

"Instead of turning around as I had anticipated, Bill headed our can-metal conveyance down the well-chatted road. Both ruts ran rivulets and every ravine was a roily, rushing river.

" 'Say!' I protested when we had all but wet our feet fording one of those uncharted waterways, 'what's the sense or excuse of taking chances like that? Another inch of depth and your carburetor will cough and fail to function and you and I will camp down in mid-stream until this java has joined the Japanese current,—which will be about next Tuesday. Let's go back. No use trying to fly-fish today, and we haven't any catfish tackle.'

"But Bill didn't seem to hear me. He drove on. After a mile or so we came to a level stretch of hay land. Water stood practically all over it. Bill drew to one side of the road and stopped.

"'See that black spot out there in the sea?' he asked.

"'I know,' I boasted. 'I've seen 'em before. It's a musk-rat's house. Ask me another one and make it harder. Why all the pan-fish paraphernalia?' when Bill began assembling a fly rod.

"'Perch,' explained Bill, installing an automatic reel into the reel-seat of the fly-rod, 'bluegills,—maybe bass.'

"'In that Colorado maduro rainwater!'

"I didn't believe it could be done, and said so. Mud-cats, perhaps, I suggested, but no game fish.

"'Oh, yes, there are plenty in that prairie pond some twenty feet beyond the duck blind, which to your inexperienced eye looks like the winter domicile of a fur-bearing animal. Did you say you were coming?'

"Bill waded out into the water-soaked hay meadow. Cramming tackle into my pockets I splashed after him. At the duck blind we came upon a wide pond. That is we could tell that it had once been a pond in a prairie by the dam at one end and grass-rimmed outlines in the sea elsewhere. Water lilies extended from what had been the pond edges in spots and places and two interesting necks bent back into the meadow in long graceful curves.

"I snagged my lead fly in my right leg and my trail fly in my left thumb when a bull-frog dived off the duck blind with a splash that quite startled me.

"That was an immense frog and I watched it with fascinated eyes as it swam to a foot-wide lily leaf and climbed upon the leaf without shipping as much as a drop of water, and squatted down, perfectly camouflaged, olive-green frog upon olive-green leaf. And, believe it or not, the water in that lake, although somewhat dark, as rainwater should be, was not the least roiled, as I had expected it would be after all the flood.

"Three minutes later I was thigh-deep in the water fly-fishing for that frog. The line sped off to the right. I had a fish! A fish that was an experienced contortionist. A fish that proved to be a bluegill as large as my hand.

"Fish number one thirty seconds after I had gone into action! I began to foresee a pleasant afternoon. With a satisfied sensation I whipped out ten feet of line and dropped my flies into the small clear spot where the perch had risen. My offer was accepted. The perch shot half out of the water in its wolfish rush and after a timely interval of busy sport, during which that smallish fish fought doggedly, I had two fish flopping against my left hip.

"The frog continued to squat upon the lily leaf, calm, stolid, beady-eyed, not over fifteen feet away while I dabbed my lures down here and there and everywhere all about me, taking, as I recall it now, six more big bluegills and two black perch.

"Then I waded nearer the frog. Within reach I slowly lowered my flies before his majesty. The dangling bits of color oscillated back and forth in front of him. I eased them closer and closer. As the gray hackle seemed about to tickle the frog's nose Little Bill let out a yell.

"Something had crawled up his pant's leg and he was hopping around, to all appearances a fit inmate for an insane asylum.

"We found it to be an eight-inch water snake when we slit Bill's trousers and had extracted it, to Bill's vast relief.

"A load splash called my attention to the fact that some aquatic animal had dragged my rod off the lilies where I had hurriedly deposited it to go to Bill's rescue.

"I rushed back to my tackle. I located the rod with my feet and brought it to the surface by completely submerging my head, only to have it yanked away from me.

"After retrieving my tackle a second time I discovered that the fish had gone to the bottom, so I proceeded to put kinks in my favorite fly rod, trying to dislodge it.

"When pumping wouldn't budge the stubborn skulker I waded nearer and pulled directly upon the line. That was the most persistent holer-up that I have ever hooked.

"Again I edged into deep water and heaved that lover of the soil upward. Once loosened from its hold the fish flashed out of the water almost into my face and splashed back in, a three-pound bass. His tactics had led me to expect a five pounder, and that very ordinary large-mouth amazed me by once more resisting all my efforts to reel it in, the instant it had gone back to the bottom.

"Then I deduced that the bass was on the lead fly and the trail fly was hung up. So I must land it impromptu, as is. I reached down the line, slipped my hands along the side of the bass and grasped it firmly about the gills.

"Now a three pound bass when suddenly manhandled six inches beneath the surface of the water will create considerable commotion. I found this out very soon after I had fastened my hold about that one's neck. Its tail spattered the surface and completely blinded me with water. In the confusion the trail hook seemed to come free."

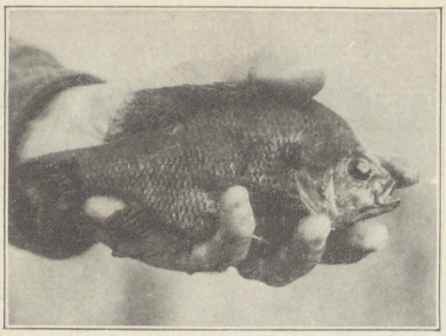
In the meantime as I had been telling Doc. this story the rained had ceased. Rivulets ran down the ditches. Draws were rivers of roily water. Doc. started the motor and headed toward Big Blackberry.

"Bill sure did enjoy that fight," I went on with my story as we plowed along in water oftentimes two feet deep. "He afterwards declared that war of the prairie pond lasted fifteen minutes. To me, worried as I was about the knots in my rod, it seemed longer, and I heaved a sigh of relief when, at last, the bass was dragged into shallow water and I slipped a landing net under it.

"Curious to see why such an ordinary bass had staged such a remarkable fight, I lifted it up. As I did so something gave a heavy, thudding jerk upon the line. I backed out upon the bank, landing net in one hand, leader in the other, and pulled after me that huge olive-green frog that had sat upon the olive-green lily leaf, firmly hooked upon the trail fly!—There! See that black spot?"

I pointed. Doc. nodded.

"Well, there's our hay meadow lake," I enthused, switch-



The Fish.

ing off the ignition. "Doesn't that sun feel good? Let's go. Here's where we take a nice string of perch and bluegills,—and maybe bass."

Absorbed though I was in setting up tackle as I stumbled along, I heard Doc. chuckle now and then as he followed me toward the prairie pond. I was duly flattered that the humor I had hoped to convey had registered. So, possibly I was a trifle self-satisfied when we paused at the duck blind I remembered so well.

Before us spread a wide pond. That is, we could tell that it had once been a pond in a prairie by the dam at one end and grass-rimmed outlines in the sea elsewhere. Water lilies extended from what had been the pond edges in spots and places and two interesting necks bent back into the meadow in long graceful curves.

But the water, every gill, every inch of it, was yellow with sediment. I turned toward Doc. Doc. burst out laughing. About that time I discovered, too, that he had brought no tackle from the automobile.

"How many bass did Little Bill catch that day?" he inquired casually,—too casually,—looking out over the yellow sea. I sensed a premonition of disaster.

"Three," I replied. "Why?"

Doc. turned his attention from the sea to me at my question.

"That big frog," he said, "was hooked in the muscles of the left hind leg, wasn't it?"

"Well, what if it was?" I demanded, half indignantly. Insinuations and innuendoes do roil me when I can't quite grasp their full import. "I didn't say it took the fly, did I? What I can't understand is why this ocean of water the color of cold coffee, well creamed, before us, was clear then and all muddy *now!*"

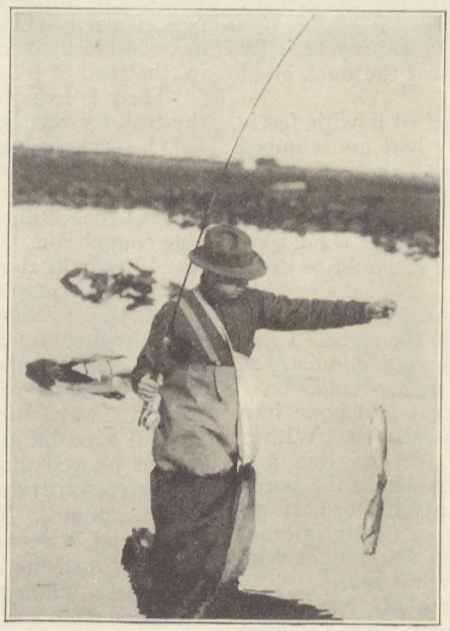
"Ha, ha!" laughed Doc. "Ho, ho! Because, Son," he said, "the lake you are talking about is on the next section line north of here. Only well-grassed hay lands drain into it, while surface water runs down over three plowed fields, that I can see from here, into this one. Let's go find out if I'm right in my guess that the other pond is clear and clean right this minute."

We went. Doc. *was* right. At three o'clock, with one bluegill as big as my hand and as black as hog-wallow mud in my sack and another dangling in the air, I thought of something and demanded of Doc., who fished twenty-five feet away at my left:

"Say, Old Gobbler," I asked, "how come you to know so much about this lake and that fishing trip? Had I told you about it before?"

"No," replied Doc. with a fresh smile. "But it was *I* who brought you here after the rain; not Little Bill."

The Frog.



The Friend.

As usual Doc. was correct. He proved it to me by reciting a dozen details that long ago had escaped me. With my recollection thus refreshed it all came back to me. Funny how much one forgets as the years roll by. I really had conceived the idea, somehow, that I had been indebted to Little Bill all these years for that trip. I made full confession to Doc.

"You forget too, I suppose," added Doc. dryly, presently, after I had helped him net a beautiful four pound, two ounce line-side from that clump of grass well out in the lake, following a delightful ten minutes' argument with it, "that I was the one who snagged the big frog in the flank with my trail fly that day when he had refused to lick in my lure with his tongue, and that the three pound large-mouth came surging at the commotion, but decided that the frog was beyond its capacity and took my lead fly instead?"

"Well—" I began. You see, Doc. *had* done all that, although he had carefully concealed from me all this time how he had happened to catch the frog and I certainly *had* been surprised when I found that he had two victims on his line instead of but one.

"And that you caught all told that afternoon," Doc. interrupted, "exactly one bluegill and one black perch, each exactly three inches long."

No, I didn't remember any such thing: neither did Doc. I had taken those perch and those bluegills exactly as I had related it,—more than twice as many as he had taken, too. But Doc. can't make me mad when I'm catching fish. So I only pressed the trigger of my automatic reel, thereby bringing bluegill number three zigzagging in, smiled contentedly and said:

"Well, you must admit I wasn't hoggish about it, anyway. I claimed only the middle-sized one of the three big bass you caught that day. A story-teller can't lug along *too* many characters, you know."

A SONG OF THE ROAD

BY ANNA THOMPSON WINECOFF

GIVE me the lure of the long, long trail,
The call of the open road;
I'll trust my fate to the gods of chance—
I'll gladly bear my load.
Give me the wind-beat sharp in my face,
The chill of an early dawn,
The song of a bird, the scent of a rose—
A laugh for my troubles gone!

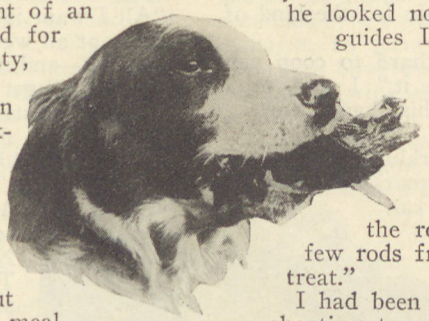
GIVE me a road where no feet have trod,
A road to Anywhere—
The cool, dim paths in forests dark,
The desert's blinding glare.
Give me a trail, north, east or south,
Or west to the ocean's rim—
It matters not how far it leads,
I follow the call of the wind!

Arkansas Mallards

By *Cal Johnson*

OF ALL the huntin' dogs I ever owned or knew, Shag was the most loyal—and funniest. He had been my companion on many trips to the waterfowl marshes of the Chequamegon Bay region, southern Minnesota, Illinois river and even into the far off reaches of the Hudson country of Ontario. How well I remember the bleak November day we sat side by side shivering in a cold, clammy sink-box near Montauk Point, Long Island, watching the sky for a few bluebills and teal. Cold or warm, rain or snow, Shag always possessed the same temperament and remained ready for my command to leave the blind and poke his nose through the sharp, tough rushes and make his way through the icy waters to retrieve a fallen duck.

On this particular occasion, however, Shag was to enjoy a bit of warm climate sport in the famous duck marshes of Arkansas. He had been comfortably placed in his crate and stowed away among the trunks, bags and duffle of the baggage car when leaving Chicago. Now he was bouncing up and down in the rear compartment of an early Detroit transportation vehicle headed for the famous duck marshes of Lonoke county, Arkansas.



We had arrived at Little Rock about noon and the waiting guide lost no time in cranking his ancient flivver and pointing its steaming radiator nose down the picturesque roadway leading to the quiet, peaceful town of Carlisle.

Years ago the pioneer French explorers, Marquette and Tonti, had traveled this same territory—and who knows but what they stopped for a day to secure a meal of roast mallard from the marshes of the Grand Prairie, the spot we were headed for.

A large covey of quail was encountered in the middle of the road about three miles south of Carlisle, as we traversed the final eleven miles of the trip from Little Rock. What a thrilling sight it was to watch those cunning birds herd together, scatter, then take flight and finally disappear amidst the thick foliage that bordered the winding roadway.

"Those birds sure were a sight for sore eyes," I remarked to the guide, who sat silently beside me smoking his pipe and watching the road with half opened eyes. "Bet the quail are thick around here."

"Yep—there is a lot of 'em around these parts, and shootin' is gettin' better every year," he replied, in his slow, drawling speech that identifies the native of Arkansas. "Of course, ye understand, they protect 'em a whole lot better now days than they did when I was a kid."

"Glad to hear that. If you want to keep up the quail supply you naturally have to do your share to help them survive. I notice your birds are nice and fat, much bigger than the quail further north. Your warm climate and absence of heavy snowfall certainly permits the feathered folks to grow and take life far more easy than the smaller quail of the north."

"Yes, that's right, Mister. We know it's necessary to protect our game birds, and many of us fellers delegate ourselves as sort of game protectors and keep a close watch on what's going on in the marshes and fields."

"That's the spirit I like to hear," I answered. "So many guides seem to think that their main duty is to lead their client to a spot where they can kill the bag limit without much difficulty—and that's not really the spirit of good sportsmanship. A fair bag and a real day's sport is what most of the sportsmen are looking for now days."

"Sure—I know that," he agreed. "I'm not one of them kind, Mister. I love the outdoors of Arkansas and understand the value of conservation. Yes, sir, I sure do."

For once I had found a guide that appreciated the necessity of conservation. From all outside appearances he looked no different than some of the northern guides I had hunted with, but apparently he possessed a greater understanding of the outdoors than the average guide—which certainly elevated my personal respect for him.

"There's the huntin' barracks," cried my guide, pointing a tanned finger towards a building a half mile down the road. "The duck marsh begins just a few rods from there—and, boy, are you in for a treat."

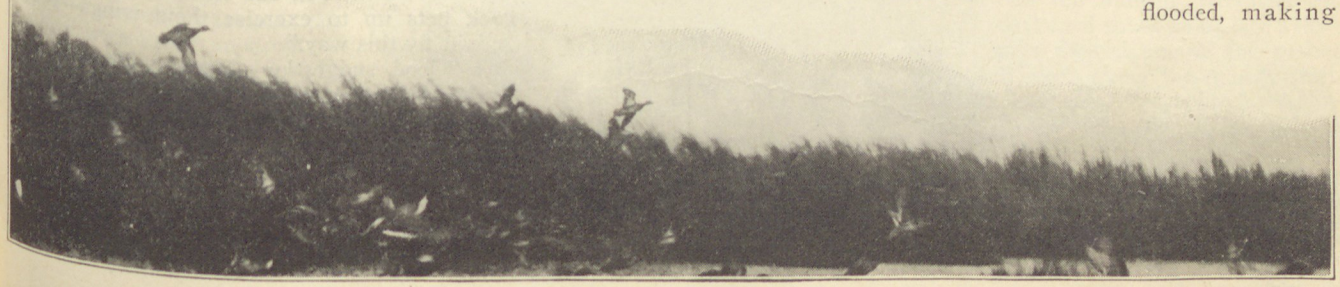
I had been told briefly of the wonderful mallard shooting to expect in the well known country between the White and Arkansas rivers before leaving my mid-west home. That a treat was in store for me seemed evident from all angles—and now that I was within a few minutes of the great marsh lands, my impulse to hie myself away to the duck blind reached a higher pitch.

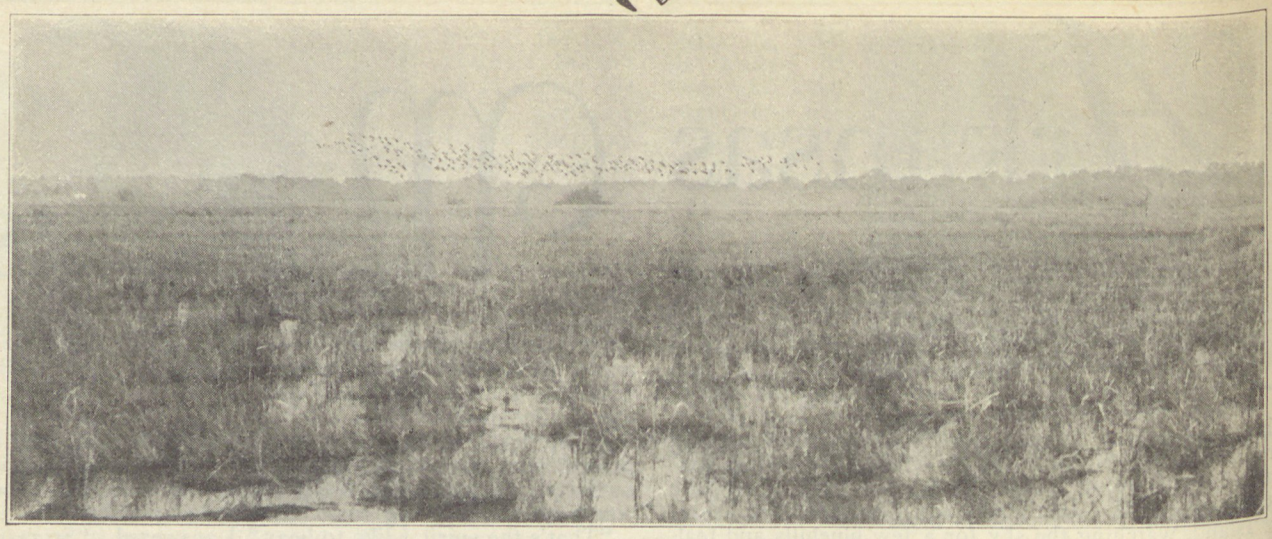
The country was almost without appreciable contour lines. Flat, prairie and timber, with several slow moving streams known as bayous. Rice fields were seen all along the route from Little Rock, and evidence of prosperous plantations greeted the eye from every angle.

As we turned into the driveway I scanned the architecture of the hunting barracks and other buildings of our Arkansas home. All buildings, in fact, throughout this section were of the pioneer southern country type, without paint, shake roofs, field stone outside chimneys, et cetera.

During the time of the migratory bird flight there is very little water over the rice fields. There is, however, ample feed for the ducks in the harvested rice fields, but in many instances the water is drained off the fields just before harvest and the area is ploughed, new contour levees built and the field is allowed to lie fallow until spring and the new planting.

The place we were to hunt, however, had been reclaimed and the entire area of over 2,000 acres flooded, making





an ideal feeding marsh for the vast flocks of ducks that came in droves from the north. This section of Arkansas has long been noted for its duck shooting, and the migratory bird flight has stopped here to feed and winter for centuries.

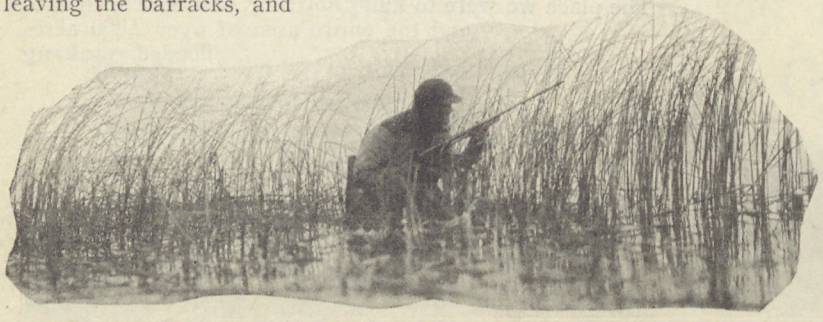
As the car rolled to a stop I jumped out and ran back to where Shag was whining and fussing in his prison crate. Opening the door, he leaped from his box, ran around the car a few times, then sat on his haunches beside me, wondering, I suppose, how soon we would hie for the land of mallards.

"Well, well, old fellow, it's kind of hard to coop you up so long, but the trip will be worth it," I said, as I patted his silky head and rolled one of his shaggy ears in the palm of my gloved hand.

Shag looked up at me, his eyes sparkling. I could easily read his reply to my remarks. Guess every owner of a hunting dog can converse with them, and I know the canine brain detects more clearly what we say to them than most of us realize. Shag was really no different than any other dog, I don't suppose. He was a springer spaniel—and one who knew ducks and how to hunt them. He had been carefully trained in the duck shooting grounds surrounding my old Chequemagon Bay home in northern Wisconsin. Naturally he was accustomed to icy waters and sitting in a blind when a north-eastern blizzard laid the reeds and rushes of our blind low with a biting wind. So I really felt that the dog deserved a southern duck hunting trip in payment for his loyalty and hardships suffered in retrieving ducks in the north country.

Duck boats were unnecessary in this region. The flooded rice fields permitted wading with hip-boots, and the shooting was found to be open. A blind had been prepared for our coming several days in advance, so the necessity of spending any time weaving the reeds and rushes together was eliminated.

It was almost four o'clock before we reached the shooting grounds. I had donned hip-boots, hunting clothes, shell bag, et cetera, before leaving the barracks, and the guide carried a huge bag filled with decoys, besides a box containing two live callers. Due to the irregularity of flight in a marsh of this nature it was thought best to tote callers with us in order to attract the mallards as they got up and circled the 2,000-acre tract. Shag, of course, trailed behind us.



"The late afternoon flight might start a bit early today," remarked the guide. "Gettin' a bit cloudy, and I won't be surprised to see it get dark a half hour earlier tonight."

"All I want is a good hour of shooting," I replied. "If they fly at all we should get plenty of ducks for a nice feed tomorrow—and maybe one or two to take back home."

"Oh, you'll get mallards all right, don't worry about that, Mister," assured my guide. "When they start to fly you will see so many you won't know which ones to shoot at."

That certainly sounded encouraging to me. My mind wandered for a moment to the several days I had hunted ducks in the Namakagon lake country early in October. The flock of mallards, they only numbered seventeen, that I had been trying to outwit still enjoyed living, insofar as I was concerned, for they had made a decided monkey out of me in evading my attack. How vividly I recalled sneaking on hands and knees through the brush to surprise them as they hid between the dead-heads and stumps of a small bayou on the west side of a narrow point of land that separated the lake from their retreat. I could still hear their mocking "Quack! Quack! Quack!" as they suddenly rose from the waters before I even sighted them, and I could see them disappear, after circling into the wind, down the winding stretch of the Namakagon river. Brainy ducks, them mallards.

"Look! Look!" cried the guide, as he pointed to the south end of the marsh. "Mallards—hundreds of 'em!"

I forgot for the moment the experiences of early October and looked in the direction he pointed. Yes—there they were. Scores and scores of mallards, rising upwards like a dark gray cloud, then floating along the tree tops, to finally circle and settle in a mass of fluttering commotion amidst the waving rushes a half mile from where we stood.

"Wow, what a flock of mallards!" I exclaimed. "Let's get settled in our blind before another flock gets up to exercise their wings—they might fly this way."

"Good suggestion, Mister. I'll set out the decoys immediately—you can keep a watch for a stray duck that might come sailing along here. Can't never tell when those old rascals decide to fly."

He picked up the bag of decoys and waded through the muck and rushes to the open water a few yards away. After

arranging the wooden decoys to suit his fancy he anchored the live ducks close by where they could attract the birds in flight. Finishing his job, the guide returned to the blind and sat silently beside me, keeping a watchful eye across the marsh for the sign of mallards.

Shag snuggled close to me and looked up every now and then to warrant me that he was also on the look-out. The tall reeds and rushes covered us securely and a small opening in front offered us an opportunity to view the vast marsh without trouble.

"Here comes a flock," suddenly came from a muffled voice at my side.

I looked first to the left, then right—and there, flying in a bee-line for our position, was a huge flock of fat mallards. I squeezed the grip of my double-barreled shotgun tightly as I watched the birds circle a hundred rods away. They turned, dove to a lower flying level, then swooped upwards again, their wings flapping rapidly as they traversed the sky lane.

"Looks like they are going over the timber and into another section of the marsh," said the guide, as he raised his body and squinted through the blind. "Nope—they are turning again. Guess we might get a shot yet."

We watched the birds excitedly as they flew higher, then the leader pointed his bill towards our blind and drew the flock lower and lower, until we could see his green-circled neck stretched out before him. In another moment our guns would be booming.

As the mallards flew within gun range I selected a nice-looking bird directly behind the leader. Boom! Boom! Down he came in a series of loops and spins, to land with a loud splash fifty feet from our hide-away. Shag stood up, his body quivering with excitement and anticipation, ready to leap into the water and retrieve the fallen bird.

Holding aside the rushes in order to make a hole for the dog, I gave the word for which he was waiting—"Go fetch!" Out he dashed, then with a "plunk" he dove into the still waters and worked his way to the dead duck. Grasping the bird in his jaws, he turned and swam back, finally entering the blind and laying the magnificent mallard at my feet. He shook himself, sending a silvery spray of crystal water drops in every direction, then looked up at me, wagging his shaggy tail with satisfaction.

"Good dog," uttered my guide, as he reached down and stroked Shag's head. "Sure knows his business all right. Wish I had one like him."

It was now almost five o'clock and ducks were seen flying in large flocks in every section of the huge marsh Occasionally a brace of birds would wing their way within gun range of our blind, and again the sound of our doubles would rent the atmosphere. Shag was having the time of his life—and as for me—well, Arkansas mallards will always hold a warm spot in my heart.

"Did you ever see anything like that?" asked my partner, as he nodded his head in the direction of our decoys. "I only placed two callers there—but now I see four."

I looked in the direction he nodded—and, sure enough, there were two husky mallards swimming around the callers with every apparent belief that they were safe. Fact was, they were safe. No sportsman would ever pot shoot any bird. We remained perfectly still and watched the two mallards try to get acquainted with our tame ducks. Finally they swam over to our decoys, and evidently discovering they were not real ducks, or sensing trouble, let out a couple of loud "Quacks" and rose from the waters to join their flock somewhere among the rushes of the marsh.

"Wonder what they thought when they came alongside those wooden decoys?" asked my guide. "Bet they got a surprise. Hey?"

"Yep—I suppose they were a bit startled—that is, if we are to take into consideration the hurried way they took off when they discovered our decoys were no relation of theirs."

It was growing dusk, the sky was becoming gray and the ducks hard to distinguish as they flew about at the farther end of the marsh. About fifteen more minutes of shooting remained before the day's sport was over. We had five nice mallards, so plenty of leeway remained in the event I wished to bowl over a few more. Many flocks had been allowed to wing their way past us without firing a shot. To have killed the limit in an hour would have been easy.

A series of "quacks" brought us to attention. Directly from behind came a flock of drakes and hens, apparently bent on locating a spot to feed and rest for the night. They spotted our decoys and circled lower, flying directly overhead as they swept past our position. The callers let loose with their loud duck language, and no doubt they were successful in attracting a great deal of attention.

The mallards circled again, then came in about ten feet above the marsh grass towards our decoys. As the birds stretched out their feet to land, a loud "boom-boom" came from our blind. Two beautiful drakes dropped directly into our decoys, rolled over on their backs, gave a kick or two and passed out. The balance of the flock regained their flight as soon as possible, some of them alighting on the waters first, and circled high into the heavens, then disappeared behind the distant timber line that bordered the shooting grounds.

Again Shag dashed from the blind and carried the two ducks back to our side. He seemed to sense that this was the final episode in the day's sport and tried to display his approval by cutting a few capers around my legs.

As we made our way back to the hunting barracks the darkened shadows of late afternoon danced among the rushes and reeds along the muggy trail. The sun was now behind the distant hardwoods and the night birds commenced to tune up for their evening concert. My first experience with Arkansas mallards had been highly successful—in fact, no man could wish for more than I had received that enjoyable day.

Giant Sea Bass

By *Roman J. Miller*

SEVENTEEN miles from the delightful little town of Coronado, California, lie the Coronado Islands of Old Mexico. Like dream castles they rise from the azure waters of the Pacific and grace the center of a deep sea angler's paradise. Within the realm of their mystic charm may be found an infinite variety of the finny tribe ranging from sardines to whales. Near at hand are schools of bluefin, the leaping tuna, the long-finned tuna, the swordfish, both marlin and broadbill, skipjacks, yellowtail, mackerel, bonita, barracuda, albacore, the mystery fish of the sea, and a host of others.

Marine forests of kelp, charmingly beautiful submarine gardens grace the azure depths and lend aesthetic enchantment.

Here is a refuge and abiding place for countless other denizens of the deep among which is the giant California sea bass *stereolepis gigas* — not a jewfish but a colossal black bass of the sea, said by some authorities to attain a weight of 800 pounds. Lurking in the shadowy depths of the submarine jungles, this monster of the deep is believed to stalk its prey in a most peculiar manner. His capture provides a most thrilling adventure. Chief among the devotees of this alluring sport is Wm. A. Gunn, millionaire sportsman of Coronado. As a guest of my distinguished host and in company with Captain Perkins, skipper of the *Glorietta,* I was invited to participate in the day's pleasure.

"We leave at six fifteen A. M." was my host's pleasant reminder. True to Naval custom, we shoved off from the Boat Club House exactly on time, proceeding down the channel and over the placid waters of San Diego Bay.

Passing the ever imposing headlands of Point Loma bathed in the golden glory of the morning sun, we headed out over the tranquil waters of the Pacific. Towards the isles of mystic charm the *Glorietta* cruised smoothly onward.

The scene presented to the seafarer in these waters is ever a charming one. All is canopied by a matchless sky which seawards blends into the azure of the Pacific until the horizon line is but dimly traced.

On this occasion the sea was dotted with a fleet of commercial fishing boats reaping a harvest of barracuda, mackerel and other edible fish. Noteworthy among the boats were those engaged in harpooning swordfish. The long jib-boom of the craft is fitted with a one-man platform upon which the harpooner stands poised ready for the cast.

Near the Coronado Islands were more commercial fishermen engaged in hauling in barracuda. A dozen boats with an equal number of men on each were bringing them in with hand lines as rapidly as the lines could be cast.

Obtaining our bait, which consisted of live sardines, mackerel and small barracuda, we proceeded to a point a few hundred yards to the lee of South Island. The Coronado Islands, by the way, are a most distinctive group, three in number, and extend four and one-half miles in a "west-northwest" and "east-southeast" direction. They are commonly referred to as North, Middle and South Islands. The latter rises to a height of 672 feet and is the loftiest point of the group. Owned by Old Mexico, uninhabited, of rugged nature and out upon a sea of infinite blue, they possess a charm of intriguing grandeur.

On the rocks along the rugged shore a herd of sea lions basked contentedly. Overhead wise old pelicans soared about engaged in their piscatorial art. Hovering in mid-air for a moment, they would then fold their wings and drop into the sea with the speed of an aerial bomb. But a moment later they would reappear on the surface, gulping down a fish in

"All hands manned the tackle and hauled the prize on board."

droll contentment. Gulls, petrels, terns, cormorants, and other sea birds in countless numbers, sailed gleefully about or found refuge on the inviting slopes. Flying fish by the score darted from the sea, their iridescent wings glistening in the morning sun in striking beauty. They skimmed over the tranquil surface at all angles. They banked like miniature aeroplanes, glided to a landing and disappeared again in the infinite blue from whence they came.

As we cruised leisurely along we looked down into the azure depths, and observed scenes of fascinating marine beauty. Richly colored sea plants waved invitingly in the currents which swept gently about the islands in rhythmic cadence. No fairer picture can be imagined as one floats leisurely along over the mystic depths whose gorgeous tints and many moods defy description.

"Well, here we are!" said the skipper, awaking us from our reverie.

The *Glorietta* was moored to a cork buoy which marks the arena in which many battles with giant sea bass have been staged. The arena in question is an area of transparent sea, several acres in extent, free from kelp and with sandy bottom. Its western boundary is located a few hundred yards off shore of South Island. It appears to be a sort of deep sea convention hall, in which the giant sea bass congregate. They come to this apparent rendezvous along the trails and byways of the great waving forest of kelp. Save for a channel leading to the open sea these entrancing gardens practically enclose the arena and surround the islands. At times the sea is so strikingly transparent that one may observe the shadowy forms of the big bass browsing about in the depths below.

"Want to try your luck?" queried my host.

"Sure do," I replied.

The skipper produced three rods and reels, the choice of a dozen resting in racks on the deck. My outfit contained a line of sixty-pound test and a forged steel hook of special design. This was baited with mackerel and lowered slowly into the depths. The thrill of anticipation surged within me. One may hook into any monster of the deep hereabouts—in fact anything might happen at most any moment. But alas! nothing happened for what seemed to me the longest time and I grew impatient. Then there came the slightest nibble as if some creature like a crab were toying with the bait. More time elapsed, and then the line began to tend slowly to starboard. Something was moving away with the bait. I hoped it would be something worth while. The line tautened and I struck. Things happened then, fast and furious. The bottom of the sea was moving away with my line hooked fast. There came a series of vicious tugs which pulled my arms down to the rail on the stern of the boat.

"Shades of destruction," I mused. "I'm in for something."

"Big bass, sure's you're born," said the captain.

"Give him line," called my host in eager advice.

I gave. There was nothing else to do. It was impossible to stem the rush that followed. Thrills galore surged up along the line in quick succession. The captain slipped our mooring and maneuvered the *Glorietta,* slowly toward the center of the arena, describing a vast circle, and I managed to steer the fish for open water in a long steady pull. Suddenly the reel fairly buzzed in its bearings; the brake pad heated with friction as the line sang out to the savage lunge of the infuriated creature. Fortunately the rush tended to the far side of the arena, away from the menacing fronds of the waving kelp. Surely something weird, uncanny, was fast to my line and I was enjoying every minute of the time. But a half hour of this contest with an unseen antagonist and the strain began to tell on both parties. Things looked in favor of the party of the second part. However, due to the clever maneuvering of the *Glorietta* by Captain Perkins, I managed to gain line. This time I reeled the fish in to within 50 feet of the surface. My host recognized the big shadowy form as that of the giant bass family. There came another series of savage tugs, hammerlike blows which brought my arms down to the rail again and again. The bass had now turned and headed for the bottom, the reel singing a serenade in response.

Waiting for a strike from a big fellow.

"Hell's bells! He must weigh a ton," I ejaculated.

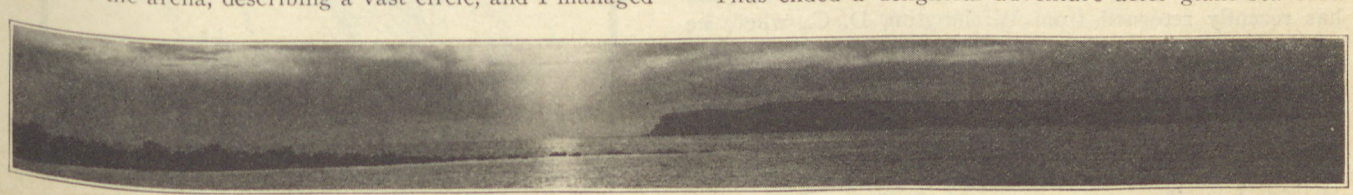
"Medium sized one. Stick to him and you'll land him O. K.," replied my host encouragingly.

The tackle was strained to the limit to stop the rush of that "medium sized" bass, but to little avail. Might as well try to stem the rush of the tide—couldn't be done. He hammered away at the line, giving lusty blows, coming in twenty feet or so, then turning and rushing for the bottom again at terrific speed. Thus the fight continued for an hour. My arms were numbed and an intense pain surged in my shoulder. But I brought him to the surface at the stern of the boat. We considered the contest fairly won. Captain Perkins slipped a heavy manila bowline behind the fish's gills and secured the line to the rail. Rigging a block and tackle from a davit, all hands manned the tackle and hauled the prize on board.

Rather a handsome brute he seemed to me. A perfect replica of a fresh water bass and my host estimated his weight at over two hundred pounds. His color was dark bronze, rather than black, as he glistened in the sun. The large lustrous eyes of a deep dark liquid blue enhanced his gamy appearance.

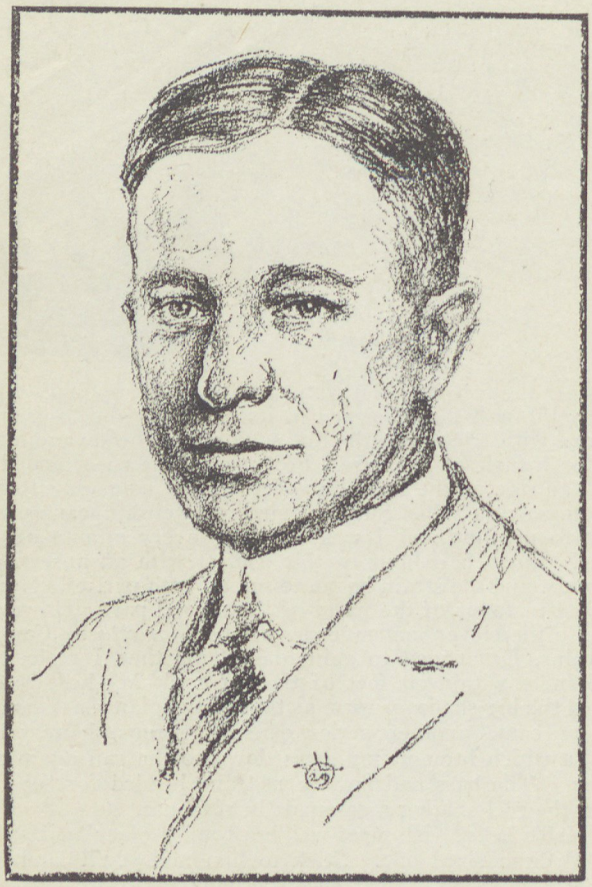
The day was fast growing to a close as we again neared Point Loma. Here we were favored by a most gorgeous sunset. The sun dipped like a huge ball of fire into the tranquil waters of the Pacific. The colors of its last rays painted sky and sea in indescribable tints and hues.

Thus ended a delightful adventure after giant sea bass.



Biographies
By Arthur B. Wilson

Outdoor



Frank M. Warren

Frank M. Warren

FEW men have studied outdoor life as has Frank M. Warren. Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, when wolves paced the ice of the moonlight lake near where he lived. Guided by his father, a trained and thorough woodsman in the law and lore of the wilderness. Taught to protect instead of spoil the life in forest and stream. As a boy he studied native birds and collected their eggs—only one from a nest—never more.

Mr. Warren prefers to "hunt" with his motion picture camera. He "shoots on sight"—but with the eye that keeps, not kills, all manner of creatures in their natural haunts. He possesses 6,500 camera films taken everywhere around the world—and is more proud of his "moose movies" than the 25 point moose head that hangs in his home.

Among other things—he has devoted himself unstintedly toward saving the Quetico—Superior Forest country—the great natural playground for the people of two nations. He has recently returned from Washington, D. C., where he has been working on this important project to save what is termed the "Heart of North America."

Mr. Warren is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, School of Mines. And at present is a National Director and Member of the Executive Board of the Izaak Walton League.

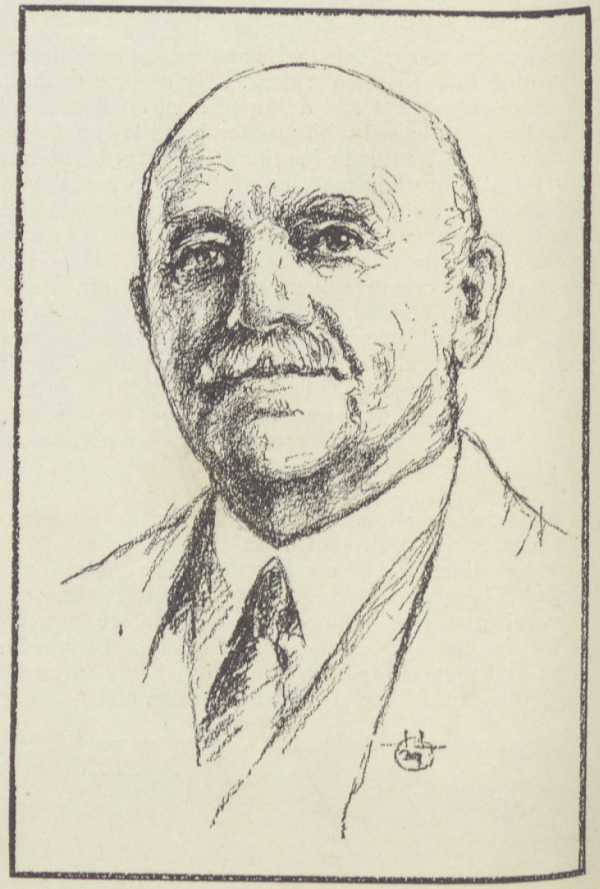
Thomas Ambrose

ONE must necessarily be brief in dealing with the activities and accomplishments of Thomas Ambrose—they are numerous as grains of sand on the seashore.

One of the "original fifty-four founders" of the Izaak Walton League. A National Director from the very beginning to the present. A National Vice-President for five years. Secretary of the Chicago Chapter from 1923 on—holding the record of bringing 450 members into the Chicago Chapter.

Mr. Ambrose was a Committee of One who drafted the Constitution of the League, and has served on every Committee on Constitution and By-Laws with the exception of 1929. A Delegate from the Chicago Chapter to every National and Illinois State Convention. A member of the Editorial staff of Outdoor America since its foundation, and the author of some of its finest writings.

An angler of great skill, numbering among his friends the greatest anglers of America and Great Britain. A hunter of big game who has scored on Moose, Caribou, Blacktail and Virginia Deer, Stag and Roebuck of Europe. That's Thomas Ambrose in part. In being brief, we've tried to write much, but somehow we feel that we haven't said half enough.



Thomas Ambrose

Americans

Portraits
By Julius L. Olson

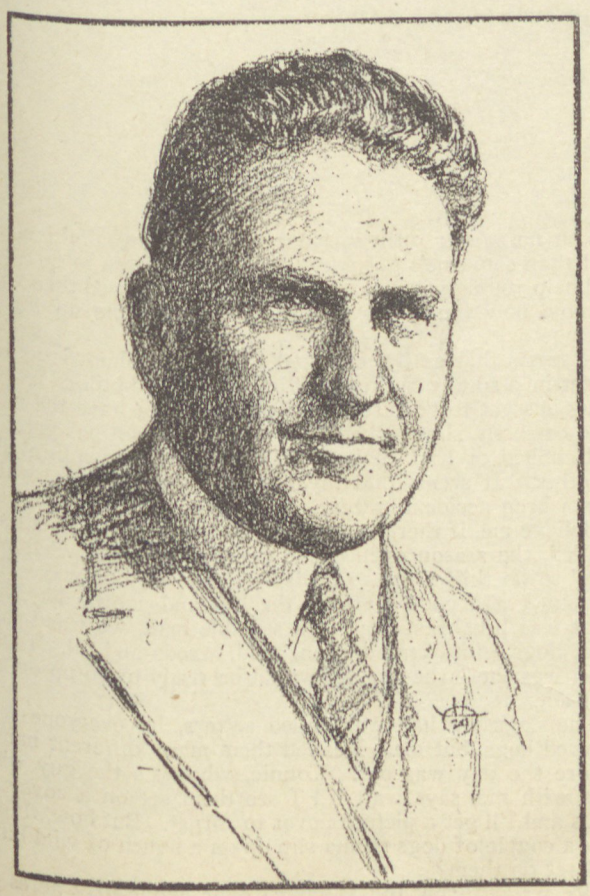
Fred C. Fletcher

MANY well known individuals have come from St. Joseph, Missouri. Eugene Field, patron poet of childhood. Arthur Pryor, band leader. Fred Stone, of footlight fame. Fred C. Fletcher, an outstanding name among outdoor Americans, particularly among fishermen.

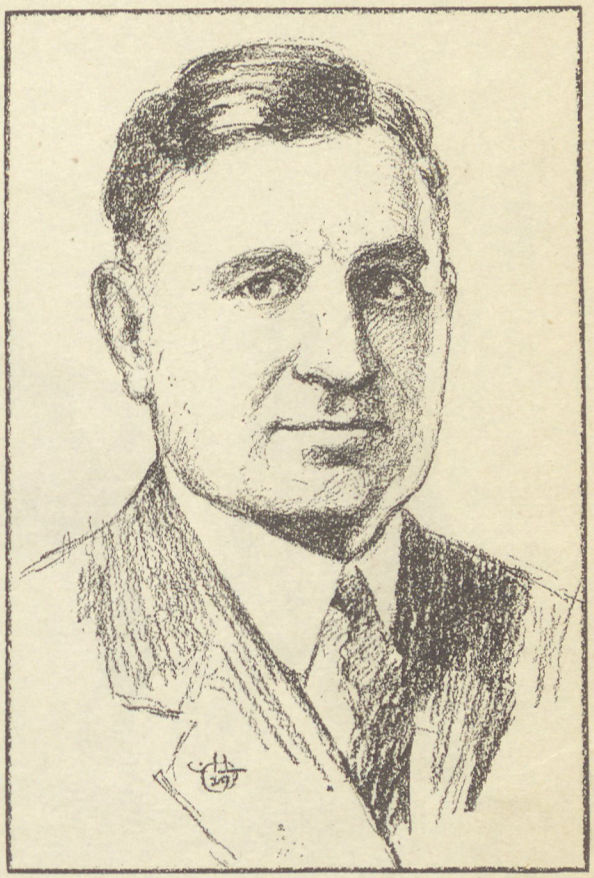
In the early teens—jugging for giant catfish in the Missouri River and landing them as high as 180 pounds in weight. In later years—angling down in Baldwin County, Alabama, where under the overhanging banks of the Black Waters, the Styx and Perdito rivers, lurk the gamy, vigilant black bass. In fact—he has fished in nearly every state between Maine and Texas.

Fred Fletcher was one of the eighteen American fishermen, who caught some 2,000 muskellunge in the Red Lake Mining region of Ontario. All but 25 were put back, as the party was "fishing for the movies." The pictures have been shown all around the world.

Mr. Fletcher is a member of the National Executive Board of the Izaak Walton League, a National Director, and President of the Ohio Division of the League. He is credited with being one of the livest and most progressive of all Waltonian leaders.



Fred C. Fletcher



L. G. Bradford

L. G. Bradford

MR. BRADFORD has become widely regarded as an ardent sportsman, an accomplished angler and upland game shooter. And a practical, working leader in outdoor activities, fighting the thrusts of the spoiler with diligence worthy of special commendation.

He served as State Senator, representing Northern Indiana for several terms. In this office, he was directly instrumental in effecting legislation that advanced some of the most important measures of conservation in Indiana. In many other ways and for many years, he has proved to be a friend in the needs of Izaak Walton principles.

Mr. Bradford is known for his fly casting ability for salmon in the streams of New Brunswick. With his wife, companion in sports, he takes annual deer hunting trips into Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. He spends the entire summer months at his cabin on Eagle Lake in Southern Michigan, from where he commutes to his business office in South Bend.

In the past, Mr. Bradford was President of the Indiana Division of the Izaak Walton League for two terms, and is now a National Director and a Member of the Executive Board of the League.

Qui Vive *Quail*

By
S. L. Wright, Sr.

DRAWINGS
BY
FERD
HIMME

AIN'T it funny how a dum question can sometimes get you all gummed up?

Now me, for instance. Here I was just tryin' to get on to this huntin' business. Doin' fair with the squirrels and onct in a while turnin' in a par on a wandering rabbit, when what should I do but attend a meetin' of the Ike Walton League and get mixed up with a bunch of boys what knowed nothin' but bird dogs and birds.

The Speaker of the evenin' talked mostly on quail. Follownin' him was the Pres. of the Club who enlarged on the sport of the whirring wings as to how, when and where.

The air was just full of birds. Their habits, welfare and downfall was discussed plenty. One guy was for puttin' up a bounty on each hawk that was killed, so as to protect the birds. At this juncture the County Clerk who happened to be there jumped up and said that our local county would be glad to pay a dollar per hawk, provided they was local hawks. Some one wanted to know how you could tell a hawk what belonged to our county from a transient, what was doin' his hawkin' off side. It seemed to me that they ought to make the hawks have the name of their county printed on their license plates, like they do the autoists in Kentucky, but being practically a new member in the club, I held my advice.

Finally a red headed friend of mine sittin' next me says, "You goin' to hunt quails this year?"

Bein' as I was in a crowd of bird fanciers and wantin' to be up the right street, I says, casually that sure I was.

You no sooner open up your trap with an admition like that than someone's got you tied up with a date to go along and help you do your bit of shootin'. If I knowed then what I know now the quails would have looked me up for an interview.

It seems that gettin' outfitted for a quail shoot is as bad as gettin' a suit of clothes built by a cock eyed tailor. Everything has got to be just so. First you gotta have the right kind of shells, shot and so on. Then your gun has gotta be full choked or half choked, half nelsoned or somthin' else or other. It seems that my gun was almost right, which musta been accident, rather than design.

Believe me, if there is anything in technick, I was all set.

Well, the season opened and me and the bozo what was goin' to do things to the birds was well on our way when the sun got a good start up the hill and a little bit after what was breakfast time to a sensible man, we was in the field, dogs, guns, ammunition, mud, weeds and all. If the quail was there the curtain would be ready to go up on the first act.

The dogs we had was called setters, by everyone who knowed dogs, but me. I called them many different names before the day was out. Connie, who was the guy what was with me, says wait till I see them set on a covey of birds and I'll get a picture never to forget. But how, thinks I, is a couple of dogs gonna slip up on a bunch of wild birds and set on them?

We walked, run and stumbled over about fifty acres of

weeds, brush, mud, logs and ravines with never a set of the setters. The quails' prospects began to look up. We rambled into wheat stubble, so I was told, and over millet fields, I was also informed. I don't know a millet from a stubble, not bein' of a horticulture turn of mind.

But not a whir of the feathered wings!

All of a suddent the hounds come to a stand still. They stuck their noses out and crouched. "Look," says I to Connie, "they is makin' faces at somethin'." "Hush," says he, "they is a settin' on some birds." Maybe you know what it's all about. But me, when a guy says set, I think he's on the level and means set, which with a dog, I would imagine would be to drop the rear end to the ground, kinda on its haunches. But no, set with a bird dog, means droop, crouch, or what have you. A four legged set, or in other words all set.

"Steady," says Connie, to the dogs and they did a Night Watchman, dead in their tracks. Turnin' to me, he says, "flush." "Beats me," says I. But to myself, I says, this guy thinks we is playin' poker. "Flush," he again hissed at me. "Straight," says I, thinkin' to humor him. "Don't you know bird business?" says he. "Flush 'em—scare 'em up, so we can shoot."

"Boo," I yells.

Nothin' happened, except that Connie bust out in a big laff. "Boo," says he. "Why, you big stiff, that's no way to flush." "Didn't you say scare 'em?" says I. "What you want me to do, tell 'em a ghost story?" "Why, no," says he. "Here's how you do it." But as I am not a cartoonist, I'll leave that out.

When the excitement died down and no quail came a buzzin' up we found that a misplaced snow bird had fooled the dogs. Thinks I, it don't take so much to fool a setter when he thinks he's settin' when he's standin'.

Seems like a snow bird has a scent like a quail, so I am told, not havin' a nose for bird odors. And it seems that this snow bird was doin' without his snow, it bein' a bright and warm day, so to pass his time away, was foolin' the bird dogs. Right then I figgered that quail huntin' would be a great sport for April first.

All day we followed the dogs or they followed us, which ever happened to be in front. Both the setter dogs got tired, and both my dogs got weary. If feet could have talked, mine would have cussed. But we found no coveys.

Now and then a snow bird. Every hour or so a scared and scampering rabbit. Now and then a ground hog. Quite often a left over grasshopper broke the monotony, but no birds.

Along about sun down I told Connie to take his dogs and do his settin' ad lib, verbatim or any other way, I was gonna do a little sure enough settin' on an old stump till I felt strong enuff to get home, where I could get out the old pipe and read in the outdoor magazines, wherein we had made our mistakes and why. So one birdless man and two bird dogs left me.

Let me tell you somethin'. Take a fall evenin' when you've tramped all day and your hoofs is blistered, and you set on a stump a restin'; well, there's solid comfort for you, birds or no birds.

The sun began to go down in the west and long shadders appeared and I got up and started back.

B-r-r-r-r—rrrrrrr—rrrrrr!

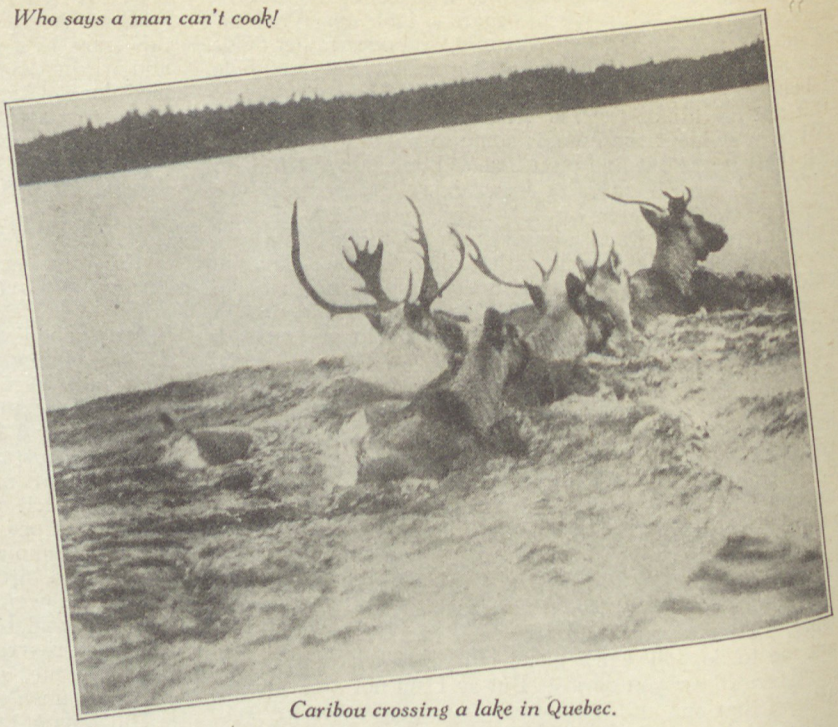
Before me, sailin' straight away from the sun, was as pretty a bunch of birds as ever you saw.

Did I shoot? Well, no, I had finished my huntin' for the day and didn't have my gun loaded.

But I learnt one thing from that trip. Viz—if anyone says to me again, "Is you huntin' quail this fall?" I'm sure gonna tell him I didn't know they was lost.

"Look," says I to Connie, "they is makin' faces at somethin.'"

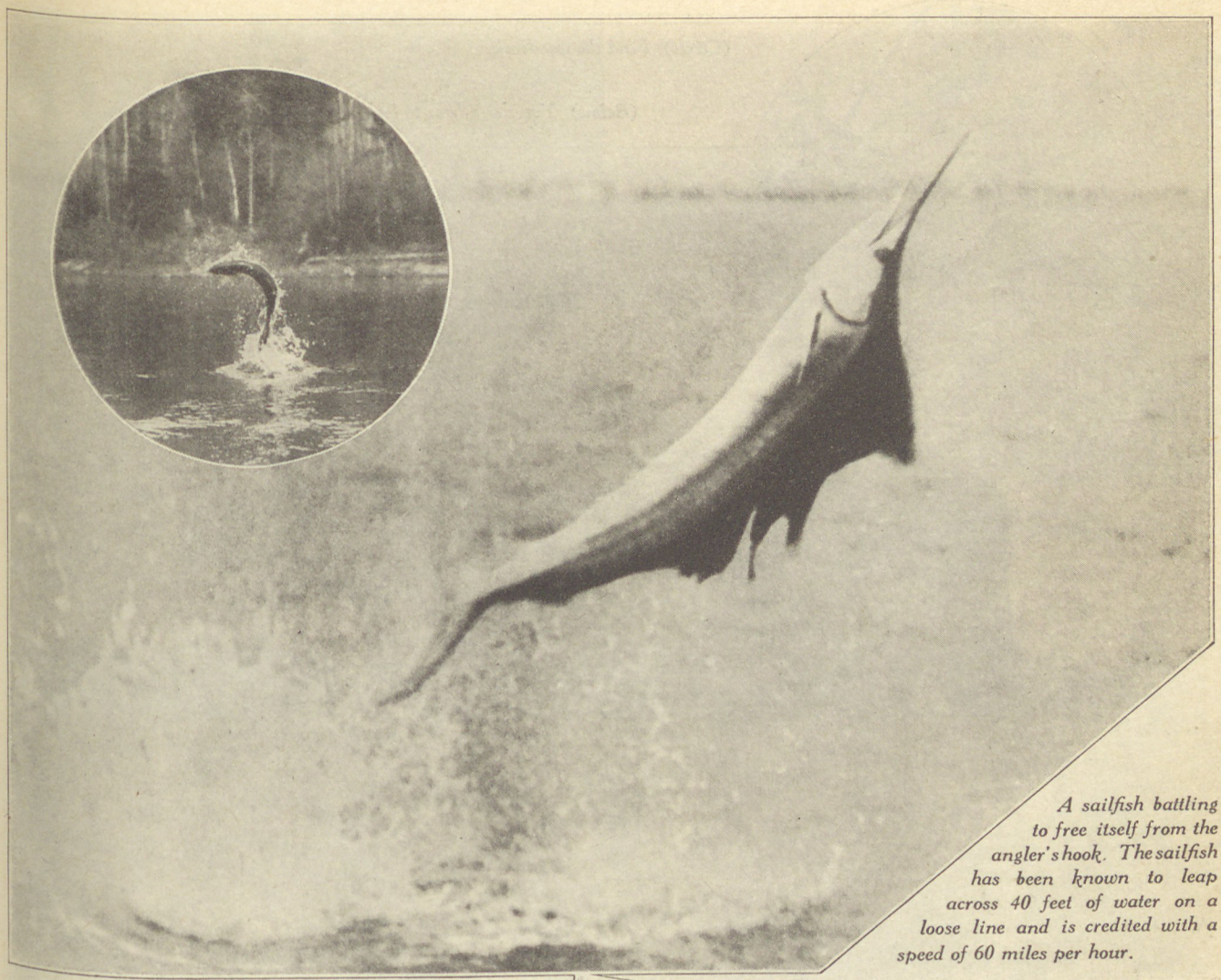
Who says a man can't cook!



Caribou crossing a lake in Quebec.

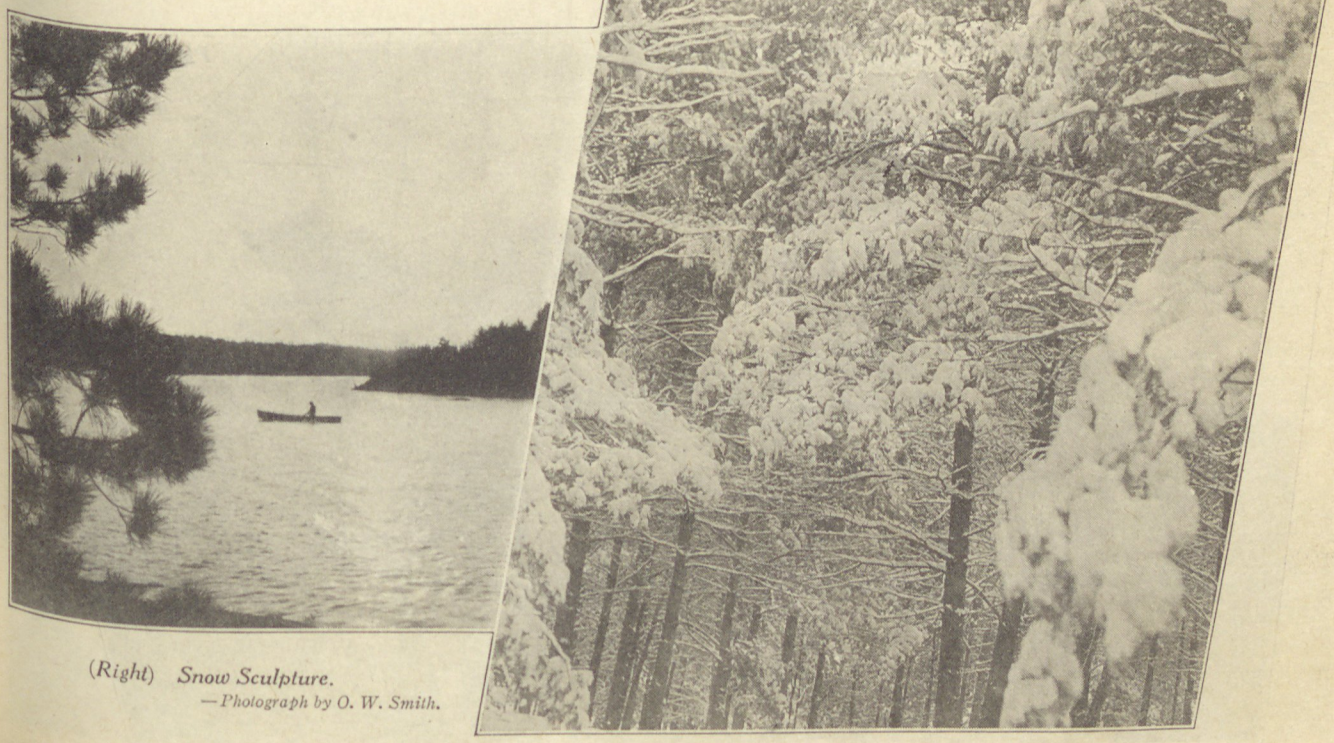
Fluted columns rise majestically aloft in this finest of Redwood Forests at Bull Creek Flat, Humboldt County, California. It is hoped this grove will become a State Park.

—Photograph by Tibbitts.

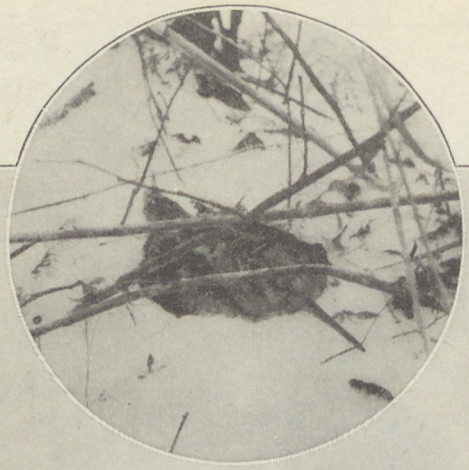


A sailfish battling to free itself from the angler's hook. The sailfish has been known to leap across 40 feet of water on a loose line and is credited with a speed of 60 miles per hour.

(Circle) *20 lb. salmon on the Restigouche.*
(Below) ***Weslemkoon Lake, Ont.***
—Photographs by Cal Johnson.

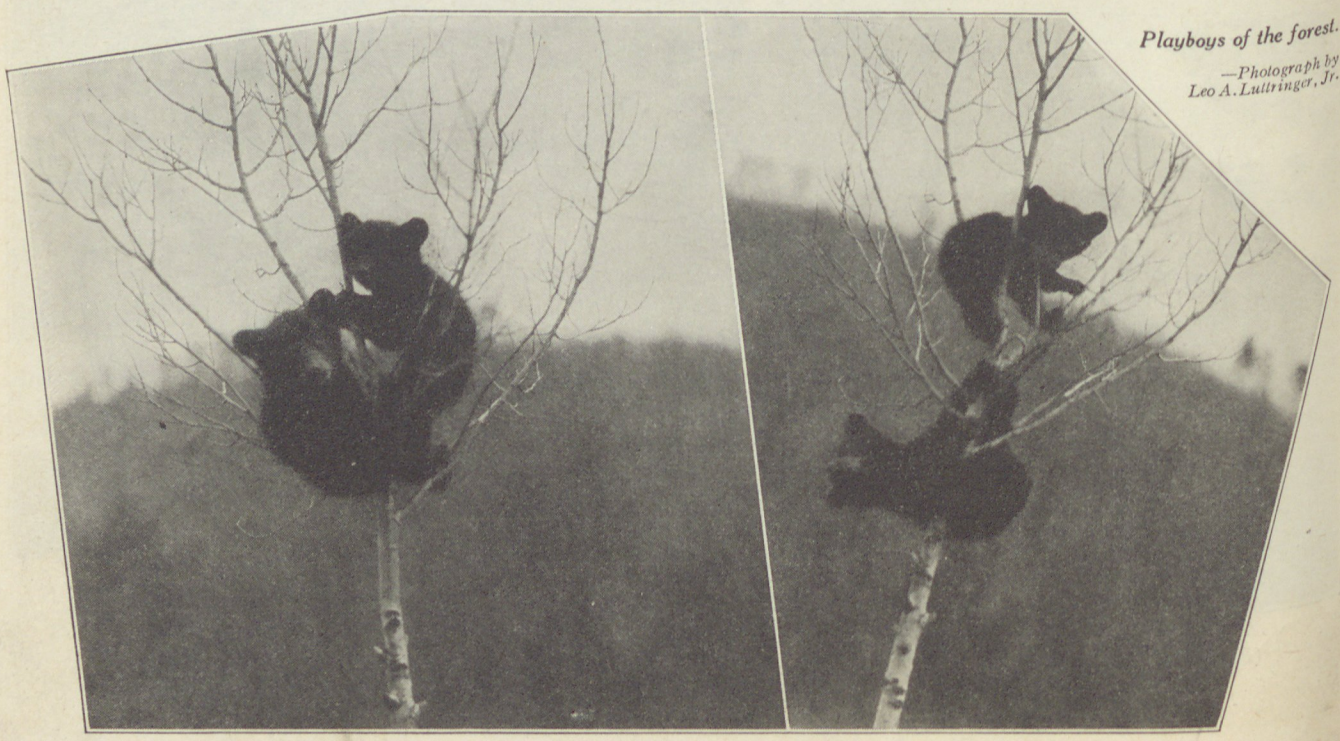


(Right) *Snow Sculpture.*
—Photograph by O. W. Smith.



(Circle) Find the woodcock.

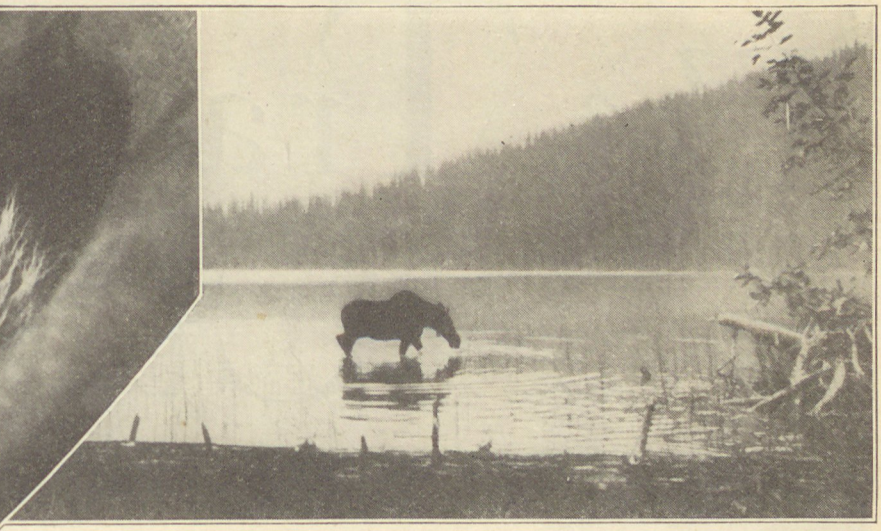
(Below) You don't have to look so closely to find the moose.



Playboys of the forest.

—Photograph by Leo A. Luttringer, Jr.

"My, how you startled me"!



Moose drinking at sunset.
Photograph by Cal Johnson

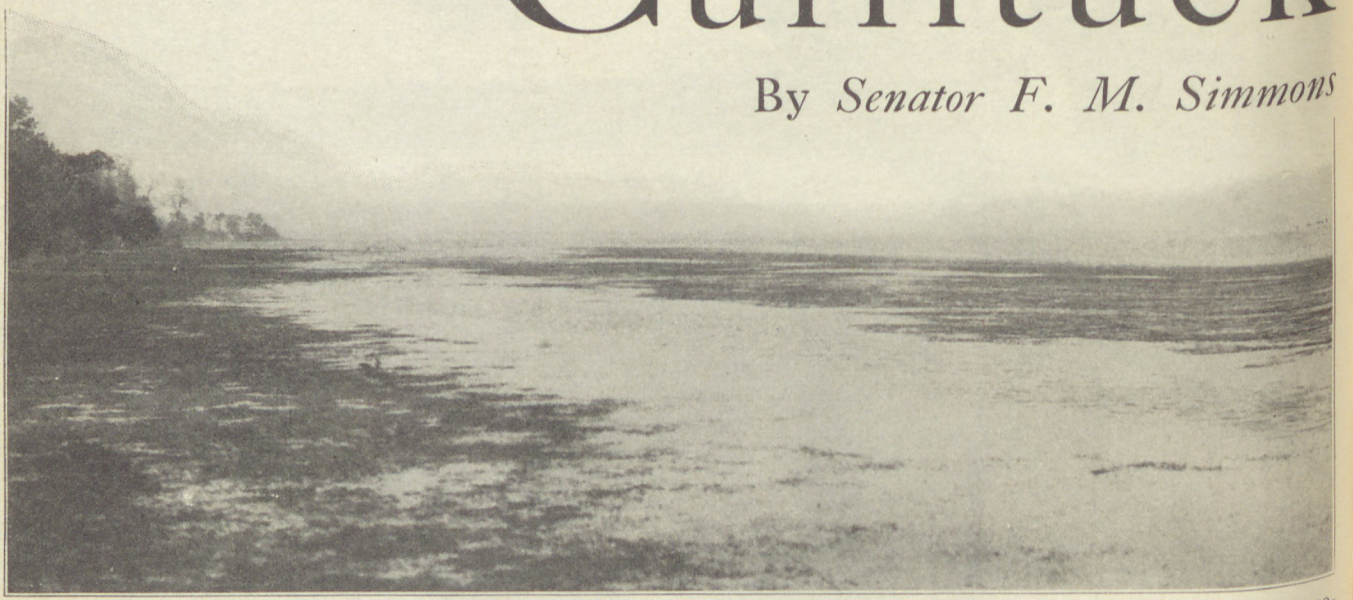
(*Above*) *Young gray heron.*
Photograph by E. R. Gammage

(*Right*) *Raccoon at home.*
Photograph by Canadian Dept. of National Parks

(Below) There's a thrill awaiting those who answer the call of the surf. A battle with a striper or channel bass has indescribable and never to be forgotten thrills.

The Tragedy *of* Currituck

By *Senator F. M. Simmons*



OUR story takes us to the region of the first English settlements in America; to the locality of Sir Walter Raleigh's dramatic efforts to found an English Colony on Roanoke Island in 1584 and its mysterious and tragic ending; to the birthplace of Virginia Dare, the first white child born on our shores. Here in our time on the dunes of Kittyhawk man first conquered the air.

Let us revisit that alluring coast section of Southeast Virginia and Northeast Carolina whose mild climate, low shores, safe inland anchorages, and amazing abundance of game and fish and native and migratory fowl tempted and persuaded the hardy English mariners of Elizabethan times to attempt there their first permanent settlement and conquest of the North American continent.

Back of the treacherous shoals of Hatteras and northward lay the placid expanses of Roanoke, Albemarle and Currituck Sounds; clear and fresh waters fed by numerous streams from the West and North, and protected from the buffeting waves of the Atlantic by a long, continuous, gently curving line of sand dunes and islands; and abounding with fish and fowl and game. Currituck Sound, the northern portion of these great inland waters spreading across the Virginia border into the broad expanses of Back and North Bay, was, from the standpoint of the black bass fisherman, the hunter of migratory wild fowl, and the settler seeking fertility in the soil and the means of livelihood on land and water, perhaps the most attractive portion of these areas.

Raleigh's Roanoke settlements vanished in tragedy and mystery but other adventurers, undaunted by these failures, came on and eventually the islands and the inland borders of northern Currituck Sound were settled and reclaimed, and became the seat of prosperous settlements; the homes of a people who tilling their small farms still depended very largely for their livelihood upon the fish and the fowl of the region.

The regions of western Canada have, from time immemorial, been the summer home and breeding grounds of vast numbers of swans and geese, and ducks in endless variety. As the shortening days and chilly nights warn of the coming of the arctic winter, these great colonies of migratory fowl wend their way across the continent to the waters of the Great Lakes and along the upper Atlantic coast, thence southward, stopping here and there as water havens and feeding grounds afford opportunity, but ever eastward and southward toward their winter home. The shallow water feeding birds linger longest on the way; others, such as the swan and goose, redhead and canvasback, seek the regions of water plants and grasses. In all the long flight across the continent and down the coast the first extensive area of fresh succulent water pasture to catch the eye of the winged travelers were the waters of Back Bay and Currituck Sound.

Out of this favorable natural condition the Currituck Sound country came to be recognized nationally and internationally as the greatest gathering place for migratory water fowl in America, and it became particularly famous as the fall and early winter home of that choicest and most celebrated of all the duck family, the canvasback. From October to January, these Currituck Sound waters were the home of millions of wild fowl; the waters were covered with them; the air was darkened by their ceaseless flights and rang continuously with their vibrant calls.

The reasons for this amazing annual visitation were not far to seek. These inland waters are shallow,

THE pending tragedy in the famous Currituck Sound and Back Bay district so vividly described in this article by that patriarch of the United States Senate, Senator Simmons of North Carolina, must touch the heart of every American.

Senator Simmons has been a member of the Senate since the spring of 1901. During at least half of that time he has waged a battle, almost single-handed, to ward off the destruction which has slowly but surely laid waste almost half of the three hundred square miles of choice waterfowl wintering grounds and excellent black bass breeding waters of that region, thereby pauperizing the people of a territory rich in history and tradition.

Senator Simmons and his co-workers in this fight deserve and should have the active support of every reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

EDITOR.

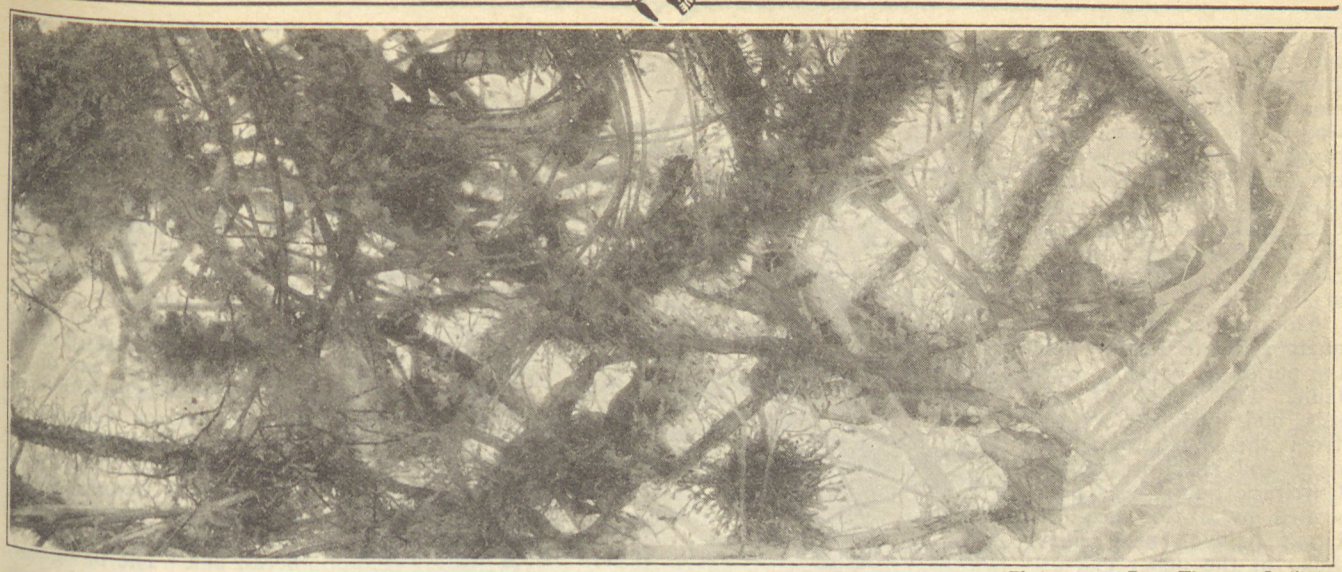


Photo courtesy Boyce Thompson Institute

Aquatic plants being smothered and destroyed by filth and salt water now coming through the canal.

averaging from two to six or eight feet. The bottoms are rich in vegetable mould and over the entire area was a luxuriant and healthy growth of the wild celery, which shares the scientific name of the canvasback, sago pond weed, wild rice and other grasses appealing to the wild fowl taste. So widespread and vigorous was this growth of the choicest of fish and bird foods that as fall approached, the growth became so rank that, particularly in periods when the waters were low, the food grasses actually reached the surface of this more than three hundred square miles of waters. So thick and substantial was it that at times the land birds rested on the dense vegetation and found resting places from their ceaseless flights.

In the old days the oarsman was often compelled to ship his oars and pole his boat, and as the power boat came into use it could only be utilized by devices that protected the propellers from the grassy masses on and immediately below the surface.

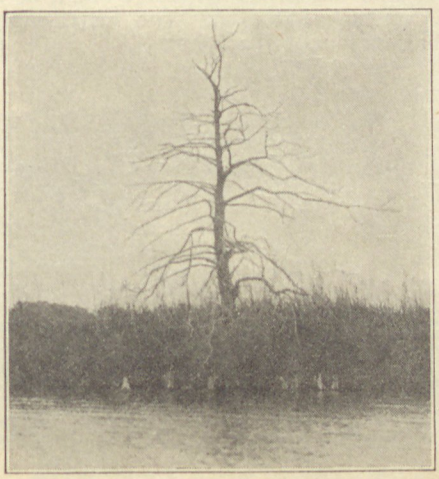
In those days when the bass fisherman plied his trade or fished for sport, he searched out natural channels or small and infrequent isolated patches where the grass was sparse or thin and where through the clear waters he could see shells and pebbles on the bottom. In such a spot from a convenient distance he dropped his line. So favorable were these clear, clean waters, with their abundance of food, to the propagation of the black bass that the section came to be celebrated as the greatest bass fishing region on the continent. In 1918 over two million pounds of bass were taken from these waters.

As time passed, and hunting and fishing opportunities came to be more generally sought, the Currituck Sound and Back Bay region became increasingly popular with and attractive to the sportsman. The old days of commercial fishing and hunting were passing. Federal, State, and local game laws were enacted and enforced, and eventually, under the new conditions, the number of hunting clubs and lodges and hunting-period homes steadily increased. In the meantime, the States of North Carolina and Virginia saw to it that the local citizen and the occasional hunter should not be deprived of his opportunity to enjoy the products of the region, and public landing places were established at appropriate points and convenient intervals.

Thus by 1918, or even earlier, the region had fully developed this new phase of the sporting industry under the supervision and control of the efficient officers of the two Commonwealths. Many of those who came from a distance to hunt and fish, lured by the salubrious climate, by the broad expanses of clear and fertile waters, the picturesque scenery and the friendly people, remained for a considerable portion of the year. All such improved their homes and properties. Those who were able to do so entered upon this program of improvement in a most extensive and expensive way. The more public spirited of these part-season residents became actively and patriotically interested in the region, in its welfare and its people. They contributed in sums running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars for the erection of permanent, modern and commodious school buildings; to the building of roads; to the erection and maintenance of churches; to the general welfare of the community. Fine bus lines were established at private expense to convey children to these fine schools; large sums were expended for the benefit and convenience of the children and the teachers.

Out of the conditions to which I have called attention, the region was established on a permanent basis of prosperity. The farmer along the shore lines and on the islands added to the income from his farming operations a most helpful return as hunter, fisherman, guide, caretaker or conductor of hunting parties. The annual bass catch had risen to the fine figure to which I have referred; the annual migration of water fowl was as numerous and its stay as long as in the olden days. It has been estimated that five thousand people were dependent wholly, or to a considerable extent, upon these hunting and fishing industries, and perhaps an equal population had the benefits of the fishing and hunting industries appreciably reflected in their income.

No longer was the return from the fish and game resources of the region limited to commercial values; the returns per bird and fish taken had greatly increased as the taking of fish and fowl under proper regulations became a sporting rather than a commercial process, and the outlook for the continued prosperity of the Currituck and Back Bay region was bright and encouraging.



Many trees have been killed by salt water.

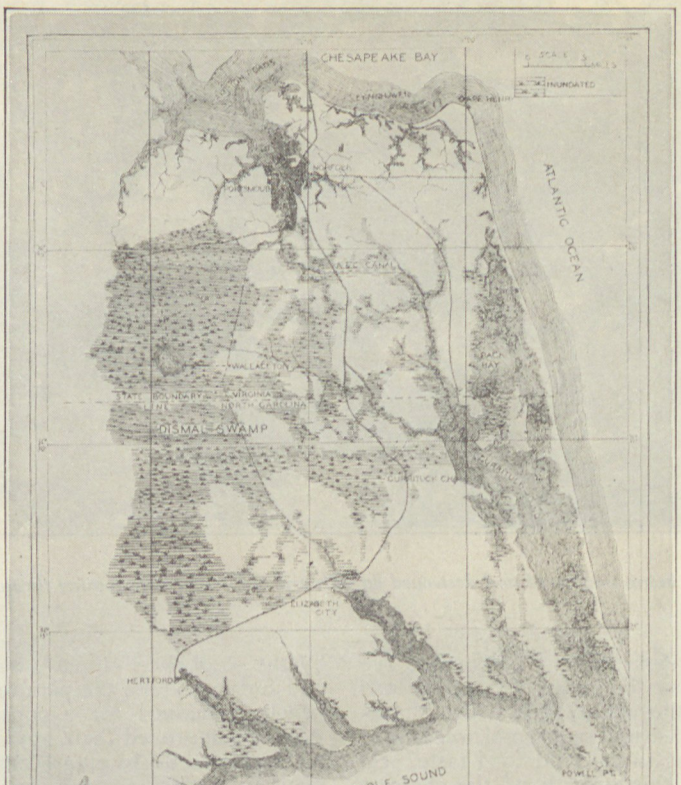
This was the pleasing situation when through ideas wise and well-intentioned, and which would have been highly beneficial if completely carried out as contemplated, came the beginning of a gradually developing disaster which in the form of its tragedy has no parallel in our history.

From the earliest times the need of communication between these inland waters and the Chesapeake country to the north, without risking the turbulent waves of the Atlantic, were sought. But not until the close of the American Revolution was the deter-

mined effort made which after thirty years of struggle resulted in the establishment of communication by way of the Dismal Swamp canal. Later, just before the Civil War, a waterway was developed known as the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, connecting Currituck Sound with the Chesapeake at Norfolk.

This new canal was adequate and satisfactory for the period in which it was built. The inflow of the salt and polluted waters from the north into the clear and fresh waters of Currituck Sound was prevented by a tide lock at Great Bridge (near Norfolk) at the upper end of the canal.

This waterway proved of great value, but as water borne traffic increased, greater width and depth was needed. Then came the more recent and most commendable effort and sentiment in favor of enlarged and continuous intracoastal waterways under the ownership and control of the Federal Government, and in due time the Government, in pursuance of this wise policy, acquired the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal. The legislation under which it was acquired made provision for a tide lock at the old location, and provided for widening and deepening the channel.



Map by W. S. Bourn, Boyce Thompson Institute

Map showing location of Currituck-Back Bay area (right hand side).

As the development of the canal proceeded, there was the natural disposition to avoid, if possible, the expense and delay of locks and lockage, and about 1917 in the course of the development the lock was left open for a considerable portion of the time. Eventually a by-pass was constructed around the lock which increased the flow and finally in widening and deepening the lock, then inadequate, was removed. The difference in levels is not great; it might be as much as seven feet. Differences of four feet are frequent. This difference is not always favorable to the flow of water from the Chesapeake into Currituck Sound. Depending on wind and tide more than half of the time the currents of the enlarged canal send an enormous body of salt and polluted water into Currituck Sound from the Chesapeake through the Elizabeth River.

In the enthusiasm for the enlarged waterway, the danger of salt water and pollution had been for the time overlooked, but as early as 1920 an ominous and disastrous change appeared in the vicinity of the Currituck end of the canal. The clear waters became turbid; gradually the grass died progressively farther from the mouth of the canal. At the request of people of the Currituck Sound region, an investigation was made by Government Engineering officers. They were not impressed with the magnitude of the danger. They overlooked the dangers of pollution; they searched for sources of salt water incursions from the ocean and pointed to Oregon Inlet, far down the Coast, the salt waters of which never reach upper Currituck Sound beyond the Narrows. They found that in very severe storms some salt water had at times washed over the ocean bar. The navigator, they said, could get through the canal without a lock, though all the navigators who testified favored the installation of a lock.

Not until sometime after this first investigation was the canal opened its full width to unimpeded flow without check. Immediately that occurred, the destruction of plant life over increasing areas by pollution of the waters extended with alarming rapidity. Again the people of Currituck Sound, the Senators and Congressmen of the two States and their Governors called attention to the ever-increasing destruction, and again the engineers investigated. By this time, the destruction of the grasses had so far progressed that it could be no longer denied or minimized; the bass had almost disappeared; the winged game came, and finding little feed, passed on.

It should be remembered in considering the attitude of the Army Engineers that, while the old canal contained a tide lock and provision was made for a tide lock in the enlarged canal if found necessary, the engineers had decided to try the experiment of a canal without a lock. This decision having been reached and the experiment tried, it was perhaps natural that there should be a disposition to adhere to this decision. Furthermore, the engineers were primarily interested only in questions of navigation. They evidently believed that, notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties to navigation caused by the currents, the navigation interests would adjust their operations to these conditions and that the expense of a lock and the slight delay in lockage might be avoided.

The increasingly unfavorable conditions in the Sound

(Continued on page 45)

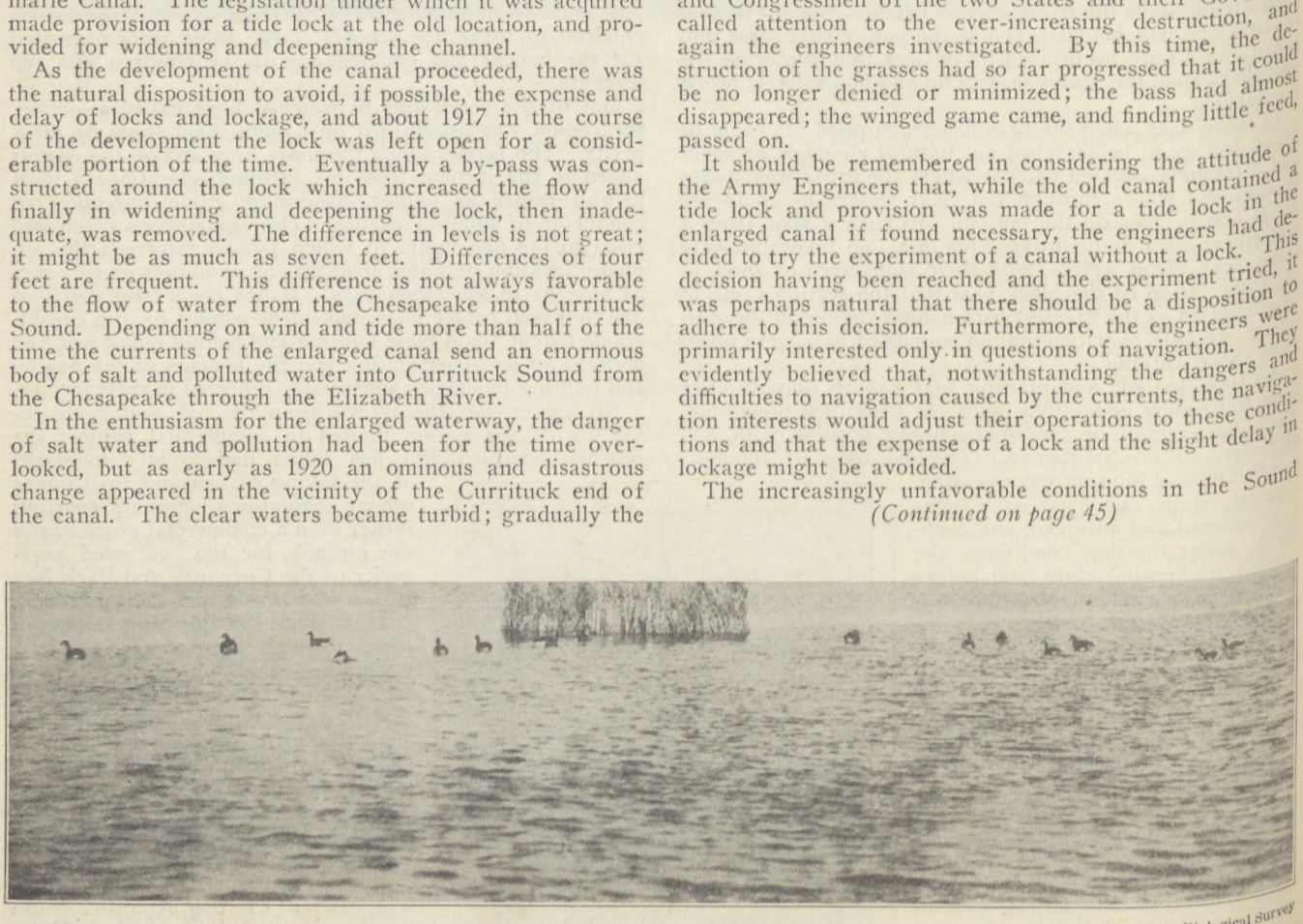


Photo courtesy U. S. Biological Survey

Canada geese still visit the Currituck in goodly numbers each year.

EDITORIAL

Bag Limits Reduced!

SCORE another victory for the organized conservation forces! Secretary Hyde has just announced a New Year's gift to the ducks and geese of North America. It is exactly what the Izaak Walton League and OUTDOOR AMERICA have been fighting for—a bag limit of fifteen ducks and four geese a day, with a possession limit of thirty and eight respectively, so that the new law will be enforceable.

This is much more than a victory! It is an acknowledgment of leadership. At the last annual convention of the Izaak Walton League in Chicago a resolution was unanimously passed requesting Secretary Hyde to reduce the bag limit and to fix a reasonable possession limit for the purpose already stated. This latter feature was entirely new. The League also suggested the desirability of shorter seasons.

* * *

The action of the Izaak Walton League was the first taken by any nationally recognized conservation organization. Other conservation groups quickly endorsed the idea. In view of the decided division of opinion on the subject, the League very positively demonstrated its courage. Its national officers have consistently followed up the mandates of the Convention. A member of the staff recently appeared before the Migratory Bird Treaty Advisory Board and made a vigorous plea for a favorable recommendation to Secretary Hyde, which was done.

Victory has apparently been slow, but victory with all forces solidly united behind the movement far excels failure because of dissension in the ranks. OUTDOOR AMERICA could have predicted the outcome in this matter six months ago, but no other magazine enjoys the same far-reaching facilities for keeping in touch with the pulse of America's outdoor people.

* * *

The Secretary's announcement states that "the necessity for this reduction has become evident from exhaustive field investigations which have disclosed that waterfowl have not been holding their own in the past year. This reduction has been vigorously insisted upon by the leading game associations, the Izaak Walton League of America and others."

Twenty-nine states already have legislation reducing the bag below the former federal limit. It is hoped that all states will adopt the same.

Conservation in Congress

RECENT sessions of Congress have devoted much attention to conservation. The Seventy-first Congress already has many conservation measures before it.

Among the most constructive measures is the Shipstead-Newton Bill to establish a definite policy with reference to the Superior Forest and the international boundary waters. The ultimate aim is to establish an international recreational and forest producing wilderness area.

The Englebright-Cutting Forest Protection Bill, one of the most important measures ever before Congress, will establish a comprehensive fire prevention and control program for our National Forests. If adopted, it will mean fewer destructive fires, and will save much of the present enormous annual expenditure to fight fires.

Another important measure is the White Five-Year Fisheries Program, which is intended to establish a real national business-like program for the development of federal hatcheries and research stations instead of the old hit-or-miss plan.

The restoration of the Albemarle Canal Lock is covered fully in a special article by Senator Simmons in this issue. It speaks for itself. The situation is serious.

Among other commendable measures are the Hawes Bass Law Enforcement Bill, the Hope Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge Bill, and several others.

There is no reason why Congress should not pass every one of these important measures this session. This is a great opportunity for the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA to aid a worthy program. Let your Congressmen and Senators know your wishes. Don't let George do it!

Horicon Safe at Last!

EVERY lover of the outdoors will rejoice that Horicon Marsh is safe at last. The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has just written the final chapter in the long campaign to restore this vast area and dedicate it to the preservation of wild life and flood control.

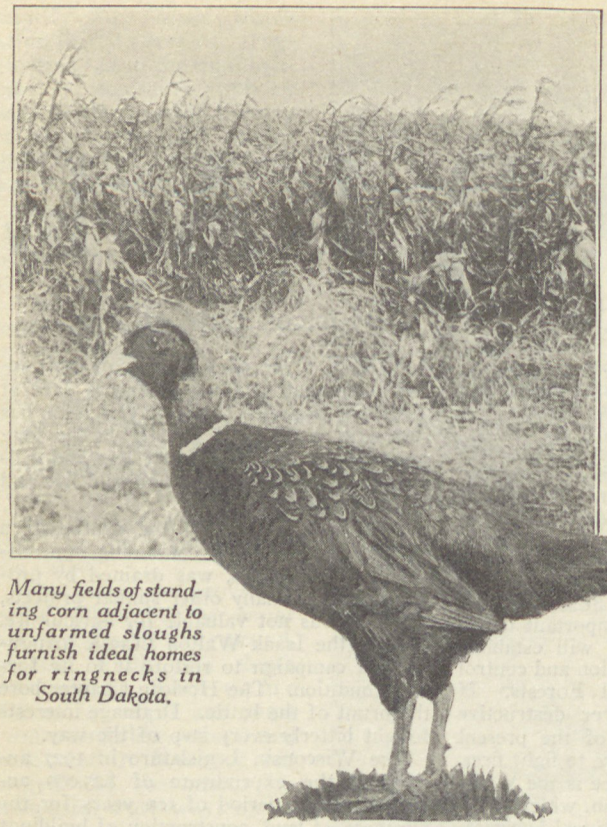
This area, located in the southeastern part of the state and containing approximately 40,000 acres, was drained by promoters. Like many other similar projects, the land was not valuable for agriculture. In 1924 the Izaak Walton League inaugurated a campaign to restore it to its former condition. The Horicon Chapter bore the brunt of the battle. Drainage interests fought bitterly every step of the way.

The Wisconsin Legislature in 1927 authorized the expenditure of $25,000 annually over a period of ten years for the purchase of land, construction of buildings and equipment, and such other purposes as necessary to establish a wild life refuge and a fish hatchery, to restore wild life conditions, and to control flood waters. A special appropriation of $10,000 was made for a dam to control water levels.

The Wisconsin Conservation Commission closed the area as a wild life refuge in 1928, but pending suits prevented actual development. The action of the State Supreme Court now makes possible the fruition of this most commendable plan. Again the organized conservation forces have triumphed and selfish interests have been defeated. Long live the gallant warriors who participated in this great victory!

Perhaps YOUR cigarette started this!

Pheasants, *Facts and Fancies*



Many fields of standing corn adjacent to unfarmed sloughs furnish ideal homes for ringnecks in South Dakota.

By *Ferdinand Brown*

SOUTH DAKOTA *has won an enviable reputation as a pheasant state, but if one-tenth of one percent of the stories told about the depredations of the ringneck pheasant in South Dakota were true, he would surely be as black as the proverbial crow. He has been accused of stealing everything on the farm but the mortgage! At the present time he is on trial in South Dakota to determine once and for all whether he is a good bird or a black thief. The evidence is being taken, and the verdict of the judges will be rendered early next spring.*

Sponsored by Oscar Johnson, Director of Game and Fish, a scientific investigation has been under way at the State Agricultural College to find just exactly what constitutes the daily menu of the pheasant.

EDITOR.

INTRODUCED into eastern South Dakota by private parties almost 20 years ago, and a little later by the state, the ringed-neck pheasant has multiplied so rapidly that nearly every county in the state east of the Missouri river now has an open season from one to eight weeks each fall. Open seasons have been allowed for the past seven years, varying as to the number of days in different counties, and permitting a daily bag of from three to seven birds, including one, and sometimes two, hens in the bag.

When the estimated number of pheasants killed in one season was released by the Game Director (the number being in excess of a million), the more conservative sportsmen threw up their hands in horror and insisted that the regulations for taking these birds be more restricted, otherwise they would soon be exterminated. But reports on the season last fall are to the effect that birds were as numerous as ever, regardless of what some of us consider a slaughter every year.

Every fall more hunters take to the field, and to me it seems incomprehensible that this new game bird can continue holding his own against his enemies, consisting of man and his gun, dozens of different species of predatory birds and animals, to say nothing of guarding his nest against the elements; and destruction brought about by the thousands of mowing and other machines that are in action during the incubation period of Mrs. Pheasant. I repeat, it is marvelous.

Each fall it is my pleasure, and I might say my duty, to make inquiries from farmers regarding the status of this bird. This I did in the fall of 1926 when the birds were so plentiful in Beadle county, and where, by the way, they came in for an awful lot of lambasting by the farmers. It was interesting, and at times instructive, to get the reports of the different farmers first-hand. A farmer on one side of the road would condemn the birds (and the hunters) while the farmer on the other side of the road, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, would be FOR the pheasant. But those who went on record as being in favor of exterminating this grand bird made the most noise; therefore their viewpoint got the most publicity. The following viewpoints of two farmers will give an idea of the situation that existed a few years ago:

First Farmer: "Good Lord man, if we don't get rid of these blankety, blank pheasants, we might as well give the country back to the Indians."

Second Farmer: "In my opinion, if we do not protect and propagate the pheasant, we might as well give the country back to the Indians."

Some six to seven millions of men and women of this country buy hunting licenses yearly, and each year the number increases.

Our native upland game birds, such as the prairie chicken, quail and grouse, are having an awful time to keep from being exterminated. In fact the prairie chicken, that most wonderful game bird of the western prairies, is making its last stand in what little prairie land that is left in a few of the middle western states. In a few years, like its eastern cousin, the heath hen, it will become extinct. Its second cousin, the ruffed grouse, is decreasing in numbers rapidly each year. So is the bob-white quail in all intensively cultivated areas. In nearly all the states where these birds once thrived in countless numbers, closed seasons have been placed on them to try to bring them back, but it has been found a difficult problem to master.

The gunner of today is not wholly to blame for this extermination of our upland game birds, although twenty to thirty years ago the slaughter was something terrible, far in excess of what was reasonable. Civilization, close tilling of the soil, the destruction of our forests, predatory animals, all have played their part in the picture which presents itself to us today in connection with our native upland game birds.

It was up to the game departments of the different states, where the native game birds were on the decrease, to get a substitute for the fast increasing hunter. The average hunter who pays a yearly license for hunting, be it one dollar or twenty-five, demands a return for his investment. He reasons that once the native is exterminated or protected for an indefinite time the state should supply some other game. Fair enough! This is particularly true of

the young hunter who in the past few years has had a taste of shooting upland game birds, and is keen about the sport. Many of the oldtimers who took to the fields twenty-five to thirty-five years ago know too well that never will any bird be introduced and propagated in this country that will take the place of the prairie chicken, grouse or partridge and quail; therefore, they are not overly interested in the importation of foreign game birds. In many cases they have laid their favorite double barrel or pump gun on the shelf, there to rest in peace and bring back memories of the good old days in the field.

The state game departments, after looking over the country to find a suitable substitute for the prairie chicken, decided upon the Chinese or European Ringneck Pheasant. Before the different states began importing and raising pheasants, many were owned by private individuals and they were also seen in many of our parks.

Unlike the native prairie chicken, the pheasant will live and breed anywhere. Native prairie and blue grass means nothing to the "chink," for the hen will build her nest right in a tumble weed along the highway where hundreds of cars pass daily. The more noise and clatter and the more civilization, the better they seem to like it. Hundreds are killed each year along the highways by automobiles. They are slow in their getaway, and often on taking wing from the highway will fly into the car. Many cases have been reported where windshields have been broken and the driver injured by these birds hitting the windshields.

These birds are very thrifty, eat almost anything, drink anything from milk to watermelon juice, and at night roost almost anywhere. Although not a water bird, they must have water and lots of it. Each morning and night they can be seen making for the nearest water. Last fall while in quest of this much advertised bird, we flushed a large covey and observed that they alighted in what seemingly was an old dry slough bed. Imagine our surprise upon finding that there were several inches of water in it. Out of curiosity, we waded part way out, and sure enough began to flush the birds. They took to this water for protective purposes. At times this bird is very wise; other times he is the champion dumb-bell.

In breeding, the pheasant can be compared with another bird that was imported; namely, the English sparrow. Authorities claim pheasants have as high as three broods a year; however, this is not normal. If for some reason a hen's nest is destroyed, she will at once start another, and keep on until she raises her family. We have seen baby chicks as late as September.

In plowing in the spring hundreds of nests are destroyed, and many times the hen pheasant will be killed by the horses or the machine, as she will not leave her nest. In many cases, where the nest is seen, the farmer will plow around it. But this is rare for the reason that it is almost impossible to see a nest or the mother bird, so well are they protected by nature.

In every brood the roosters will predominate, sometimes three to one. It is also true that the cocks are depleted each year by the gunners to the ratio of ten to one. Many reports have come in where the rooster pheasant gets into a fighting mood, and having cleaned up everything in his class in his own nationality, and desiring to conquer new fields, betakes himself to the nearest farm yard and tackles the domestic rooster. Nine times out of ten he emerges victorious. Reports have been made that they kill young turkeys, and engage the older ones in battle. We have not heard of them attacking a prize bull yet, but expect to if their boldness and brazenness increase in proportion to their numbers.

Each spring for the past two or three years, the farmers of South Dakota have complained that the pheasants do much damage to the corn crop by eating it just as soon as it comes above the ground. It seems that the pheasant is naturally a meat eater. However, in looking about in the freshly cultivated corn fields for fat worms and bugs, imagine their surprise at discovering kernels of corn, soft and juicy, in a state of fermentation, producing a "wallop," the like of which their ancestors in Europe knew nothing. No doubt this is the reason why this bird in strolling from the corn field to the highway, feeling pretty cocky after partaking of several rounds of fermented corn juice, takes exceptions as to who has the right of way, and in most instances lands bottom side up in the lap of one of the

A most unusual picture of an old-time chicken hunt in South Dakota. Automobiles have supplanted carriages, and intensive farming has destroyed the nesting grounds of the prairie chickens.

passengers in an automobile. Having once discovered that the plowed field contained other eatables than cutworms, chinch bugs, etc., that were very palatable, and that this kernel could always be found near where the cutworm made his home, thereafter it became an agreeable part of the daily menu, at least for several weeks in the spring.

The pheasant believes in a balanced diet; he takes both meat and vegetable, and when he craves dessert he struts into the nearest watermelon patch and partakes of its juicy fruit. Much concern was felt last summer by the melon raisers lest the "chink" ruin all their melons. It was an extremely dry year, and the birds had difficulty finding water. But the ringneck was not to be deprived of his drink. If he couldn't get the real article, he would find a worthy substitute, hence the puncturing of the melons. One farmer, grasping the situation, used his head and saved all his melons. He built water containers, placed them in the melon patches, filled them with water, and his melons were not molested.

South Dakota still boasts excellent duck shooting. Dr. Ferd Brown, the author, on the lookout.

One thing in favor of this bird is that it is a great table delicacy, having the flavor, somewhat, of a young turkey. It can also be said the bird has given the sportsmen of this part of the country some wonderful thrills in the fields. It also has made thousands of new hunters, many of whom are women. Men and women who never thought of hunting before the pheasant shooting began, now take to the fields every fall, and wouldn't give it up for anything.

But to get back to the investigation to determine whether the pheasant is a good bird or a bad bird, I want to say that so far as I am able to ascertain, South Dakota and Nebraska are the leaders in this investigation, whereby the State Game and Fish Departments are taking full advantage of the available scientific help from their state educational institutions. The results of the findings in this investigation will be of inestimable value, not only to these states, but to the entire country.

Too often jealousy exists, scientifically, between the departments and the institutions mentioned. There seems to be a desire with many game and fish departments to build up their own technical staff. The departments and the technically trained staffs of the institutions of learning have much in common and should co-operate wholeheartedly in the scientific study of all wild life.

I am indebted to Paul H. Johnson of the Agricultural College at Brookings for the following information regarding the investigation of the pheasant in the state of South Dakota:

"The investigation began April 1, 1929; and will continue for one year, or longer, if necessary. The project may be roughly divided into two fields of activity: 1st, an analysis of the oesophagus, crop and gizzard contents of at least 500 pheasants, and 2nd, of a field study of the food habits of the birds.

"Eleven deputy game wardens from various sections of the state supply the investigators with the food tubes of the pheasants for examination. Nine of them send in a bird each week, and the other two a bird every two weeks. They are to be taken from every type of cultivated and uncultivated field in the state. Each bird receives a number and the deputy supplies an exact description of the locality where the bird was shot, the character of the soil, the crop grown on the soil, the depth to which the seed was planted, the height and maturity of the crop.

"The deputy observes each bird for at least 15 minutes before it is shot, and takes notes regarding the feeding habits of the bird during this time. The bird is then shot, and the food tube removed and placed in preserving fluid for 4 or 5 days. Then it is removed from the preserving fluid and the food tube severed between the crop and stomach. The two sections are wrapped separately, packed and shipped, together with the notes to Professor Severin at State College. The two sections are kept separate and the food contents of each section sorted. Every seed and insect is counted and identified, and the volume of the vegetable matter and the ground-up insect parts remaining is computed.

"This is the most certain way to determine what the pheasant has eaten. The classification of the food in the crop is fairly easy—in the gizzard much harder—in the intestine practically impossible. We do not attempt to use the intestine as it has been found impracticable.

"Another difficulty presents itself in that the soft food parts remain but a short time in the gizzard, while the hard parts may remain indefinitely. The crop contents represent a single meal, but the gizzard contents may represent bits of a great number of meals. So you can readily see that the crop and the gizzard contents cannot be considered of equal value. The gizzard may contain a couple of weeks' feeding of wild rose seeds, or may have hard bits of several meals of insects, but the softer materials, such as wheat, that went with these meals may have passed on.

"Another thing to remember is that not all insects are harmful. Some kinds are decidedly harmful, but others seem to have no especial leanings either way, and others are beneficial. To say that the pheasant catches lots of insects does not necessarily mean it is of aid to the farmer. Also, all grain picked up by the pheasant cannot be used in condemning the pheasant. One must consider whether or not it was waste grain. An adequate number of pheasants are being taken from fields of sprouting corn, both before and after the corn sprouts have made their way through the ground.

"Another phase of the investigation will deal with the influence of pheasant activity upon an outbreak of insect life, such as grasshoppers, crickets, potato beetles, cutworms, etc. Whenever and wherever an outbreak of insect life occurs, then special attention will be directed to the pheasants of that region. An examination of the food in the food tubes of the pheasants killed in that area should disclose whether or not the pheasants have concentrated their attention to this now more abundant type of food, and are or are not taking it in more than normal numbers."

Some of the birds already examined include the following:

"One struck and killed by a car when eating corn in the middle of a graveled highway near Mitchell. Its gizzard and crop contained corn almost exclusively, although 372 fine stones and 5 yellow-foxtail and 4 wild buckwheat weed seeds were also discovered, as well as a few insect parts.

"Another was taken from a corn field near Huron where the corn was approximately six inches high. The crop contents of this bird were: 61 kernels of unsprouted corn, 21 of oats, 6 barley, 1 wheat, 1 spider and 38 cutworms. The gizzard contained 4 kernels of unsprouted corn, 25 cutworms, 5 oats, 1 barley, 1 yellow-foxtail weed seed and 357 small stones. The corn eaten by this bird was undoubtedly waste.

"The crop of another bird, taken from a small-grain field near Mitchell early in the spring, when snow was on

(Continued on page 54)

The Law *and* Conservation

By *Judge W. W. Knight*

How to curb violations of the conservation laws has given conservation leaders much concern. Here is some timely advice from Judge Knight, President Judge of his district in South Dakota.

Judge Knight knows conservation laws. He happened to be on the bench when some Minnesota residents were brought before the court last year for terribly disgracing their state by violating South Dakota's pheasant laws. I wish we could publish the advice (call it a lecture, if you will) which he gave them.

Judge Knight is an ardent Waltonian, and his suggestions should be most helpful.

EDITOR.

Only laws and the rigorous enforcement of them can prevent outrages like this.

WHEN I was first invited to discuss this subject I rather expected to review the specific enactments relating to matters of conservation, but upon thinking the matter over further I decided that such a discussion would be neither informative, enlightening nor entertaining.

We are particularly interested in the conservation of our wild life. We have had laws upon our statute books for the conservation of fish and game ever since statehood, and these were preceded, to some extent at least, by territorial legislative enactments.

The greatest trouble with these early laws relating to conservation was that there was no adequate provision for their enforcement and execution, and laws for the preservation of game and fish are not self-executing.

While doubtlessly a large and ever-increasing majority of the people who are familiar with any given law will obey it without the fear of punishment, still there are some who will be deterred from the commission of crime only by fear of the penalties imposed.

It must be obvious to any thinking person that no plan of conservation can succeed without the protection of the law. Undoubtedly Robinson Crusoe could have effectively followed out a definite plan of conservation on his isle without the enactment of any laws or the assistance of any law enforcing officers.

One man or a very few men may be able to get along together, for a time at least, without laws relating to any subject. But if numbers of men are to live harmoniously together they must have rules of conduct by which they will abide, and if they are to live together in large numbers they must not only have rules, but adequate methods of enforcing them.

The more numerous the group and the more diverse their industries and occupations, the greater will be their need for and their dependence upon law. A complex civilization requires extensive and complete laws to govern every phase of human activity.

It is not at all likely that there are any of us who are in sympathy with all existing laws; I know of several of them which I think should be repealed, but while these laws exist we cannot choose which ones we will obey. We may use our best efforts to secure repeal or amendment, but obey we must.

I have said that the laws relating to conservation of game and fish are not self-executing. On the other hand, laws which are for the immediate protection of the person or property of individuals are regarded by individuals as of greater importance and violations are usually reported to the law enforcing officers. If Richard Roe steals John Doe's horse, and John Doe knows who stole it, it is improbable that the assistance of any special officer will be required. In all probability John will attend to that, and do so promptly.

But game is not owned by any person unless or until it is captured, and then only if so captured seasonably, in such numbers and in such manner as is provided by law. The title to all game and fish in public waters is in the state, in trust for the people. There is no personal ownership. Therefore, if Richard Roe shoots a game bird out of season and John Doe knows about it, he may follow the line of least resistance and say nothing about it, or if Peter Poe spears game fish, even in the presence of Soren Soe, Soren may feel that it is no special concern of his, and simply let the matter pass. If someone carelessly or maliciously pollutes a stream, perhaps no individual not directly affected will be sufficiently interested to enter complaint.

I am happy to state that I believe this apathy, this don't care attitude, is not so widespread and general as it used to be. I believe that the average citizen is awakening more and more to the fact that it is a part of his duty and his business as a good citizen to take an active interest in the enforcement of and respect for law.

The greatest factor in the enforcement of any law is an enlightened and aroused public opinion. If the average citizen can be impressed with the importance of preservation and conservation and the part that he should take in it, a sentiment will be created which will not only assist in the adoption of adequate measures, but will materially deter those who would otherwise violate the laws relating thereto. I believe that herein lies one of the truly great opportunities of the Izaak Walton League, an opportunity which is being improved and effectively utilized.

We are a liberty loving people and perhaps are prone to feel an inborn dislike of some matters connected with government. We are perhaps opposed to having a lot of officers and inspectors around. We fear too much government and too much supervision by governmental agents. We are opposed to bureaucracy. But what are we going to do about it?

We have a great mass of laws which are enacted for and are essential to the general welfare which are not self-executing. Of course the average citizen may take active part in the enforcement of some general laws in which he happens to be particularly interested, but I am of the opinion that, considering the present apparent state of the public mind, it will be necessary for a while yet, at least, in order to secure the adequate enforcement of laws looking to the conservation of game, and many similar laws, to have officers whose duty and business it is to see that these laws are obeyed and violators punished.

Man cannot live at all in a civilized state without law. It is the cornerstone of civilization. Without it there can be no liberty. Without it there can be no protection of personal and property rights. Without it life itself becomes insecure. Without it there can be no enforced conservation, and there can, under existing conditions, be no general conservation unless it is enforced.

What then should be the attitude of those interested in conservation toward government and toward law? Wouldn't it be a good plan to popularize the government and the laws which we have enacted? Wouldn't it be well to call to mind once in a while that the laws which we have were not handed down to us ready made by any governing king, prince or potentate, but that they are our laws, enacted and kept in effect by us and our representatives? Wouldn't it be well to cease to regard the law, as some now regard it, simply as something which curtails our liberties, something to be avoided if not evaded, and to regard it as the protector of our liberties, the preserver of our peace and happiness, the foundation of our prosperity?

When the American people cease to wink at lawlessness, when the average citizen fully appreciates his duties as such, and decides to take his proper part in the important business of government, the laws will be enforced and crime will decrease, and with a growing respect for all law there will inevitably come a greater respect for laws relating to conservation.

WOMEN—Out of Doors

Edited by *Betty Benton Patterson*

WOMEN, and men too, throughout the country, by expressed approval of the Izaak Walton League and with kind words added for "Women—Out of Doors" have made us very happy this New Year.

Especially gratifying are the assurances that our plea to spare the holly and other rare Christmas greens, inspired garden clubs and similar organizations to inaugurate vigorous campaigns for the preservation of these vanishing shrubs. Another constructive work has been the drive for every home to plant a holly tree. Even those living in apartments of adequate size have been urged to purchase a small pot of holly as living, growing greenery for this season and others to follow.

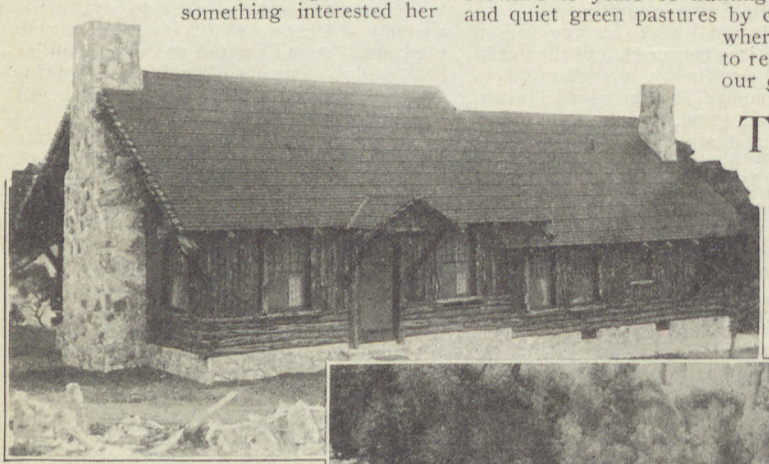
An interesting letter from one shamefaced hunter confessed to taking more than his limit of duck. "When my wife found it out you would have thought I'd stolen something. The women are worse than game wardens, but it's all right with me."

We wish to share two letters that came to us recently. One, from a man in Ohio, thanks us for accomplishing something he had given up as impossible. "My wife found OUTDOOR AMERICA open at the department for women. She had never read outdoor magazines, but something interested her and she read your department. Now she wants to go camping and learn to fish for, as she puts it, 'if other women can do those things, so can I.' Women don't seem to know how many other women have been going out hunting, fishing and even on hard camping trips. I am grateful for what you have done for this family."

The other letter came from the wife of an ex-member of the United States senate and stresses the important influence of the League's aim in every phase of living. "Protection and preservation mean consideration and conservation. I believe that every good Waltonian will be a better citizen. I believe that the enforcement of game laws will do much to increase the waning respect for laws generally. . . . .

"I am happy to learn that women are going more out of doors for sports and health. Especially 'everyday' women who have families and homes and I am glad that through your department readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA may share these experiences."

Nineteen-thirty will see our friendly circle increased. Let us be crusaders, if we feel that way, but let us be happy, not grim crusaders. With our gospel of protection and preservation spreading, we can look forward to years of hunting and fishing and quiet green pastures by clear streams where we may go to rest and dream our dreams.



THE C. A. Wheatleys of San Antonio, Texas, follow the fish and game from the South to West and into Canada. Both are diligent and vigilant members of the Izaak Walton League, Mr. Wheatley being president of the Texas division of the League and also a national director.

We made an especial pilgrimage to talk with Mrs. Wheatley and to see her charming home. In the large living room is a mural of a particularly exquisite scene on the Rogue River, Idaho. Rocks, falls and trees extend from the fireplace to the extremely high ceiling.

Mrs. Wheatley explained, "We love that river. It means so much to both of us that we like to feel we have a bit of it here at home with us."

Upstairs in the gun and rod room we saw beautifully mounted fish which Mrs. Wheatley had taken from this stream. One especially is a seven and a half pound steelhead trout measuring 30 inches in length. Rainbow, cutthroat and other varieties that rise to flies are mounted and share the walls of the spacious room with cabinets filled with guns, rods, reels and boxes of lures.

Mrs. Wheatley uses an extremely long fly rod and carefully matches her flies to the current feeding. She does not care for bait casting. We particularly wanted to learn the details of the landing of her big shimmering steelhead.

"We fish down the Rogue and the trout rise to flies just where the water breaks over the rocks. I had seen this big fish and had whipped the rapids all around him. He rose like a brilliant flash of metal. I was 30 minutes playing him. Oh, he was a fighter. Rogue River fish always fight. But I took him and my guide was as pleased as I. The poor man walked eight miles carrying that fish packed in ice, to be mounted. The box and all weighed 25 pounds."

In common with other sports-lovers who visit Montana the Wheatleys count the

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wheatley of San Antonio, Texas, have an attractive lodge at Lake Medina.

In their home at San Antonio one of their best loved treasures is a large mural of the Rogue River in Idaho where Mrs. Wheatley caught a 7½ lb. steelhead.

Mrs. Dan Moody, the first lady of Texas, is an expert shot and golfer.

MRS. DAN MOODY, the first lady of Texas, includes out of door sports in her plan of normal living rather than a fad to be followed at rare intervals. Shooting and golf are her favored pleasures.

Mrs. Moody is an enthusiastic member of the Woman's Golf Association of Austin and certain mornings each week find her on the course. She had just returned from the club course when she graciously received us at the Governor's Mansion. Charming in the beige and brown sports clothes worn in the photograph opposite, Mrs. Moody entered the informal living-room with the poise that we contend is best acquired out of doors. Though graceful and at ease in every sense there is no waste of gesture or affectation in the manner of this Governor's Lady.

You feel at once that her golf form is good. Her stance correct and every drive and putt begun and finished expertly, accurately.

But we had sought Mrs. Moody to hear about the buck she had brought down with two shots. Disclaiming credit for any especial feat she told us about it.

Governor Moody is an ardent huntsman and Mrs. Moody accompanies him as often as practicable. The Moodys were hunting on a private preserve on one of the large ranch holdings in Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheatley, extreme left and right, on a visit to the "Widow Culver," 80 year old outdoor lover, who lives alone in her primitive log cabin at Lake View, Montana.

The host went further than the State game law in stipulating that no buck be shot having fewer than eight points. We will quote Mrs. Moody. "We were living in tents, roughing it, you know. There were excellent guides along but up to the last day I had come in empty handed. Something was wrong. I knew I could shoot fairly well, having handled a gun since I was little more than a child. Of course I feared shooting a deer with less than the eight points, but I was not satisfied to use that as an alibi for my failure. The last night in camp I planned beating the men up next morning and getting the best guide for my own. But, as I threw myself into my rough clothes and boots, I heard the men, knowing nothing of my plans, go off with the guide I had chosen.

"With boots half laced I burst from my tent, furious. And there stood Dan ——! Anyway he filled in as guide and we set forth. We walked and walked when Dan stopped me, 'over there look—that buck feeding.' The animal was so far away I couldn't tell about the points, but Dan has keen eyes and I took his word for it. Fortunately the wind was coming to us and the buck went on calmly feeding. Gun to my shoulder I aimed and shot twice. The buck wheeled round and round, I dropped my gun and of all foolish things—ran toward him. Dan slowed me by no uncertain words telling me in one breath of the danger. 'The buck might charge—come back—come back.' He slowed me but did not stop me for the buck fell just then."

Mrs. Moody's eyes dimmed for a moment as she went on, "And never shall I forget the look, reproachful, bewildered, in that dying animal's eyes as he looked straight into mine. My two shots had killed him, both in the throat. I had not been the least nervous nor felt a twinge of that buck ague we hear about. But when I saw him dead something came over me—I may never try deer shooting again, but of course shooting birds, duck and wild turkeys is entirely different to me. That is real sport. Oh, the buck, he was an eleven point. I was on the safe side by three, and Dan's deer on that trip had only 10 points!"

Inquiring of her girlhood shooting we learned that Mrs. Moody, born Mildred Paxton, had perfected her marksmanship in shooting and killing prairie dogs. To the farmer or ranch owner of west Texas these little animals, who burrow dangerous holes to their underground homes, are pests. The tourist from the train or motor exclaims and calls them "cute little things." But the farmer sees his crops destroyed and the cowman his calves and even older animals stumble into these holes breaking legs.

Shooting prairie dogs is a certain test of expert marksmanship for the little animal is almost lightning-quick in its movements.

Mrs. Moody believes in rigid enforcement of the fish and game laws. "They are so reasonable," she said, "if people who break them would realize that every law is made to insure hunting for years to come I feel that there would be few or no cases of game-law violation."

(Continued on page 69)

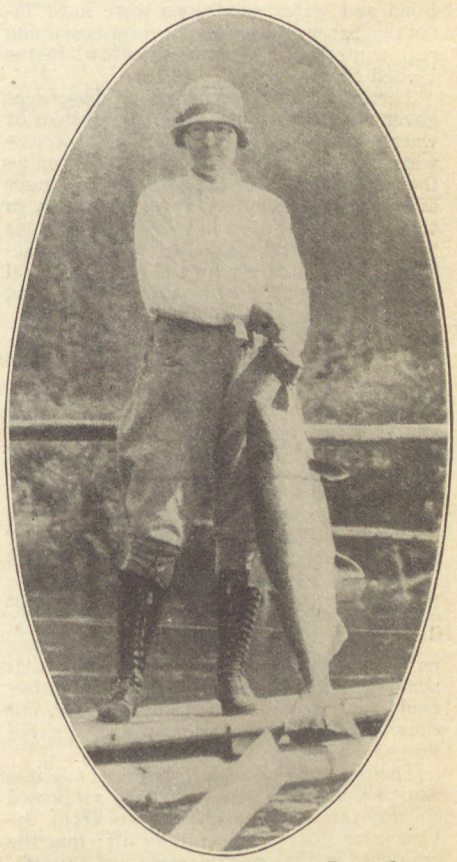
"Widow Culver" an understanding hostess and friend. Mrs. Culver, who is more than 80 years of age, came from the East many years ago and lives alone in her primitive log cabin. Her interest in the out of doors and those who appreciate its pleasures never fails. This common interest opens her cabin door to all outdoor lovers and every real sportsman or sportswoman who visits Lake View, Montana, receives a cordial welcome from the "Widow Culver."

Mrs. Wheatley speaks casually of killing moose at Lake Kippawa, Canada, in the province of Quebec, birds, duck and wild turkeys in Texas and wherever they are found. The legal limit of deer each season in Texas is easily killed by this slender unassuming sportswoman.

Motoring to Canada, Idaho, Montana and other places far from Texas is fun according to Mrs. Wheatley. But the Wheatleys need not always go far afield for sports. They enjoy the sports of west Texas with their friends, from their comfortable and attractive lodge at Medina Lake.

We quite overstayed our appointment in Mrs. Wheatley's home. For never had we felt the out of doors so present within four urban walls. There was much that we wanted to hear of this sportswoman's hunting, fishing and camping experiences but she replied to our questions all too briefly.

However, on the tenets of the Izaak Walton League this modest woman is voluble, in her calm way. "Of course Mr. Wheatley and I have always kept the game and fish laws. Naturally we would not enjoy taking more fish or killing more game than we needed. I believe in people. I believe that the most important work for the League is educational, in the broadest sense. Make every sportsman and sportswoman understand the desolation of a country where game laws are broken, streams polluted and forests destroyed. The realization of what this state of affairs would mean to them will make them think. And you know when people think—they usually do the right thing."



Mrs. Carey A. Snider of Grants Pass, Oregon, with a 34-pound chinook from the Rogue River.

What's Happening in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon
Conservation Director Izaak Walton League of America

A Monthly Resume of the Outstanding Conservation Events Throughout America

Restoring Currituck

CONSERVATION leaders have given the situation in Currituck Sound and Back Bay, lying in North Carolina and Virginia, attention for a few years, but there has never been a real coordinated national movement to that end. A careful reading of Senator Simmons' article on the subject in this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA is strongly urged.

This is a typical example of what has been happening in conservation. Wild life resources have been looked upon as a football to be kicked aside when other interests were at stake. It is a lamentable fact that in this instance warnings were sounded repeatedly by federal officials in charge of wild life administration. But they were ignored or stalled along by other federal agencies.

Great Outdoor Laboratory

THE U. S. Biological Survey has for years looked upon the Currituck-Back Bay section as one of the greatest outdoor laboratories on the continent. Many thousands of ducks, geese, brant and swans annually winged their way to that section from the breeding grounds in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta and back again. Food and water conditions were most favorable; it was one of the few remaining real wintering areas for waterfowl in the United States.

Then a calamity occurred. A beneficent government developed an inland system of waterways to avoid the dangers of coastwise voyages. In widening and deepening the Albemarle Canal a tidal lock, no longer adequate, was removed from the northern end. This permitted salt water and wastes to enter the canal. It killed vegetation, destroyed spawning waters and ruined natural resources which furnished the livelihood of more than 5,000 people.

Protests Were Unheeded

THE War Department was interested in maintaining a safe passageway for vessels. Game and fish, and a pauperized people, meant nothing to the officials in charge. Salt water floated boats equally as well as fresh water, and so long as the shipping interests did not insist upon the lock being restored the officials in charge could not bring themselves to the point of recommending a lock, variously estimated at $400,000 up to $700,000.

Shipping interests admitted that strong currents often delayed vessels and that sometimes accidents occurred because they could not be maneuvered successfully, but they balanced these against the time saved due to the absence of the lock.

Then something else happened! These same shipping interests suddenly awakened to the fact that their tonnage from the Currituck district was falling off; that the residents in that section were not as prosperous as formerly. Then they, too, began recommending a lock.

Experts Made Investigations

EXPERTS of the Biological Survey continued their investigations. Experts of the War Department investigated, and experts from the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research made investigations. The results showed conclusively that the only way to remedy the situation was to restore the lock, otherwise the entire three hundred square miles of fresh water would become sterile, waterfowl would no longer find food there, fresh water fishes would no longer thrive, and the residents of the region would be reduced to poverty.

Various local groups working on the problem finally realized that Congress could not be persuaded to make the necessary appropriation unless there was pronounced nationwide sentiment for this project.

Members of the Izaak Walton League in Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Pennsylvania and other nearby states urged the League to throw its full nationwide strength behind the movement, and after making a survey of conditions the national organization decided to make the restoration of this area *one of its major national projects.*

The recent National Game Conference in New York City unanimously endorsed the rebuilding of this lock. Everybody is for it. Here is an opportunity for you to help your brother conservationists of the eastern states. *Tell your Senator and Congressman how you feel about it!*

Unwise Law Killed

THE tendency to protect young male deer, as well as elk, has gained headway rapidly. One state after another has improved its laws so as to make hunters look for a "rack of horns" rather than for the flash of a deer's tail. It has not only protected the young deer but has saved the lives of hundreds of sportsmen.

During the last session of the Texas Legislature some good-intentioned Senator introduced a bill to prevent the killing of any buck deer with less than eight points.

Before anybody knew about it, the bill was passed by the Senate without discussion. The Texas Waltonians learned about the bill, and during the special session which followed the measure was reconsidered and defeated.

It is odd how sometimes the pendulum will swing too far when it starts. While the purpose of this bill was commendable, it would have been most unwise. Many honest sportsmen would have become innocent law violators.

Want Falls Saved

DURING the past year it has frequently been said that the people of Kentucky are not in sympathy with the Izaak Walton League and other organizations which are opposing the use of the Cumberland Falls for the development of hydro-electric power.

At a recent convention of representatives from the chapters of the League in Kentucky the convention almost unanimously endorsed the position of the National organization, it being reported that only three persons, said to be either under the employ of the power interests or friendly to them for various reasons, voted against the resolution.

This decisive action should once and for all settle the question so far as Kentuckians are concerned. They want the Falls saved, and all who love natural scenic beauty must bend every energy to help them.

Wyoming's Antelope

HERDS of the fleet-footed antelope are still found in a few sections of the country, but they are mighty rare. They have stuck it out against great odds, and the wonder is that any of them are left.

Wyoming is one of the states that boasts a limited supply of these elegant plains creatures. In 1928 that state declared a short special season during which quite a number were taken, something like 500.

The possibility of trapping and transferring the surplus animals was suggested by the Izaak Walton League, but no one in official authority or local ranchmen were willing to tackle such a tedious assignment and guarantee that any of the animals would be delivered alive and uninjured.

During the summer of 1929 complaints about damage to forage crops were received by the Wyoming Fish and Game Commission. In one case quite a sum was paid for such damage. Then the lid was off! Every rancher in sections where antelope existed began to howl about the damage they were doing; a lot of hunters who wanted to get a chance to take an antelope joined them. Most of the claims were not justified.

Hunters Must Be Limited

TO relieve the situation the Wyoming Commission decided to open the affected territory for six days, and allow any one paying the small resident license fee to hunt antelope. Three days might have been long enough, but the real mistake the Legislature made was to give the Commission no power to decide what number of licenses could be issued safely. The result was that the Commission had no administrative control.

The most regrettable phase of the whole situation was the poor sportsmanship displayed by far too many of the hunters. It is authoritatively reported that about 2,500 antelope were killed, a large percentage of them old bucks which the herds could well spare. It is officially stated that about this same number of antelope are left in that same territory, and that the future of the herds is assured.

Wyoming, do be careful! The entire country is interested in your big game. Safe administration must ever be your watchword!

Our Public Lands

PRESIDENT HOOVER and Secretary Wilbur catapulted the public lands question into the arena of public discussion in a most effective and far-reaching manner last summer when a tentative proposal was made to turn the surface of our unappropriated public domain lands, containing some 235,000,000 acres, over to the states for administration.

Secretary Wilbur wisely said the West must become watershed-minded instead of homestead-minded. It has been recognized for many years that our public domain lands are being devastated at a terrific pace by unregulated grazing. Many of the watersheds of the far West have been almost ruined beyond redemption.

Situation Viewed with Alarm

REMEDIES have been suggested, but never before has an administration tackled the problem in a manner to focus public attention upon the seriousness of the situation.

When the proposal was made it was feared by conservation leaders that it was just the entering wedge, and that ultimately the national forests, the minerals, and other public resources would be included.

Many leaders in the West stated frankly that the states could not administer these vast stretches of idle lands; that under state control they would become a political football, or quickly find their way into the hands of large powerful owners, and not benefit small nearby ranchers or aid the cause of conservation.

The states without exception balked at the proposal, and countered with a suggestion that the minerals should go with the offer. Bills were introduced in Congress either as "trading horses" or to incite further discussion and bring about some sensible solution.

President Appoints Commission

THE President acted rather promptly by appointing a Public Lands Commission to study the entire situation. At the head of this body is former Secretary of the Interior, James A. Garfield, a staunch conservationist during the Roosevelt administration. Other members are Colonel William B. Greeley, former Chief of the Forest Service, an expert on every phase of public lands problems; George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post; James P. Goodrich, former governor of Indiana; Gardner Coles, of Iowa; Mary Roberts Rinehart, Washington, D. C.; Huntley Spaulding, New Hampshire; Elwood Mead, California; I. M. Brandjord, Montana; R. K. Tiffany, Washington; Rudolph Koechler, Arizona; Charles Moynihan, Colorado; George W. Malone, Nevada; William Peterson, Utah; I. H. Nash, Idaho; Perry Jenkins, Wyoming; E. C. Van Petten, Oregon; Wallace Townsend, Arkansas; and H. O. Bursum, New Mexico.

If the public domain lands are not to be turned over to the states, about the wisdom of which there is grave doubt, then a bill by Congressman French of Idaho to establish machinery for the prevention of soil erosion and to provide protection of the national watersheds, by giving the Secretary of the Interior full grazing regulatory powers, seems to be the most likely solution. The report covering the Commission's studies is sure to suggest a permanent remedy which will both protect the small landowner and recognize basic conservation needs.

Scientist Drowned

DR. JAN METZELAAR, recognized as one of the outstanding fisheries experts in America, was drowned while laying nets to take specimens in Grand Lake, Michigan, early in October. Dr. Metzelaar's boat capsized; his companion was saved after hanging on for four hours.

Dr. Metzelaar was a native of Holland. He was head of the fisheries work there before coming to Michigan where as curator of fisheries of the University of Michigan Museum he had charge of research work for the Department of Conservation during the past six years.

Surveys to determine the kinds of fishes, their foods, their rate of growth, and their migrations in various Michigan waters were made by Dr. Metzelaar. One of Dr. Metzelaar's activities which attracted wide attention was the tagging of trout to ascertain the rate of growth and their movements. The work he was doing served as a real scientific basis for restocking and other efforts.

Dr. Jan Metzelaar

Among the waters given special study were Houghton and Gogebic lakes, and he was beginning similar studies at Grand Lake when this catastrophe occurred. His passing is a terrible blow to conservation not only in Michigan, but throughout the entire country.

What we need more than anything else in fisheries activities in America is research by scientifically trained workers. Far too much of our restocking work and legislation has been based upon theory rather than facts. The work Dr. Metzelaar left unfinished must be carried on; more of our capable young men should follow in his footsteps.

3,000 Acre Refuge

CONGRATULATIONS to California! To California goes the distinction of establishing the first state waterfowl refuge and public shooting grounds since the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen federal bird refuge law.

California wisely decided to dedicate one-third of her hunting license revenue during the next five years to the acquisition of refuges. The first tract purchased contains 3,000 acres of choice waterfowl territory situated on Mud Slough near Los Banos in the lower San Joaquin valley.

The Biological Survey has examined seventeen proposed refuge units in Minnesota, North Dakota, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Montana, Nevada, California and Idaho and is mapping additional suggested areas as rapidly as possible. The areas examined so far total more than 500,000 acres, the average size of the units being 30,000 acres. Ultimately the government will spend $8,000,000 for this purpose, but the states can easily double or treble this amount over a ten year period.

It is hoped that other states will follow California's example and secure refuge areas as rapidly as possible. They should not wait for funds to become available under the new federal refuge law. The states must pay particular attention to public hunting grounds because none of the government purchases will be open to hunting.

Game Conference

THE Sixteenth Annual Game Conference held in New York City on December 2 and 3, under the auspices of the American Game Protective Association, attracted more than the usual number of officials and sportsmen from all parts of the United States and Canada. It was by far one of the most successful of these annual gatherings.

The Chairman, Honorable I. T. Quinn of Alabama, handled the sessions in masterly fashion and crowded more into two days than is customary at such a conference. The discussions covered a wide range of subjects, beginning with the propagation of game birds, then following through with research and economic phases of wild life administration, the relation of forest conservation to game, educational activities, and winding up with questions on game policy.

American Game Policy Presented

A DEPARTURE from the ordinary game conference program was the presentation of the case of the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

A standing committee on an American game policy, headed by Aldo Leopold, filed a preliminary report covering its findings and making definite recommendations to be studied during the coming year. The Committee concluded that definite steps must be taken to interest the 6,000,000 American farmers in producing a game crop, and suggested various methods for attaining that end. A member of the committee presented a paper in which he suggested that in thickly hunted areas the present posted land problem may be partially overcome and farmers be induced to take up game husbandry if a state-supervised and regulated plan of Daily Fee Hunt Clubs is adopted.

Speakers International Figures

THE banquet speakers were presented in that inimitable style of Will Irwin, the toastmaster. They included Honorable Horace Albright, Director of National Parks; Senator Harry B. Hawes of Missouri; Honorable E. R. E. Chevrier, leader in the Canadian Parliament; and Honorable Joseph M. Dixon, Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

THE resolutions adopted deplored the killing of eagles in Alaska; endorsed the restoration of the Albemarle Canal Lock; commended the campaign to develop humane traps and trapping methods; en-

(Continued on page 56)

TRIPS *Afield with* Boys

Conducted by Judge George W. Wood

Try These on Your Camp Fire

IN the woods very little attention need be paid to cooking utensils if you wish to "go light." The coals and ashes of your camp fire offer abundant opportunity for preparing good meals. If you have meat to cook, cut it into cubes, impale them on a stick and broil them over the coals one at a time. Indeed the flavor of meat broiled over the coals of a camp fire cannot be excelled by any other method of cookery.

Any fowl may be roasted in the ashes. First, draw the bird through a small opening at the vent. Season with salt and pepper. Do not remove the feathers. Moisten some clay until it will work readily into the feathers, covering the whole bird an inch thick. Your fire should have been burning until you have a bed of ashes and coals. Make a bed with as large live coals as possible. Then cover this with a thick layer of ashes and upon this place the clay-covered bird. Sprinkle with ashes, covering it well, and over it put another layer of coals. Above build a fire, using some hard wood that leaves a good bed of coals. In a hard wood country oak or hickory are the best to use. If you keep up a good heat the bird should be done in about forty-five minutes. It is important that you select good clay, for ordinary earth will not hold together.

My first experience with this sort of cookery was many years ago, when my chum's father was proprietor of a brick yard. The bricks were made by hand and laid out to dry. They were then placed in the kiln for burning. The fire had to be kept going for several days, and we boys used to consider it a rare treat to be allowed to spend the night at the brickyard, presumably to help keep the fire going. We used to time our visits so that the young chickens were about ready to roast. When it became dark we would catch one on the roost, dress it, cover it with clay, and then watch it as the clay hardened in the intense heat of the glowing coals in the kiln. When we took the chicken out the clay would crack off, taking with it all of the feathers. Being sealed with the clay, all the juices were preserved, and eaten in the light of the kiln fire it was most delicious. I am not sure that our efforts in helping to keep the fire going compensated the owner for the chicken and warmth that we absorbed, for I regret to say that after eating the chicken we curled up in some straw and slept until morning.

If no clay is to be had, a duck may be roasted in the same manner by wetting the

feathers before covering with ashes. It will not take quite so long to roast a fowl by this method as the other. A small duck, such as a teal, should take but half an hour. It will improve the fowl to stuff it with bread crumbs well seasoned with salt and pepper. Add to this a bit of onion and sage if you have it. Fish may be baked in the same way. Do not slit the belly of the fish to empty it if you can do so through the neck opening, and do not scale. Place it in the fire in the same manner as described for roasting, being careful that the fish does not touch the live coals, but has a layer of ashes above and below. The time it will take depends on the size, but an ordinary fish (such as you and I catch that do not get away) should be ready to eat in half an hour. Pull off the skin and you will have a delectable meal. If you do not have ashes enough to cover the fish you may wrap it in several thicknesses of wet newspaper; or if you can get corn husks place the fish inside the husks, wet them thoroughly and cover with ashes and live coals.

Of course none of the super fish we catch will fit into an ordinary corn husk, but I am writing this in the "land where the tall corn grows," and we have husks long enough for even the fish that I catch! Which brings to mind the fact that for out-of-door cookery without utensils there is nothing so adaptable as corn and its products. In a former article I have told you how easily corn meal, salt and water may be mixed and when baked in the ashes makes the delicious hoe cake that has sent many a hungry hunter into the woods with a tight belt, a dirty face and the delightful consciousness of having eaten a perfect meal.

It is not wholly my loyalty to my own state that places corn high in the list of desirable out-of-door foods, for if you have never tried roasting sweet corn in the husk among the ashes you have something to live for. I am very fond of the story by Harry Stillwell Edwards, "The Two Runaways." One was about an old colored slave who annually ran away. His master wondered why it was that Isam ran away every year at about the same time, so he bargained that when he felt the call to go Isam was to let him know. The call came early one morning, and together the two, master and slave, ran away and lived as Isam said, "loose and free." It is significant that this call to run away came just at the time when the roasting ears were prime, and it may be that this is the reason that I have timed my canoe trips along the Iowa streams for the month of August when every farmer is glad to sell you roasting ears, and whether roasted in the ashes with their husks or boiled, they make a most satisfying meal. If there are any of the cooked ears left (which is indeed very seldom) the cold corn may be cut off and made into appetizing fritters.

Small animals, such as squirrels, after being prepared in the usual manner, may be roasted over a bed of coals. Thrust a stick that does not burn readily through the body from the ham diagonally through to the shoulder. Turn this over glowing coals, rubbing it from time to time with a bit of bacon. If you have your fire built between two logs placed about eighteen inches apart, the stick may rest on the logs and be more easily turned than by holding in your hand. Season it well as it roasts. A small bird may be roasted in the same manner by splitting it down the back and tying it firmly between two

(Continued on page 68)

Let's Talk It Over

Letters

FROM FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "FISHING FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES"

Dear Editor:

My friends, my wife and I are so carried off our feet by the wonderfully witty and knowledgeable article in your issue of December, 1929, THE FISHING FORMALIST AND THE DUB, by Frederic F. Van de Water (please tell me all about him), that I am venturing to beg you to send me two more copies. I and my two friends—great anglers—will be very grateful.

If you see or write to Van de Water, please make him my warmest compliments.

WILLIAM RADCLIFFE.

Upper Deal, Kent, England.

DEFENDER OF THE OUTDOORS

Dear Editor:

Outdoor America is the only magazine with which I am familiar that has a right to style itself "Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life." Immediate action is needed if these three things are to be perpetuated for future generations. I am in hearty accord with the story by Erle Kauffman in your December issue with reference to forest fires. I wish you success in your great undertaking.

ROGER G. WEARNE.

Coeur D'Alene, Idaho.

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

Dear Editor:

I think one of the best articles ever written was "Cruising with the Sealers of Newfoundland," by Sharat K. Roy in your November and December issues. Every word rings true. It is so vividly told that I can in retrospect see it all—the rough sealers, the filthy old steamer, the ice fields and the slaughter. For I too have been a sealer!

In a life of wandering among many strange scenes I have never experienced such terrific hardships as I did when sealhunting. It is a terrible experience which I would not go through again for a fortune, but one which a man cherishes all his life. Therefore my admiration of Mr. Roy and his article.

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

Bradford, N. H.

STAR STORIES

Dear Editor:

You will be interested to hear that in Edward J. O'Brien's **Best Short Stories of 1929,** the story BALM, by Jay G. Sigmund, published in your November, 1929, issue was given two stars by the anthologist.

Also J. E. LeRossignol's story, PETITE RIVIERE, in the same issue is given one star. I congratulate you on such high type of stories.

JOSEPH WOOD.

Des Moines, Iowa.

DAD HAS HIS TROUBLES

Dear Editor:

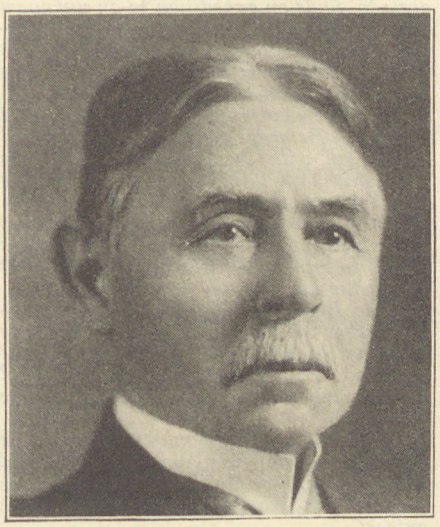
Edison Marshall's serial, The Vanishing People, beginning in your January issue, is one of the best written and most engrossing adventure stories I have ever read. Our entire family is reading it with the same interest; in fact, between Mother and the two boys, Dad is contemplating another subscription to Outdoor America in order to get hold of the story.

WILLIAM CHENEY.

Chicago, Ill.

About Our Contributors

Senator F. M. Simmons, *The Tragedy of Currituck,* has become an historic figure in the annals of North Carolina, where five times elected Senator, he has led his people for 30 years and fought for them and with them for the State's weal; he is able, patriotic and powerful and has been called the great sword of the national government in the United States Senate. Senator Simmons is deeply interested in the preservation of forests and game, though for many years he has not had time to do any fishing or shooting; he has an unbounded interest in farming, raising this year 200 acres of tobacco and 50 acres of cotton; his greatest delight outside of his legislative activities which are all absorbing to him is in personally inspecting and directing his farming operations when he has the opportunity to do so.



Senator Simmons

John Held, Jr., in *Business Is Business,* expresses his own earnest sentiments on the subject of fishing; he is an inveterate angler as well as an enthusiastic hunter and all round sportsman and outdoor lover.

Edison Marshall's *The Vanished People* is gaining a vast amount of delighted commendation from OUTDOOR AMERICA'S readers. Mr. Marshall writes of the far flung regions of the earth with authority, having spent years exploring Arctic countries and having hunted and fished in the least known and most desolate lands.

Earle W. Gage, *Dog Trails in the Northland,* is at present a dweller in the moderate zone of New York, though we believe his every inclination leads him toward the north where huskies, sleds and snowshoes take the place of taxicabs.

Charles Morrow Wilson, *Big Smoky Bear Hunting,* is 24, a graduate of the University of Arkansas, a native and resident of the Arkansas hills; for three years he has been studying and writing of the backwoods life of the Southern Highlands, and his stories and articles have appeared in The American Mercury, Atlantic Monthly, Plain Talk, Outlook, etc.

Guy Von Schriltz, *Fable of a Fish, a Friend and a Frog,* has appeared often before in OUTDOOR AMERICA and other publications; he lives in Pittsburg, Kansas, is a lawyer, a philosopher and a sportsman—an interesting combination.

Cal Johnson, *Arkansas Ducks,* widely known sportsman and writer of outdoor stories, tells us: "Right now my most important vocation is teaching my 4-year-old son why a fish swims, why a bird flies, why animals fear man, why we should not destroy trees, why he should protect the birds, why he should love nature, why he should be a good conservationist, why he should grow up to be a real Waltonian—and every other "why" that comes to the attention of any outdoors man. Outside of that I might be able to find time to write another story—but who knows."

A friend of **Roman J. Miller,** *Giant Sea Bass,* writes us that "the Commander entered the navy at 14 years, retiring at 43; he is one of the hardest hunters I have ever known, one immune to grief, wetness, chilly fogs and late meals; he has hunted all kinds of game in this country and abroad; is a skilled deep sea diver; one of the first parachute jumpers; an authority on balloons, dirigibles and aeroplanes; a remarkable boxer and an athlete of much ability."

Dr. Ferdinand Brown, *Pheasants, Facts and Fancies,* has been an active Izaak Walton League member from the very beginning, and a strong leader in the South Dakota Division and Sioux Falls Chapter; he regularly writes a column for the Sioux Falls Argus Leader, entitled "On the Wing," in which he covers conservation subjects in an interesting style; he is very much interested in Boy Scout activities, and was particularly active in the plan to bring about the Sioux Falls sewage disposal plant, sponsored by the Sioux Falls Chapter.

Judge W. W. Knight, *The Law and Conservation;* **Stanley M. Lyman,** *The Unexpected Visitor,* and **F. A. Preston,** *Uncertainties and Trout,* are first and foremost outdoor lovers and conservationists, the latter being a former Treasurer of the Izaak Walton League.

The Vanished People

(Continued from page 8)

before, in primitive tribes; usually it was the news-cryer of the village. He wondered if he could conceal from Adam its many cultural meanings, as well as the meanings of other institutions and customs which the Antarcticans might have. How he wished he had made the trip alone, and need not share with Adam the scientific triumphs to come!

To Adam came a queer prickly feeling over his face and back which he remembered from occasional great moments in his laboratory. He foresaw that Belgrade and himself were about to make an astounding discovery—not just the presence of blond Antarctic Eskimos, but something far more wonderful. The source of the inspiration he did not at once know, but he soon perceived it was the same that inspired Belgrade to greedy thoughts. The swelling sounds they were hearing arose from a metal gong, not a hollow log with a skin stretched across it. Therefore the Antarcticans could not be a stone age people, utterly uncivilized. If they possessed metals, they must also have a rudimentary culture. It was ever harder to believe that they could be "blond Eskimos" such as Hull described.

Hull had said that they were even less civilized than Arctic Eskimos, but he had had no contacts with the remote Eskimo tribes, and had seen only the store-clothed, pipe-smoking, sugar-eating half-breeds of Nome, Alaska. What he considered a state of utter barbarism might prove to be, from a scientific standpoint, an ancient and considerable civilization.

Adam would soon know. He too was a scientist, and Belgrade could not blind his eyes. The pure bliss of intellectual stimulation swept him in a thrilling flood.

A fleet of canoes appeared around a bend in the river, half a mile distant. Fish-shaped, decked over except for a hole where the paddler sat, they looked like Eskimo kayaks. Did this go to show that the people were Eskimos?

But Weismann's doubts continued to grow. The kayaks did not lend strength to Hull's theory, but merely offered an explanation for his mistake. If a man of the cook's meager experience perceived that a race of people wore Eskimo clothes and paddled kayaks, he would naturally conclude that they were Eskimos, and would not look any further. Yet it would be entirely possible for an Antarctic people to invent the kayak and the parka on their own account. These articles were naturally fitted for seal-hunting in a cold country, and an intelligent race would be bound to hit upon them in time.

The boat men swept nearer. He could see that they were paddlers of supreme skill—the little crafts cut the water in long V-shaped lines. Presently they ran into shore and landed.

The low sun threw a thin, yellow radiance upon them. And at this first scrutiny of their faces, Adam no longer questioned—he *knew*. These men were not blond Eskimos, or Eskimos of any kind. Belgrade could no longer deceive him, on this point. They were a people apart—perhaps a new race, unkenned by science, or else a lost tribe from some ancient race supposedly vanished from the earth.

To begin with, the men ran unusually large. Wondering at this, Adam failed to observe another fact no less amazing and far more mysterious—that their stature was uniform, as if they had all been cast in the same mould. The shortest among them was but two inches under six feet, the tallest not two inches over. They seemed to have rather short arms, enormous chests, broad shoulders, and long, heavy legs. They wore highly decorated garments of some unfamiliar silver fur.

Their faces were unusually broad. The space between the cheek-bones in all but two of the men was astonishing. In this respect they did resemble Eskimos, a fact that contributed to Hull's mistake. But in all other lineaments they were as far from the Arctic natives as Adam could imagine. Their eyes were not dull and sunken—furtive shadows moving in fleshy slits—but vivid, wide-open, and bright blue. Adam had never seen more intelligent eyes. Their hair, showing under the parka hoods, and in long mustaches worn by some of the men, was not coarse and black like Eskimo hair, but yellow and fine. Their noses were finely chiseled, not flat; their mouths were humorous and mobile, not expressionless and coarse. Their skins were not dirty, oily, and swart, but decidedly fair and, in spite of their wind-tan, as clean and fresh-looking as Adam's own.

Their heads were nobly shaped. Their carriage, their physical grace, their bright proud faces, and even the beauty of their fur garments instantly declared that they were not an inferior people, but one of the superb races of the earth. True, they were uncivilized. Apparently they were just emerging from the Neolithic Age. But this was not necessarily due to lack of intellectual capacity, but to the unfavorable environment in which they lived.

They were white—whiter than Belgrade for instance—yet they remained a race apart. They did not look like Indo-Europeans, or any other people of Adam's acquaintance. Who were they? Belgrade probably already knew—he was an anthropologist of rare distinction—but Adam did not know, and he determined to solve this absorbing mystery without help from his jealous companion.

Among the number were two boys about sixteen and eighteen years old, who were slightly darker than the others. One of them had brown hair, rather than yellow, and one had hazel eyes instead of blue. It was apparent, too, that the breadth of their cheek-bones was not so pronounced. The reasons for these variations struck Adam with thrilling force.

The older of the two boys stepped forth from the group of his fellows. "You—English?" he asked carefully.

Adam almost jumped out of his shoes. "I am an American," he answered. "My companion is a European."

The youth nodded, smiling dimly. "I hear my father speak of America, also Europe," he said slowly, feeling for his words. Then, with greater confidence: "Is he with you?"

"Who?"

"Meester Hull. He said he would come back some day. We thought it was him."

So these were Hull's children by his native wife. Because their father was a white man—a brunette, to be sure—they were darker than their snowy fellows. Plainly they had learned their father's speech in early childhood.

"Hull started with us, but died at sea," Adam answered.

"Died?" The youth slowly nodded, his face showing wonderment but no sign of grief. It might be that death was a commonplace in the Antarctic villages, or else it was regarded from some pagan viewpoint unknown in Christian countries. "Is my mother dead, too?"

"Yes, long ago."

"We urged her not to leave the Moss Country, but she followed my father. It is death out there, beyond the ice. All the people but us have died, the stories say so. What's your name?"

"Doctor Weismann. This is Professor Belgrade."

"My name is Jim-Hull. My father said so. My brother's name is Tom-Hull. We are not of the Temple. We are what we call *Ug Paddrin*."

"What does *Ug Paddrin* mean?"

"What father called—let me think—the under dogs. Our hair is too dark—we do not pass. We can never be the Fathers of Men."

Before Weismann could question him further, one of the older men—a mighty-thewed brave who seemed in command of the party—spoke authoritatively in his own tongue. Jim-Hull whirled to listen, then turned again to the visitors. "Gort-Chil—that means Big Seal—says that you are to come. They have struck the gong, and the Fathers of Men are gathering in what we call the Right Place—the Temple. Dian is there, and she mustn't be kept waiting."

"Dian?" The short hairs crept on Adam's neck. "Did you say Dian?" He echoed Jim-Hull's pronunciation of the word, with a long *i* and with accent on the last syllable.

"That is what we call her. I don't know what the name means in English. She is the Daughter of the Sun and the Moon."

(Continued on page 54)

The Story So Far

Dr. Adam Weismann, an authority on an obscure Oriental disease known as Coral Fever, is called one night to attend a patient aboard the S. S. Penguin in the harbor of Sydney. On board he finds an oddly assorted crew commanded by Professor Karl Belgrade, world renowned scientist and anthropologist.

Belgrade explains his need of Adam's services for a man on board who is dangerously ill of Coral Fever. The ship is to sail in an hour and Hull must be kept alive to guide an expedition to an unknown Antarctic land where he was once marooned and where he had found an ancient race of people totally unknown to any other living man.

Adam demands that Hull be sent to a hospital. Belgrade refuses, insisting that Adam sail with the Expedition and keep Hull alive to help in the greatest scientific discovery of the age. Adam refuses to sail, makes an effort to leap overboard but is tackled by two giant seamen and is forced to remain on board as the ship sails out of the harbor.

Later Belgrade tells him of Hull's adventures in the strange Antarctic land where shipwrecked he and the first mate of the ship had been the only survivors and had found refuge with a strange tribe of white people.

Morrison, the first mate, had married the Chief's daughter and had been accepted by the tribe, but Hull had been given an ill favored woman and was considered an outcast.

After many years, Morrison was killed in a hunting accident and Hull was forced by the natives to leave. After incredible hardships, he reached the Falkland Islands, where he met Belgrade and told him his story. Belgrade determined to head an Expedition and find the strange white tribe.

Hull's directions were indispensable, hence Belgrade's desperate determination to insure Adam's efforts to keep him alive.

The Tragedy of Currituck

(Continued from page 32)

waters was beyond question, but there was a disposition to find causes for this condition other than the salt and polluted waters coming through the canal. At any rate, as suggested by one engineer, the loss and damage, whatever it might be, caused by the inflow of salt and contaminated waters could not be reduced to a mathematically accurate engineering formula.

In remote prehistoric times these waters were salt and produced oysters, and one engineer held out the alluring hope that, if the people waited long enough, oysters and clams and sea fish might be substituted for black bass and migratory wild fowl. It was suggested that perhaps a grass might be found or developed that would grow sweet and tender in salt and polluted water, or a species of wild fowl discovered that would enjoy harsh salt grasses. Again those regularly using the canal testified as to the unfavorable effects of the currents on navigation and to the advantages that might be secured through the installation of a lock. This testimony did not seem to be sufficiently impressive to overcome the disposition to adhere to an adopted policy.

Conditions having grown continuously worse, early in 1926 the matter was called to the attention of the Committee on Commerce of the United States Senate, and by Resolution the Army Engineers were instructed to make a further investigation and report. In the course of time some local investigations and inquiries were made, and while the evidence secured certainly appeared to be sufficient to convince the most skeptical, the engineering view above referred to appeared to be adhered to.

In this situation a hearing was had in Washington before a Board of Army Engineers attended by the Governor of North Carolina; by a representative of the Governor of Virginia, unavoidably absent; by Senators of Virginia and North Carolina; by Congressmen of the Districts affected; by representatives of the Bureau of Fisheries and the Biological Survey; by representatives of the Boyce-Thompson Institute of Plant Research; and by many reputable witnesses representing local game interests and navigation.

The testimony given at this hearing was unanimous as to the destruction of grasses over the greater area of Currituck Sound and Back Bay; as to the grievous reduction and threatened extinction of the black bass; as to the continuously diminishing coming and stay of the wild fowl; as to the calamitous losses in property and the diminution of opportunities for employment; as to the magnitude of the present injury and the certainty of ultimate and permanent disaster unless the inflow of polluted waters from the north was prevented by the installation of a lock. Again navigation interests testified to the difficulties and dangers of a lockless canal.

Notwithstanding the continued efforts of Governors, Senators, Congressmen, and local people to have a decision reached and report made on the Senate Resolution, that report was not made until August, 1929, about three and one-half years after the Resolution had been referred to the Engineers. That report, based on reports of the District and Division Engineers, admitted that salt water entered Currituck Sound through the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, that there was no way to prevent this flow except by constructing a lock. It was admitted that there was evidence "indicating that the number of migratory birds have been reduced in Currituck Sound" and that "this reduction is due to the destruction of aquatic plants on which migratory birds feed." It was stated that "the fresh water fish catch in Currituck Sound is reported to have dropped from 2,000,000 pounds in 1920 to 300,000 pounds in 1927."

The former claim that salt water entered from the ocean was again advanced but soft-pedaled. The suggestion of further delay to determine whether the injury was permanent and the destruction would be complete was again made. The view was advanced "that it is not clear that the ducking and fishing matters will not straighten themselves out if allowed time," and a pious hope for increased rainfall in that behalf was expressed. The report concludes as follows: "If the Congress accepts this view, it is recommended the matter be left under observation for a time long enough to determine whether or not the present condition is temporary or permanent," and further "if Congress does not accept this view but desires to restore without delay the conditions, as to the amount of salt water entering Currituck Sound from the north, to what they were prior to the removal of the old lock in the Chesapeake-Albemarle Canal, the method would be by the construction of a lock," and thus the matter now rests with the Congress.

The records of the Bureau of Fisheries disclose the continuous reduction of the black bass to a point bordering on extinction; the Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture has repeatedly and emphatically called attention to the progressive injury, and advises that these unfavorable conditions can be corrected only by the immediate installation of a lock; otherwise the disaster will be complete and permanent.

The Boyce Thompson Institute of Plant Research of Yonkers, New York, after a painstaking survey extending over a period of three years, reported with scientific accuracy and with abundant and convincing data as to the continuously increasing destruction of the grasses; as to the progressive fouling and contamination of the waters and to the certainty of permanent and eventual complete disaster for the entire area unless the cause is removed by a checking of the flow of salt and contaminated waters from the north through the Canal.

The most recent visitors to the region, as well as the oldest of the old settlers, all testify to the practically complete destruction of grasses except in minor sheltered coves and limited areas at the mouth of fresh water creeks, to the destruction of the bass fishing, to the limited flight and brief stay of the feathered fowl. One recent visitor reports having seen but one canvasback duck in two days at a time when formerly they could have been counted by the millions. The question is, what is Congress going to do about it?

Let us imagine for instance that 200,000 acres of the richest wheat, corn, cotton or alfalfa lands of some portions of the Nation had been made a desert; that thousands of people, the value of whose property depended on the resources of those lands, had been confronted with the effect of their destruction; that the inhabitants of the region had been deprived of their means of livelihood secured from these areas; that in addition, as great a population and large an area of adjacent territory was disastrously affected by this destruction; would there be any hesitation about correcting such a situation created by reason of the failure to complete a government undertaking as first planned?

The question will undoubtedly be asked, can these areas be restored to their former value and fertility? The answer is to be found in the fact that even now, here and there, on these grass denuded bottoms can be found a struggling plant endeavoring to maintain its life against salt and bacteria, and to the further fact that where owners have bulk-headed grass denuded coves, excluding the salt and contaminated waters, the old conditions are returning and have in some cases been reestablished.

This partial remedy is available to wealthy clubs and individuals but it is beyond the means of the ordinary citizen and it cannot avail to restore the vast expanse of these waters. The complete purification and regrassing of these waters will be a matter of time, effort and expense, but it can be done if prompt action is taken. Every day of delay renders it more difficult and would eventually render it impossible.

The Currituck problem has long ceased to be a matter of merely local and state interest. It affects the properties and interests the outing and sporting opportunities of the people of a wide area. It is, in fact, of nation-wide importance. It must appeal to all lovers of outdoor life, of legitimate sport, wherever they may be. It is a matter involving national honor in the maintenance of feeding grounds and havens for migratory birds solemnly enjoined by Treaty obligations and approved by national sentiment. Who knows but what the age-long flights of migratory birds might be seriously and unfavorably affected by this destruction of the finest, and one of the few remaining, bird feeding grounds upon the Atlantic Coast?

An earnest effort will be made to write into the next Rivers and Harbors Bill to be considered by Congress a specific provision that will guarantee the immediate restoration of the lock in the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal. This is apparently the only way by which a remedy can be had to meet the situation in time. The citizens of North Carolina and Virginia appeal to the people of America for help to avert this tragedy.

THE INLET

By ELIZABETH W. MAY

THE gleaming gulls fly low o'er marshes green,
That wave and ripple with a golden sheen,
Like some vast field of early ripening grain.
And there amid the shimmering, a lane
Of Blue that widens ere it meets the mighty main;
And men go down that lane to come once more
At ev'ning with their boats—a goodly store
Of glist'ning fish piled high and great content
And boasting lips. A happy day well spent.

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By Paul Burress

Full Speed Ahead *and* Fair Weather *for* 1930

THE chatter accompanying the Wall Street slump had nothing on the pro and con discussions during the formulating of the new outboard racing rules for 1930.

Personally, I would rather have tried to mediate a Russian squabble than to have directed the National Outboard Racing Commission through their successful and laudable task of forming new racing rules that come near satisfying everyone concerned.

The tumult has died down and the firing has ceased and we have started the new year with a clean shirt that will enable us to place credit where it is due. Outboard racing is a fast growing infant of the boating sport that has developed to a point of asserting itself and demanding the respect and justice due it from manufacturers, drivers and boating organizations. The new and supplimented rules seem to be fair for all and hereafter we can expect to return from the regattas still wearing our unsoiled linens. We hope the mud slinging days are over.

There were many differences that handicapped the sport. These seem to be ironed out to the satisfaction of everyone concerned; however, as the sport continues to progress there will be new problems for discussion and settlement.

Some of the good pilots who buy their cakes with prize checks have had different opinions than their timid amateur brothers who disliked competing with professionals. The boys who ride the mirrored lakes and those who are accustomed to the slappety-slap and bumpety-bump of wind swept waters could not agree upon a safe type of hull. All of which is a perfectly sane disagreement.

Many skilled and nervy drivers who can take a lot of physical and financial punishment were satisfied with light hulls. Others wanted safer hulls for the good of the sport, their carcass and bank-rolls.

The jingle of cash prizes is music to one driver while it means thunder to another who by accepting cash would jeopardize his standing in other amateur sports.

Racing new motors as received from the manufacturers or being privileged to hop them up to gain additional speed was another argument that always will exist because it is a difficult subject to cover with rule phraseology.

These were a few of the differences that the Racing Commission had to tactfully juggle and which they have amicably settled. The old argument of permitting drivers who are commercially interested in winning to compete with amateurs who are not interested in advertising seems to have been adjusted. I believe this is a great step forward and will do much to encourage many of the new and capable drivers to participate in racing; the commercial influence has been too prominent. So much so that I have seen many boys rack up the outfit and call it quits after they had put forth a commendable and honest effort to win and been outclassed by commercial intrigue. Such defeats stung deep into the good sporting flesh of those who could ill afford the expense of a repetition.

The revised outboard racing rules are interesting but space will not permit printing the details. Following are the important changes in the rules which were effective January 1, 1930.

Hull Restrictions

Racing hulls, with steering wheel, must weigh, at least, the following amounts:

	Divisions I and II	Division III
Class "A"	100 pounds	No restrictions
Cl. "B" & "C"	150 pounds	No restrictions
Cl. "D" & "E"	190 pounds	No restrictions

Motor Restrictions
All Classes

Division I	Division II	Division III
Stock motors	Stock motors	No restrictions

Records
All Classes

Division I	Division II	Division III
5 miles	5 & 10 miles	No records

Owners and Drivers

Division I—Those who have started in less than 15 races or heats since March 1, 1929, irrespective of class, and do not qualify in Division III.

Division II—Those who have started in 15 or more races or heats since March 1, 1929, irrespective of class, and do not qualify in Division III.

Division III—Those who are in any way connected with the outboard industry, race for pay or commercial gain, compete in events where cash prizes are offered, or race with Division III drivers. (Note: Service or records previous to January 1, 1930, do not apply.)

Family Runabouts

Provisions to be made for the racing of the so-called "Family Runabouts."

Free-for-All Events

No free-for-all events in which drivers of all divisions compete together shall be held.

Motor Classes

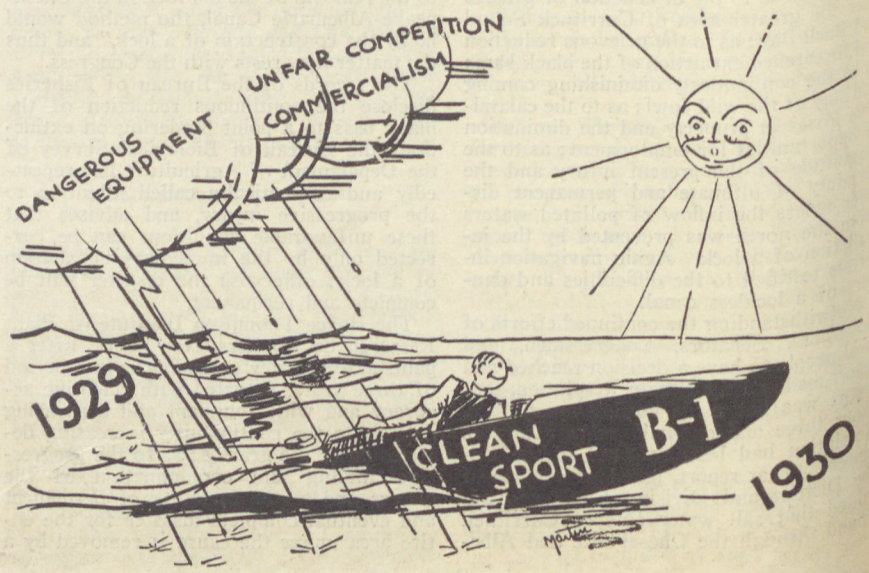
Motors shall be divided into classes as follows:

Class	Cubic Inch Piston Displacement
"A"	Under 14
"B"	14 to 20
"C"	20 to 30
"D"	30 to 40
"E"	40 to 50
"F"	50 to 60
"G"	60 to 80
"H"	80 and over

This data will give us some idea of what we can compete with this year and assures us that there will be fair competition. There is not apt to be the usual eleventh hour joker that has in the past killed the spirit of the fair competitor. The squawkers and the boys with a drag are now pretty much on the same plane. Let's see who really is the best man.

Winter Regattas

Cruising about frosty New York City and reading a lot of right sensible chatter from Elmer Burgess, Gerry Swinehart and Walt Godbey, Jr., who tantalize me with news about how the West Palm Beach



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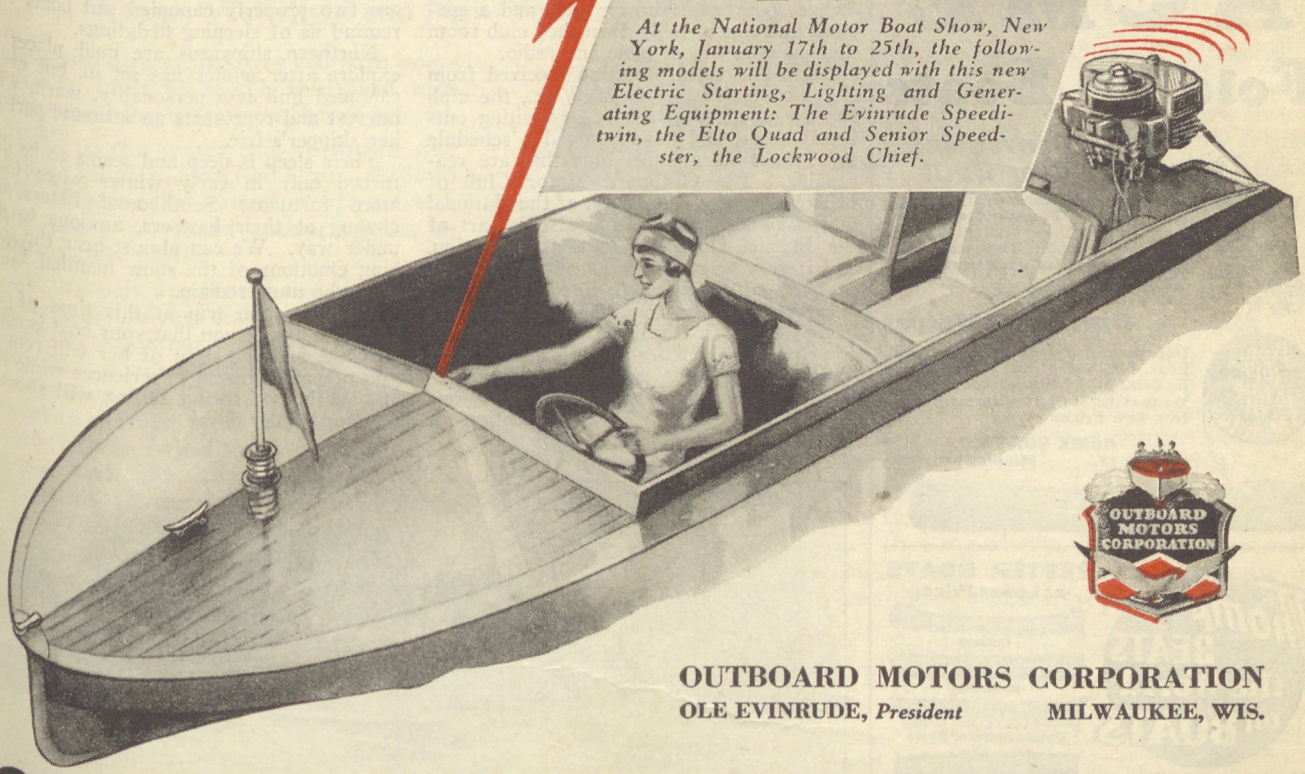
▲ ▲ ▲

At the National Motor Boat Show, New York, January 17th to 25th, the following models will be displayed with this new Electric Starting, Lighting and Generating Equipment: The Evinrude Speeditwin, the Elto Quad and Senior Speedster, the Lockwood Chief.



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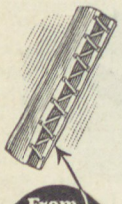

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and Miami boys are blithely skittering over the azure tropical waters, is just about the extent of my endurance.

Their enchanting whisperings about what is to be doing in the Palm Beaches and Miami this winter is the simple siren song that will lure many of us to their anchorage before long.

In terms of romance and adventure, the boys tell us of their plans. Circuit riders and all fortunate boating enthusiasts who can get away this winter—listen to this song.

The azure waters of salty Lake Worth at West Palm Beach, Florida, on February 21 and 22, 1930, are due once more to be churned to sparkling foam. On these dates, roaring, plunging speed boats will skim the placid surface of the lake in the Eighth Annual revival of the famous Washington's Birthday Regatta.

They say a great surprise is in store for the huge outboard field. In addition to the usual trophy awards, a fund of $175 in cash has already been established for the driver breaking a world's record on Lake Worth. This sum, expected to grow considerably, was started by Commodore D. H. Conkling of West Palm Beach, and Captain Terry Gibson. There probably will be the usual $900 in cash for the hydroplanes, too.

The Havana Yacht Club's International Regatta follows soon after the big event at West Palm Beach, and the Miami Beach Regatta will be held on Biscayne Bay as usual, on March 26th and 27th.

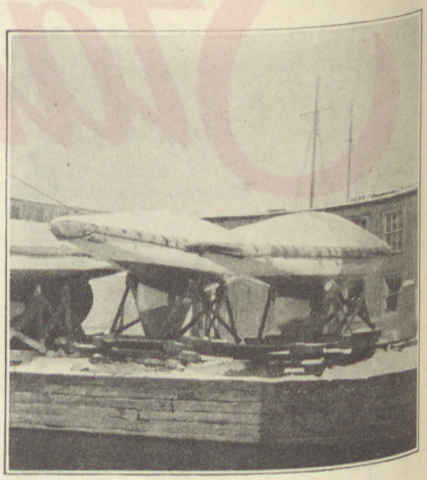
The newly formed Outboard Motor Club of Miami are having a busy as well as active season this winter. The club was formed last summer by several local fishermen and outboard enthusiasts, and has developed into a real club with a regular clubhouse complete in every detail. They have their own landing dock, a large boat shed and locker room where members may keep their equipment, a large personal locker room with shower bath and a spacious and comfortably furnished club room that includes a pool table and radio.

According to information received from Commodore Walter Godbey, Jr., the club has arranged to take care of visiting outboard users, and have adopted a schedule for seasonable memberships that are reasonable. The Outboard Motor Club of Miami is a link in the chain of the National Outboard Association, and also is part of the Florida Outboard Motor Association, and is very active in outboard racing.

Intercollegiate Racing

Intercollegiate outboard racing teams are being formed in the South in preparation for challenge matches to be arranged next spring. Under the leadership of the National Outboard Association, thirty-one schools have signified their intention of forming such clubs and are now drawing up schedules.

Under the plan, trophies will be offered, but the keen intercollegiate rivalry evident in other sports may preclude necessity for such awards, once the racing is placed upon the basis of a minor sport to make drivers eligible for letters. A series of regattas will be held at such schools as California, Washington, Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Kansas, Missouri, Minnesota, Columbia, Cornell, Yale, Pennsylvania, Butler, Georgetown, Syracuse, and a number of others, depending, of course, upon the interest shown by the students at these schools. The plan is to secure the cooperation of the athletic departments, stage the events at these schools, the winners of the various events being awarded gold cups.



Sleeping Comfortably.

Every good skipper looks to the comfort of his ship during the wintry blasts. Here are two properly canopied sail boats that remind us of sleeping fledglings.

Northern shipyards are cold places to explore after winter has set in, but every canopied hull is a personality, warm with interest and represents an intimate part of her skipper's life.

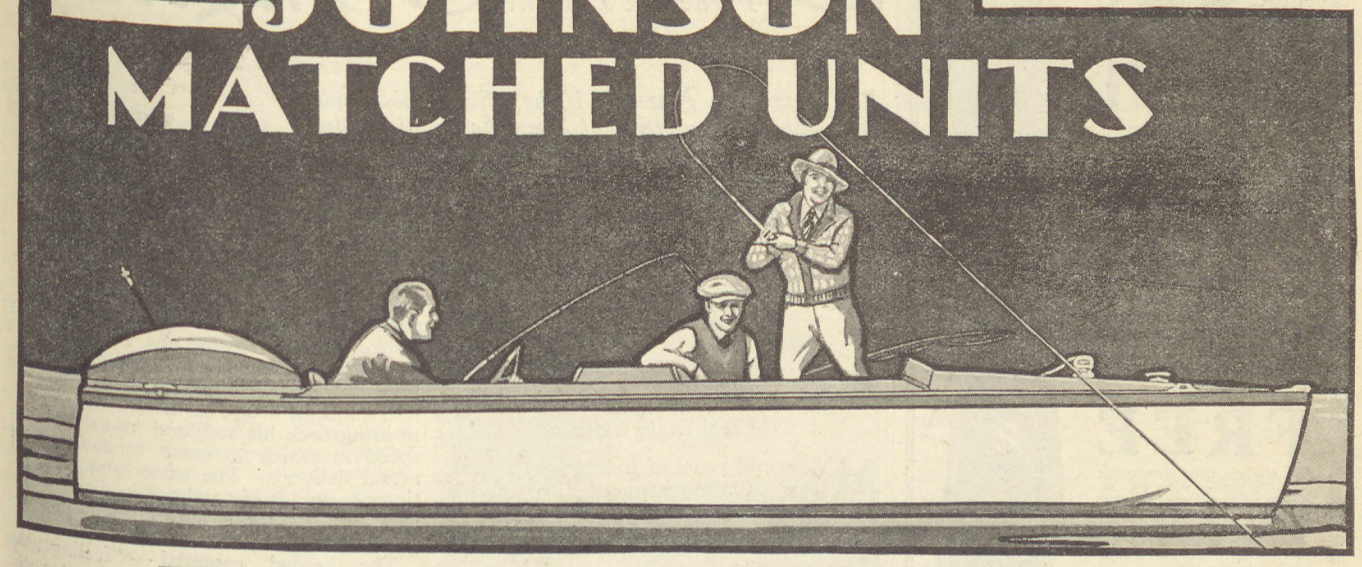
Their sleep is deep and seems to be disturbed only in early winter when their more fortunate Southbound sisters are chafing at their hawsers, anxious to get under way. We can almost hear the sobbing emotions of the snow mantled faithfuls who must remain.

An inspection trip at this time of the year will assure you that your boat is comfortable, and the sight of her will remind you of past pleasant experiences while the anticipation of spring sailing will shorten the long winter days.

Runabout Racing in Florida has proven very popular among the Outboarders. Photo by Mullins.

New JOHNSON MATCHED UNITS

17½-ft. Aquaflyer, De Luxe Runabout
Sealite construction, V-bottom, 5 ft. beam, double cockpits. Hull weight, 450 lbs. True speed up to 19 m. p. h. with electric-starting Sea-Horse "16," complete with motor, $925—up to 25 m. p. h. with electric-starting Sea-Horse "32," complete with motor, $995. F. o. b. factory.



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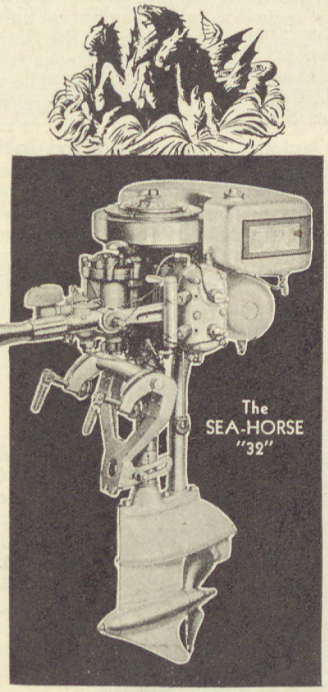

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The propeller tilts automatically over obstructions and extends your exploring range safely to rivers and shallow shores where inboard boats venture only at their peril. Add to these features the advantages of lighter weight, detachable motor, economy of operation, and the underwater exhaust that stifles fumes and quiets the motor to a muffled hum.

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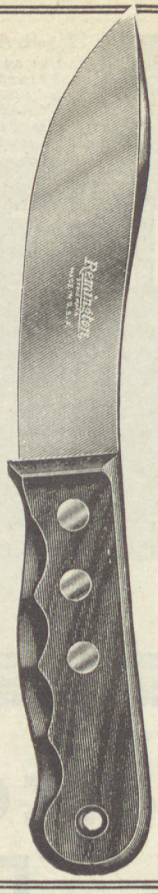
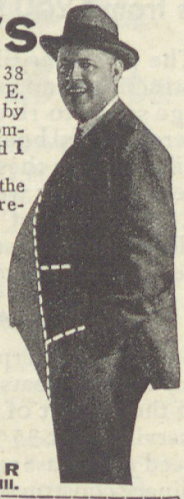


10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



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The Director Belt gets at the layer of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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Scientific Angling

Edited by *Frederick J. Lane*

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine.

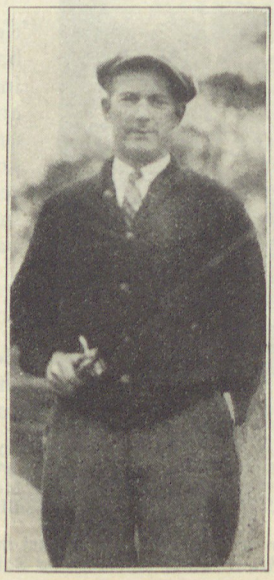
My Theory of Accuracy Bait Casting

By Edward J. Davis
National Champion of ½ oz. Accuracy Bait, 1929 Member, Lincoln Park Casting Club, Chicago

MY several years of tournament experience have taught me the necessity of practicing the following forms in order to obtain the best results in accuracy bait-casting:

1. Smooth wrist action.
2. Feeling the weight.
3. Correct alignment in aiming.
4. Sighting the weight.
5. Timing for different distances.
6. Miscellaneous fine points to be added when the above are mastered:
   a. Raising of elbow.
   b. Opening of hand to get the best results.
7. Relaxation.
8. Practical application of Tournament Casting to fishing.
9. Good sportsmanship.

The most important part of learning tournament bait-casting, and the mastery of which seems to give beginners the most trouble, is the imparting to the weight a smooth, easy stroke. If the stroke is jerky, the weight will not travel true. The writer believes that the best method of mastering this first essential to good form in casting is to practice swinging the rod back and forth, using only the wrist, in direct line with the target, until it becomes second nature to do it without effort or any hesitation at the end of the back-stroke. The amount of practice necessary to master this stroke will depend upon the flexibility of the wrist. In order to insure a good, smooth wrist motion, the writer finds it advisable to take at least two preliminary strokes before casting, as this not only tends to relax the caster after his walk to the platform for shooting, but also gives him a mental image of the correct distance to bring back his rod, and also the proper speed at which to come forward in the actual delivery. The caster should at all times focus his eye and rod in direct alignment with the target before attempting any false strokes.



"Eddie" Davis, National Champion of ½ oz. AccuracyBait, 1929. Member Lincoln Park Casting Club, Chicago.

The second essential — "feeling the weight"—can only be realized after the latter has been thoroughly mastered. By permitting the weight to hang down approximately a foot from the top of the rod, and swinging the rod in a perfectly straight line with the target, one may "feel" the weight after it has left the rod. In other words, it seems to have a greater pull, and therefore is easier to control. The writer has found this method indispensable in making a good cast, especially at a long distance, where perfect control is a great help to accuracy.

Perfect alignment is of great importance. If the rod and weight are not pointed directly at the target when the delivery is made, side shots will inevitably result. One inch off in aiming may make a shot land two or three feet to one side on a long distance. Therefore, the writer believes that after a couple of swings of the rod in direct line with the target the rod should be steadied with the left hand. This idea corresponds to aiming in shooting a rifle, except that in casting the right hand is on the handle of the rod and the left on the left side of the reel. Then, the caster should sight, so that rod and weight are in a perfectly straight line with the center of the target, and also between the eyes. Most casters do not take enough time in aiming.

After a correct delivery has been made, the caster should have his weight under perfect control. By that I mean his ability to know when to stop it. I have always found it necessary to glance up the instant the weight leaves the rod, and keep close watch on it during the flight, so that its speed may be regulated by the slightest thumb pressure. When one has practiced consistently, he may discover that he can tell about where his bait is by the time which has elapsed since the weight left the tip of the rod. This is especially helpful where bad light makes clear vision impossible. Of course, judging distance by time can be used only where each cast is made with the same proportionate speed to each distance.

After these essentials have been thoroughly mastered the caster may add a few fine points, which the writer finds to good advantage. In order to add finesse and smoothness to his cast, one may slightly raise his elbow and forearm as he bends his wrist. This tends to remove any jerky

action which a pure wrist motion sometimes causes. This does not mean using the forearm to throw the weight out. That is done entirely by a simple turning forward of the wrist. The raise of the elbow is merely a supplementary motion used to facilitate any easy cast.

Another very important point is to have the bait travel sufficiently slow for perfect control. The ordinary tight gripping of the handle of the rod, and flip of wrist may shoot the bait too fast for easy control. This may be easily obviated by opening the hand and letting the end of the butt extend forward as far as possible away from the palm of the hand. Trying this form may be somewhat difficult for the novice, but when once mastered will not only add smoothness to the cast, but will slow the bait down considerably, so that it may be visible longer in the air, and hence more easy to judge. Nothing can be gained by a speedy cast. The reader may easily find proof of the latter statement by comparing the yearly averages of the speedy casters and the more deliberate ones.

My last point is relaxation. The writer has found from experience that it may be necessary to grip the rod fairly firm while making his preliminary swings, but should thoroughly relax when making his final delivery. So many casters make the fatal mistake of "tightening up" when they are in a tournament. He should not use any different form from that used in a practice game. In other words, do not try any harder than you do in a club game. Just "be yourself," and your scores will improve. Remember that it isn't the amount of practice that counts, but the kind of practice. My theory is that by developing a good, easy, smooth stroke, and then, making each succeeding cast conform as nearly as possible to the one preceding, a fair degree of consistency will inevitably result.

Let the reader please understand that the writer by no means intends to convey the idea that the foregoing method is the best style of casting. There are many other good ways. I simply mean that if a caster be a novice or has had trouble finding a stroke, I commend this method to him. It has proved successful with many of my friends and new members of our club. I welcome any criticisms or questions. If any one has become proficient by this method, I would be pleased to hear from him.

When you have attained proficiency in tournament casting, your fishing trips will be greatly enhanced. A few easy casts placed alongside of a log or lily pad are far more likely to bring strikes then the careless method where casts may backlash halfway to the shore and thus create unnecessary aquatic disturbances, which are greatly magnified by the water. Also, you will derive satisfaction in knowing that you can place your bait just where you want it without having to shake the boat and endanger your companion by the old side cast.

In conclusion, let the novice caster please remember that the purpose of tournament casting is not to defeat his fellow-member and thereby win trophies and other prizes; but rather to become more proficient in fishing, and also to enjoy the fellowship of his brother anglers, and the beauties of nature. A man is better mentally, morally and physically for having indulged in this clean outdoor sport, and having entered into keen competition. Also, remember that it is better to be a good loser than an unsportsmanlike winner. Do not criticize your judge, for he is doing the best he can. Nothing serves to break up a good harmonious club spirit more than petty jealousy of a winner or criticism of a judge. Don't forget always to shake hands with the champion, smilingly, even though it hurts to do it, for every winner likes to be acknowledged by his opponent.

If you shot a poor game, swear at yourself as much as you wish; and resolve to practice until you become better, but always smile, and don't show disappointment. Remember that a prospective champion must be defeated many times before reaching his goal. For if a man has learned to be a good sport, he may be the most popular in the club, even if he isn't the star caster. Be a clean sport, a good loser, help your fellow member get started, boost the game by passing along all the good points you have collected from your generous brothers of the "gentle art," and be a lover and a protector of man's greatest heritage—God's Big Out-Doors.

Frank Leonard, Captain of the Cleveland Club, who was accidentally drowned in Lake Erie, October 12. Frank was a prominent figure at the Cleveland 1928 Tournament, acting as Captain of the Bait events.

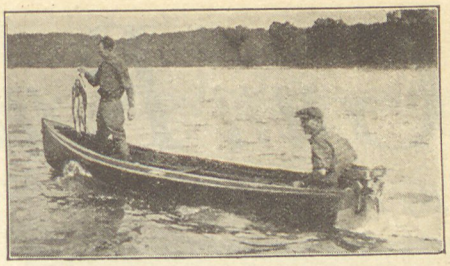
Notes of the Chicago Clubs

LINCOLN PARK TRIES NEW HANDICAP SYSTEM

IN the casting game "handicap systems" have not proved to be unqualified successes, but the Lincoln Park Club ventures to offer the following as carried out in its annual "Turkey Shoot."

After weeks of argument among the members about the impossible task of devising fair and equal handicaps so that the novice should have an equal chance with the expert, J. B. Nystrom and Charles Zeisler, Club Secretary, hit upon the "Self Handicap" system. The game, a 5/8 ounce Accuracy, consisted of forty shots (though any number may constitute a game) and each contestant wrote his own handicap on a piece of paper, unknown to the others, which was placed in a box. Handicaps are unknown to the judges also, who scored without calling to the caster. The number of points above or below the selected handicap as shown on the score sheet is the score for the game. The point to the system is that each caster is, during the game, the judge of his own score thus testing

(Continued on page 62)



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$195 F. O. B. Waterville

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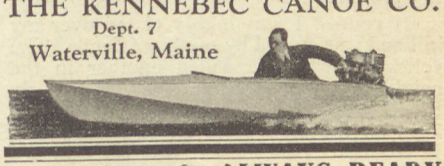

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Gun Rack and Game Fields

By Alec Mermod — *Gun Editor Outdoor America*

Wild Turkeys

THIS noble bird once so plentiful throughout the country is, like so many other game birds, getting scarce, and in many of our states is a thing of the past.

While the adult bird is able to stand the rigors of severe winter weather there are none left in any of our Northern states with the exception of Pennsylvania.

When America was young our Pilgrim Fathers in the New England States made the wild turkey famous as the "piece de resistance" of the Thanksgiving dinner, and they were so plentiful at that time that anyone owning a firearm of any kind could procure a turkey almost at his back door, but as the country became settled up, the turkeys were killed off or driven farther south.

Fifty years ago they were still plentiful in Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, but at the present time there are none in Ohio or Illinois, and even in our rough Ozark country this splendid bird is scarce, and a hunter considers himself fortunate if he bags one in a season.

The wild turkey is the shyest of all our game birds, always seeking heavy timber in the roughest country, and given proper protection should increase in numbers instead of getting scarcer each year.

When I was a boy living in Kirkwood, Missouri, turkeys were plentiful along the Meramec River within three or four miles from town, but after the breech loading gun became popular and the number of hunters increased, they were soon killed off.

I shot my first turkey forty-seven years ago in a patch of timber just south of the Manchester Road and fifty yards off the Geyer Road, about twelve miles west of St. Louis. However, this was not a turkey country and this hen had evidently dropped down for a rest, coming through from the Missouri River, as I found out later a flock was seen going south to the bluffs on the Meramec.

Of course, I was highly elated over my kill and was envied by my boy friends. The following winter I killed another in the neighborhood of what is now Valley Park. Some twenty years ago I killed several turkeys on the Bourboise River near Leslie, Missouri, but they have now been pushed back farther into the hills, and city sportsmen seldom bag their Christmas dinner in this part of the country.

Some few years ago an acquaintance of mine spent a few days fishing late in October on the upper Gasconade, and one day he was approached by a native who asked him if he didn't want to buy a couple of young wild turkeys. On questioning the man he learned that he had killed four half-grown birds and seemed proud of the fact. When he was reprimanded for violating the game laws and killing immature birds, he answered, "Well, I might just as well kill the birds now as to leave them for you city men."

That's just the trouble—these hill farmers trying to eke out an existence on stony ground seem to have the idea that they are entitled to kill any bird or animal found on or near their land. And it's not a matter which can be controlled by law, for it is impossible for deputies to apprehend all of the offenders; in fact, not more than one out of fifty is ever brought to book for game law violations.

Education along the lines of game conservation will eventually solve the problem.

While all wild turkeys found in the United States belong to the same family, and have the same markings, differing only in size (those found in Florida are considerably smaller than those farther north), the turkeys found in Mexico are differently marked, and in the southern part are decidedly brighter in color, similar to those found in South America.

Some of the Mexican birds have crossed the Rio Grande and worked north into Texas and New Mexico, where they are still to be found in large numbers in certain localities.

In northern New Mexico, just a few miles south of Trinidad, Colorado, there is an immense ranch of some 300,000 acres, most of the land being under fence, where wild turkeys are very plentiful.

This ranch was the plaything of a Chicago millionaire who not only conserved the natural resources but stocked the place with game and fish. The state of New Mexico placed a deputy game warden on the property, so that with his help and the strict observance of man-made and nature's laws, the wild turkey thrived and multiplied.

In 1886 and again in 1890 I went through this territory and I am not drawing on my imagination when I say that I saw as many as one hundred wild turkeys in the piñons just a short distance from the trail.

There are two methods used in the taking of the wild turkey which are in general use. One is to locate a roosting tree, which is usually one of the tallest in the woods. Men who are out for meat and who care nothing for sport, will visit this roost on a moonlight night and shoot the turkeys as they sit, or if there is no moon, a high-power flashlight is used.

There are some sportsmen who resort to this method of obtaining a turkey, but who use a small bore rifle instead of a shotgun and are satisfied with one bird.

The late Dall DeWeese, one of the best big game hunters in the United States, and a thorough conservationist long before the rest of us gave the matter a thought, was quite a turkey hunter in his younger days, but never used anything but a rifle.

The other method is to flush the turkeys from their roost, early in the morning, then take a stand nearby and try to call one or more within shooting range. This method requires skill and patience, and I think is certainly a "sporting" proposition though not allowed in some states.

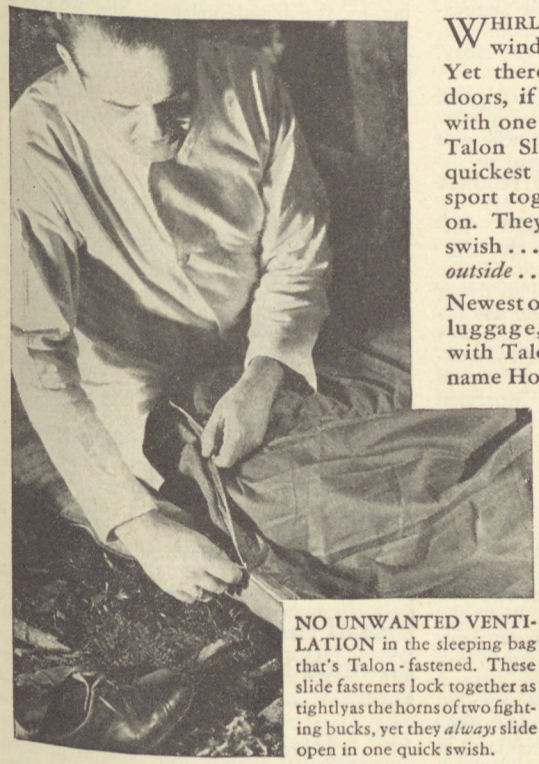
Each year the prospective turkey hunter of the cities drops around to his favorite sporting goods shop and looks for a turkey call that will sure enough bring the victim up to the slaughter. The man behind the counter shows him something new, makes a few nondescript squawks with the thing and assures his customer that this particular call is just what he wants, so the customer tries it out and is told that after a little practice he will be able to imitate the natural call to perfection. If the buyer is enthusiastic and industrious, he will take the contraption home and disturb his family and all the neighbors trying to get that natural call, but the trouble is he can't tell when he *has* made the proper call, so he goes out into the hills with great hopes and expectations. If he depends on his own knowledge as a hunter and goes out alone, the chances are that he never finds out that the noise he makes with his new device is not the right call.

The old turkey hunter who lives out in the hills and *knows* the right call is an adept, and my advice to any sportsman going out after his turkey is to employ the services of one of these hunters. These old timers always have a home-made caller; sometimes it's the large wing bone of a turkey, again it may be a piece of hard wood with a nail driven through, which he scratches on a piece of slate. Still another design is a small box made of very light

(Continued on page 55)

Fifty years ago wild turkey were plentiful in Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, but now a hunter considers himself fortunate if he bags one in a season even in the rough Ozark country.

February? That's when you need this snug new fastener most



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The Vanished People

(Continued from page 44)

Adam turned to Belgrade, for the moment forgetting his feud with his fellow-scientist. "Did you hear that? Dian is a Greek goddess—the Goddess of the Moon at that. How could these people know it?"

"Perhaps it is only coincidence. The same word often exists in two wholly unrelated languages. These people are not Ancient Greeks, but savages."

"They're not Greeks, and I don't see how they could have borrowed from the Greeks," Adam spoke thoughtfully. "But the Greeks might have borrowed from them." He turned back to Jim-Hull. "Tell Gort-Chil we are ready to go."

Jim-Hull repeated the message, and the men began to confer together. Their gestures indicated that they were in doubt how to transport the two visitors across the river in their one-man boats. But Adam decided to look after this himself. It might have a good effect upon the people.

He began to pump up the pneumatic canoe. The villagers fell silent, fascinated. But they were not in the least alarmed to see the flat canvas taking shape as a boat. Probably they were used to inflating bladders to use as buoys on their seal-harpoons. "Start off, and we'll follow you," Adam told Jim-Hull.

Rowing as fast as they could, the two visitors followed the tribesmen up the river. They landed just above the next bend, to find themselves at the foot of the village. Gort-Chil guided them toward what seemed to be an immense mound built on a low hill.

In the short walk, Adam's eyes were busy. He observed that the houses were similar to Eskimo igloos—turf huts, half underground, and approached through low tunnels. This was to be expected. No other type of dwelling would exclude the intense cold of the Antarctic winters. Picketed nearby were the sledge dogs—wolfish brutes, even more savage than Eskimo huskies, and snow white in color. Really they were no more than white wolves, somewhat larger, perhaps, than European wolves. In a pen made of whale ribs back of the houses there were a number of other animals that looked like undersized buffalo, with long wind-blown hair, but they were too far distant to identify for certain.

Shy children peeped from the tunnel mouths—sturdy, yellow-haired youngsters clothed in beautiful furs. The women either stayed concealed in the dwellings, or had assembled with the men at the temple. About the huts were evidence of a primitive culture—fish-nets made of sinew and thongs, racks for drying fish, and great frames for stretching skins. What manner of skins would fit such frames Adam could not imagine. They were big enough for whales.

The temple proved to be nothing more or less than an immense igloo, built in the shape of a mound and supported by snow-white pillars of whale bone. Gort-Chil and the other leaders escorted the visitors in; the two Hulls remained with men of their own caste outside the temple door.

When Adam's eyes became adjusted to the changed light, he stood spellbound. He would never forget this scene. The vast room was circular, and the assembled tribes people sat in rows about the walls. Adam could not guess how many there were—four hundred at least. The braves, who sat in the outer ring, held whale oil lamps that shed a flickering yellow gleam, and made fitful shadows dance and cavort on the arched ceiling. An open space was left in the middle of the room, and here a bright flame leaped out of a metal vessel supported—and here again was a suggestion of the classic Greek—by a tripod. Beside the tripod, on a stool of carved ivory, Dian was waiting.

She rose when the visitors entered, and the altar fire threw a golden gleam over her face and figure. Adam, who now was moving boldly toward her, stopped in his tracks. The whites of his eyes reflected the flickering light.

The face was startlingly familiar. Almost instantly he recognized it as the original of Hull's photograph. Why hadn't he guessed the truth, long ago? The dying man had said that the girl was the daughter of his best friend. Of course she was—the daughter of Morrison, Hull's companion who had befriended and protected him against the Antarticans. Morrison had married the hereditary princess of the tribe. Upon his wife's death, her daughter would naturally inherit the tribal sceptor. Such is the practice in matriarchal forms of government.

When Adam had first seen the picture, he had noticed the breadth between the girl's cheekbones, as well as a pagan look he could not analyze. But because she was beautiful and proud and fair, he had been unable to imagine her as a barbarian princess, and had gone to great shifts to explain her as an English girl.

Was he disillusioned now? On the contrary, the photograph had scarcely done her justice. That he, Adam Weismann, a man of science and the child of a calloused age, should with his own eyes behold romance like this, made his brain reel. The picture had been taken at least two years before, and there were slight changes in her face and breast that made her all the more alluring. Her braids were not now coiled about her head, but hung in front of her shoulders, Indian fashion, like thick ropes of yellow gold.

Her only garment was a gorgeous wild animal fur, silvery in hue, from her waist to mid-way on her thighs. Her legs were bare, her feet clad in sandals of a pattern Adam had never seen before. About the upper part of her body, just under her arms, was a gold band, four inches broad, fastening two metal cups or bowls worn over her breasts. One of these shields seemed to be silver, the other gold. Her only other ornaments were broad gold bands about her upper arms.

Adam had read widely of primitive peoples, and he believed he understood her breast decorations. She was not only the temporal ruler of the tribe, but its goddess. As in Ancient Egypt, and in every other land where absolute monarchs held sway, the reigning family claimed divine origin. Jim-Hull had said that Dian was the Daughter of the Sun and the Moon. Probably there was a legend in the tribe, ancient as the ice, of how Dianna had married Apollo (the sun-god was probably known by a different name) and of how a daughter born of this marriage had founded the dynasty. The golden bowl, covering the girl's life-giving breast, probably symbolized the sun, the silver bowl the moon.

He had wondered at the pride in her face and in the carriage of her head, but he could understand it now. She herself probably never doubted that she was descended from the gods, and certainly she wielded temporal power over her little world which Oriental sultans might envy.

These lost people whom she ruled worshipped physical perfection. Jim-Hull had revealed this, in his few words; besides, the stature of the men and their surprising uniformity of physique bore mute witness to the same fact. Dian herself was the embodiment of a physical ideal—the product of centuries of mate-selecting by the tribal queens. She was a tall girl, hardly four inches less than six feet, deep-bosomed, finely formed. Her straight bare limbs flashed ivory-white in the firelight. She was athletic rather than buxom—she looked as though she could run like a deer.

Her English blood had refined her beauty without taking away the pagan look native to her race. Her cheek-bones were less broad than those of her subjects, and made her face oval in shape. She had a small pointed chin which Adam had noticed in the tribesmen, and the same vivid blue eyes, but the top of her nose was not sunken like theirs, and her profile more noticeably aquiline. When Adam had first seen her photograph, he fancied her an Athenian girl, with the legend of an Olympian love-affair somewhere in her mortal ancestry. Now, beholding her splendid body, he thought of her as a Gothic princess beyond the uttermost sway of Rome, perhaps a daughter of Vercingetorix on a forest throne.

(To be continued in March)

Read this thrilling story each month in Outdoor America.

Pheasants, Facts and Fancies

(Continued from page 36)

the ground, contained 258 kernels of oats, 146 of barley, 17 wheat, 75 sweet clover, 1,532 yellow-foxtail weed seeds, 5 Russian thistle, 16 wild buckwheat, 2 lambs quarters, 48 green foxtail and 2,260 stones, or less than about one-fifth of a teaspoonful. The gizzard contained 1,886 stones, 3 oats, 5 barley, 23 sweet clover, 94 yellow-foxtail, 1 wild buckwheat, 2 green foxtail and 9 wild rose.

For scientific purposes many sportsmen have examined the crops of pheasants after killing them in corn fields and they have been found to contain a great variety of bugs and seeds, but mostly bugs. In one instance a total of nine hundred weed seeds were found in one crop.

Some authorities, especially those who have made a study of that great question, "balance," maintain that the ringneck pheasant never should have been introduced into this country. This remains to be seen. Many farmers and some sportsmen insist, and perhaps rightly, that this is not a sporting bird, not a wild bird, in the true sense of the term. It is true that where this bird has been protected for many years, with no open season, it is nearly as tame as a barnyard fowl.

How to keep the balance in our bird and animal life is a great problem. Too many pheasants in a locality will spell ruin to part of the farmers' corn crop. Remove them and the bugs and worms will play havoc.

Who can say that in those states where pheasants are the thickest, that they will not be the answer to the invasion of the corn borer? If so, they will be worth their weight in gold.

Gun Rack and Game Fields

(Continued from page 52)

cedar. This box has a projecting lip which the hunter scrapes along the barrel of his gun. An experienced hunter is able to produce the proper call no matter what device he uses. There is a man living in Slater, Missouri, who is one of the most expert turkey callers in the country, and makes the proper sound without the aid of any artificial device. His name is T. M. Ehler and his nickname is "Turkey Ehler."

For a number of years the laws in Arkansas permitted the taking of gobblers during the month of April, when the mating season is on, when the gobblers are quite susceptible to the call of the hen. Personally, I think that the taking of wild turkey at this time is not a sporting proposition and should not be permitted, for the result is that too many gobblers are killed, not leaving enough to go around.

When I went West along about 1885, I thought I knew quite a bit about turkey hunting, but found that I could still learn something about the game.

We were bringing up a big herd of steers from southern New Mexico, and every few days the ranchmen along the route would "cut" the herd, taking out any of their stock which had dropped in from time to time. As we neared the Colorado line we were in an ideal cow country, and had picked up a good many strays, so by the time we reached what is now the site of the Bartlett Ranch, we met about a dozen cowboys who requested the privilege of cutting out the different strays. As this would take several hours, and as there were plenty of men to hold the bunch and do the cutting, I wandered over to a lone piñon to take a rest, and as I looked out across the hills I saw two riders going pell mell down one slope and up another, evidently chasing something which I could not see, so I rode over to one of the cowmen and asked what these riders were after, and when I was told that they were chasing wild turkey, I was inclined to think that I was being "kidded," so the foreman of one of the big outfits told me to ride over and find out for myself. When I "cut" the trail of the two riders, I saw that they were really running down a big gobbler.

The procedure was to start after a bunch of turkeys which would fly across to the bottom of the next hill and then run to the top, again taking wing, and after a half-dozen such flights the turkey selected would be too tired to fly, and the horseman could then ride close enough to knock the bird over with his rope. I was invited to get into the game, but my horse being pretty well used up from the long trail, was not fast enough to allow me to get close enough for a "throw."

However, I got into that same country a few years later and captured a fine gobbler and two hens which I attempted to domesticate, but had no luck, for one of the hens broke her neck getting caught in the fence and the others died after a couple of months.

An attempt is being made in Missouri to cross the domestic turkey with the wild ones, but so far the experiment has not progressed enough to see any results.

My old friend, Harlow Spencer, tells of an amusing incident which occurred while on a quail shooting trip in southern Missouri. His companion had left him to go into a strip of timber where the underbrush was quite heavy, and in a few minutes Spencer heard three shots in rapid succession, and on going over to his friend found that he had killed three domestic turkeys. It seems that on approaching a rail fence almost covered with a growth of briars and sumac, a turkey flew up on the top rail, and thinking it to be a wild bird, which was not out of reason, as there were a good many in that section, the man promptly shot it. About that time two more jumped up and were added to the bag, but when the fourth turkey appeared it was pure white.

The two hunters finally located a farm house, and when they told the owner what they had done and offered to pay for the birds, he laughed and told them that they need not feel so ashamed of the mistake, as he said others frequently did the same thing, and as they always paid him better than the market price, it didn't make much difference to him. In this instance he made money, for the turkeys were left, as the men did not want it known that they couldn't tell the difference between a wild and tame turkey.

When underbrush is heavy a mistake of this kind is not uncommon, for the two birds are very much alike.

A short time ago I was invited to go on a turkey hunt, and was assured that we would be successful, but I turned down the offer to follow my dog afield after bobwhite, for while I very much enjoy a dinner of wild turkey, I would rather bag a half-dozen quail over points than to spend a hard day to bag a single turkey.

The Unexpected Visitor

By Stanley M. Lyman

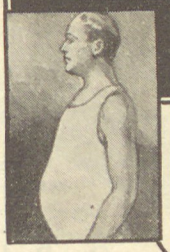
A MOST unusual and yet interesting experience of duck hunting happened this fall to my partner and myself while hunting wild ducks. Believe it or not, the following facts are in every sense of the word true.

On November 6, 1929, Welles Eastman and myself, both of Minneapolis, Minnesota, were sitting near the stove in the little room of a hotel in a small out-of-the-way town. It was freezing temperature; outside raged a driving blizzard. This was the first big storm of the year, and all that day ducks had been flying overhead in the long V shaped formations on their way to warmer climates.

We were reminiscing on the day's events; also wondering if this was really the freeze-up. That particular day is the one which every hunter always hopes to strike. It comes but once a year, and only very seldom to those who happen to be fortunate enough to be in their favorite shooting place. I am sorry to say that luck was against us this time. Such are the spoils and trials of a duck hunter. Those of you who have met with this misfortune will appreciate the disappointment which overcame us.

We had just returned that evening from our frozen up camp. At the moment when our spirits were at the lowest ebb a heavy

My Stomach Bulged Like This



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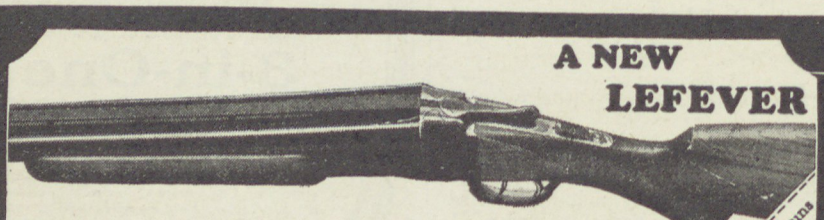

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thud was heard; like something had hit the side of the building. It startled us, of course, but we thought nothing of it until excited voices were heard from the back part of the hotel. Jumping to our feet, we ran into the kitchen just in time to see a very unexpected visitor walking in the doorway. The intruder was a big green-head Mallard duck. Even the lazy cat by the stove was aroused to the point of a thrill: so much so, that she made one jump and landed on the back of the bewildered duckling. We, of course, immediately separated the estranged contestants, and rescued the duck from what may have been his last breathing moments. You may wonder momentarily, just as we did, how a wild duck would deliberately walk into an open doorway of a hotel in a small country town. Unusual to be sure, but not impossible. Going back to the noise heard a moment before in the front part of the building and also knowing that ducks sometimes get lost flying in a snow storm at night, we realized what had happened. This Mallard, no doubt, had strayed from the flock, saw the light in the window, and flew toward it, crashing into the side of the hotel. Still dazed by the impact, he staggered through the open doorway into the kitchen.

To those of you who have had similar experiences personally, this story will present the truth, but to others it may take all their powers of imagination to believe these facts. In all my years of hunting the festive fowl I have never before had this kind of a surprise. Just such incidents keep the hunter's hopes alive during the long winters of Minnesota, waiting only for the leaves to turn in the following October. The capture of this beautiful bird, with its big green head and curled up tail, in a way helped to reconcile us from our disappointment of the day. We had expected that day to have the finest duck shoot of our lives, but as you know, you must take the bitter with the sweet.

It was then time for the duck to have his share of surprises. The first of which took the form of a train ride to Minneapolis in a packing box. This passed without event, and the following two or three days he spent in captivity at my house. He became quite tame, and ate wild rice from a dish. The fourth day he was released on probation at Loring Park where many tame ducks of his own kind are kept.

A metal tag bearing the writer's name and address was put on his leg. It would be interesting to know the flight of this bird, so if you find him please let me know where he was shot.

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 41)

dorsed the work of the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation; urged the Secretary of Agriculture to reduce the kill of migratory birds, the first resolution of its kind ever endorsed by the Game Conference; endorsed the work of the U. S. Biological Survey and urged larger appropriations for its work; urged Congress to provide more funds for wild life research activities; and suggested that all states enact legislation to restrict vagrant cats.

Officers elected for the coming year were Ross L. Leffler, Pennsylvania, Chairman; Honorable W. W. Cory, Canada, first vice-chairman; Dr. John C. Phillips of Massachusetts, second vice-chairman; Major

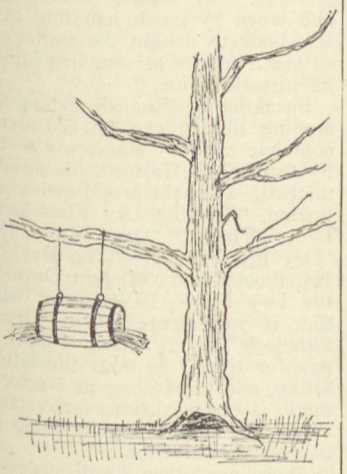
L. W. T. Waller, Delaware, third vice-chairman; Dr. Harold C. Bryant, California, fourth vice-chairman; and Carlos Avery, New York City, secretary.

Conservation Question Box

Safe Feeding Shelter

We have been feeding quail in the lean-to type of shelter, but foxes, house cats, and weasels have been taking their toll. Can you suggest a shelter that is more nearly vermin proof?—K. Y., Maryland.

Yes, here is a sketch of one that is practically vermin proof. It is nothing more than an old barrel with both heads knocked out, suspended from the limb of a tree or a pole, with some unthreshed wheat or other grain, or chaff, grit and grain placed in it to attract the birds and supply the necessary food. Be sure to leave some of the grain heads sticking out of the ends.



Suspend the barrel not less than three and a half feet off the ground or snow, also the same distance or more away from the trunk of the tree. Better face the one end toward the south.

Killing Crows

We are thinking of urging our County Board to pay a bounty on crows. They are here by the thousands. Should we encourage crow killing, and what methods do you recommend?—F. G., Iowa.

In the winter time the crow does some good, but no one need worry about exterminating the black rascal. Crows kill weakened game birds during the winter time, especially quail, but most of the damage they do is confined to the spring nesting season.

The principal difficulty is that most of the crows wintering with you do not really nest in your state, but nest to the north, even into Canada.

Bounties have been paid on crows in many sections of the country. But, generally speaking, I am opposed to indiscriminate slaughter campaigns of all kinds. I much prefer to see such regulatory work done by chapters of the League through the use of firearms, crow traps, or even strychnine-poisoned corn properly prepared and placed. Shooting crows with the aid of owl or hawk decoys is great sport.

Now don't get excited because I said poison! I am bitterly opposed to the indiscriminate use of poison at any and all times, and am opposed to using it at all except with the approval of and in cooperation with state game authorities. Some states have laws imposing severe penalties upon individuals placing poison anywhere outside of buildings. Better try the shotgun and trap first, but if interested I can tell you how to prepare your corn with strychnine so that it will kill crows and will do no harm to quail, ringneck pheasants or domestic chickens.

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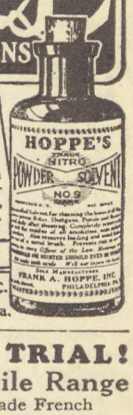

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH, *Angling Editor*, OUTDOOR AMERICA

MAKING TRACKS

Did you ever notice, you fortunate country dwellers, how, on a morning after a fresh snow-fall, the roadsides, even the door-yards, will be all marked up with the foot-prints of Molly Cotton-tail? What fun to try and unravel the trail, to make tracks ourselves! Just to be a child again, forgetting age, dignity and decorum.

Nibblings of an Ichthyic Book Worm

THE readers of these pages no doubt long ago discovered that the writer is a bookish angler. I am here this mid-winter day to re-assert that angling in books is almost as enjoyable as angling in streams and lakes. I lift my eyes to my well-filled book shelves, and worn backs smile down upon me very friendlily. Right over there is a copy of Dame Juliana Barnes' famous "Treatyse of Fysshynge With an Angle," issued in 1496, when the American Indian hardly knew he was discovered, and Chaucer not long dead. It is good to know that angling literature began away back there, for there is something in background after all.

What a rare and choice book is the "Treatyse," only very honest anglers should possess and read it. You just can't sit down and finish it at a single perusal, for it does not read as does our modern literature. You must browse around in it, lifting tid-bits here and there, mulling over them, chewing them to extract the flavor.

And to think, this "first" book on angling came from the pen of a woman, the "Prioress of St. Albans," though there is some doubt today that the gentle soul wrote it, or that it was written by a woman at all. But that is to be expected in a day when every literary critic is out with a hatchet, more intent upon destruction, methinks, than upon finding the truth. If you are at all literary, and can't find fault with everything and anything, then you are not literary, that's all. Why destroy all our gods, homemade and otherwise?

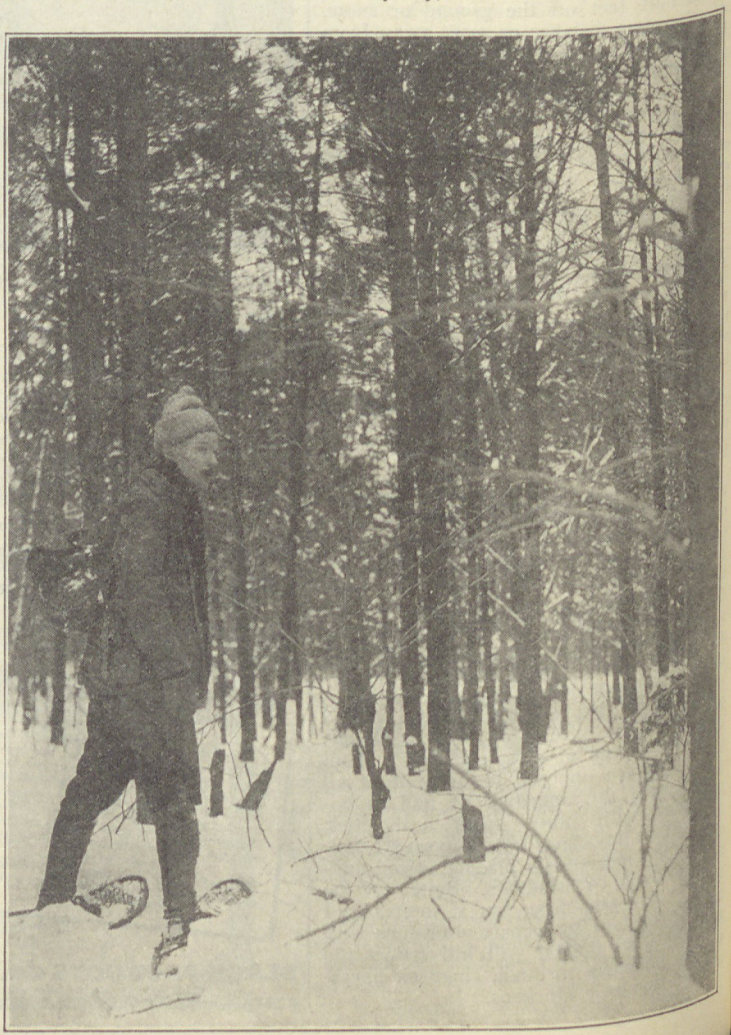
But heigh-ho, how I ramble on. Over there is a locked book-case, a wee bit affair, filled with various editions of that Nestor of anglers, Izaak Walton. Of the nearly three hundred editions extant I have only thirty, some rare, others not so rare. There is that one, bearing the date, 1784, a volume wearing the book-plate of Joseph Grote to my great joy. When we remember that the first "Compleat Angler" was issued in 1653, we realize that this is a bit old. I have many other editions, beautiful and even sumptuous editions, but I value that last gotten out by Mr. R. B. Marston, one time editor of the English "Fishing Gazette," but now comrade of Izaak himself, fishing under the trees on the River of Life. Glad am I that he sent me an autographed copy before he went fishing over there.

Goodspeed, of Boston, got out a beautiful, limited edition in 1928, which sold at $12.50 and I presume is by now exhausted. It is a real joy to possess such a book, the print is so wonderfully beautiful, and the well bound volume sinks, cuddles, into one's hand so lovingly. Just the same, you can get the message of Father Izaak from a low-priced edition, and it is, after all, the message and not the format which matters. Anyone rising from a reading of the "Compleat Angler," with the final words the "blessing," ringing in his ears,—"And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling," has added something to his life much worth-while.

There are other early books too, grinning down upon me in a most friendly way. Just to mention three or four of the English ones, very English sometimes. There is "The Angler's Souvenir," 1835, by P. Fisher, E.S.Q., and "several eminent piscatory characters," beautifully illustrated and dedicated "To all that love us, and the gentle art of angling," is very much worth owning. Then "The British Angler's Manual," 1848, by T. C. Hofland, Esq., and illustrated with steel and wood engravings, demands mention: as does "The Alphabet of Angling," 1849, by James Rennie, M. A. One more old English volume must be mentioned here, and that is "Blacker's Art of Fly-Making, &c.," 1855, illustrated with hand-painted pictures. My leather bound copy, frayed and worn by much handling in the past, is a book to delight the angler's soul, not so much for its present helpfulness as for its historic value.

Speaking of English fishing books, no angling library can be considered at all complete without those works upon dry-fly fishing, by Halford, the apostle of the method. I am the proud owner of the following, "Floating Dry Flies and How to Dress Them," "Dry Fly Entomology," "Dry Fly Fishing," "The Dry Fly Man's Handbook," and "Modern Development of the Dry Fly." Believe me, when I say that if you secure either "Dry Fly Entomology" or "Floating Flies," you will pay for them. In 1922 the latter sold at $16.00, and the former at $16.50. Just the same, if one wishes to understand the development of the dry fly their possession is absolutely essential.

There are other English dry-fly books seeking notice: Dewar's "The Book of the Dry Fly," and Fernie's "Dry Fly Fish-



If you can't go fishing, try a day on snowshoes, then an open fire and a good angling book.

ing in Border Waters," to mention only two of a dozen or more. Some splendid things from the other side of the duck pond on the subject, but our own literature is scarcely poverty stricken. Gill's "Practical Dry Fly Fishing" and La Branche's "Dry Fly and Fast Water," to mention a brace of winners. La Branche's book needs special commendation, for he writes literature and not a mere how-to book. There are scores and scores of other writers upon trout fishing who devote sections or chapters to the subject, though in our American rush we haven't time to devote a whole book to a given subject as they have in England.

Speaking of the general subject of fly fishing, what a goodly company crowd around me, to the right and left, behind and before. I can't begin to mention the guides and mentors, some who came into my study in the early days of my fuzzy wuzzy experimenting, others who arrived but yesterday or the day before. There are Bradford's books, "The Brook Trout," and "The Angler's Secret," two books it is a pleasure to read, for Bradford was a careful writer, spending hours in the selection of the proper adjective, or the polishing and rounding of a sentence. There is Hillis's "History of Fly Fishing for Trout," over there, which is just what its name implies. And, oh yes, right here is "Trout Fly Fishing in America," and "The Evolution of Trout and Trout Fishing in America," by Southard, two books which somehow "rile" one a bit, for no angler can agree with the author fully, which after all is unimportant. Rubbing shoulders with them is an English book, "The Way of a Trout with a Fly," by Skues; and those Sams and Bulls get along well together, not realizing what a certain Mayor did to separate them some few months ago. The Skues book is really one of the best, though English, oh very English, as is West's, "The Trout Fly."

I do not know that we can exactly claim Fred G. Shaw as an American, even if he does conduct a fly-casting school on this side, for he was born, raised and educated in England. Personally I don't care where he was born and educated, for right here at my elbow always is, "The Science of Dry Fly Fishing," with which I am on remarkably good terms, as also I am with "Dry Fly Fishing and Salmon Casting," not to mention his "Fly Fishing and Spinning." Right with them is an English book, "Trout Fishing Memories and Morals," by Sheringham. Ah yes, fly fishing has its morals, and that the English realize right well.

How my friends have led me on, and I have not begun to mention one-half of one per cent of the best American books, not to think of the English, and general angling literature. Why here is Plumley's "With the Trout Fly," just off the press last year, and "Ye Gods and Little Fishes," by Slocum, only a bit older. "Fish Are Such Liars," by Pertwee, is better than its title, though the title is descriptive. Here is "Letters to Young Fly Fishers," by Aston, beautifully written and bound. Bless me, "Pools and Ripples," by Bliss Perry, I never planned to leave you out, any more than I could your master's "Fishing with a Worm," though I suspect there is trouble in store for one who mentions a lowly earth worm in such company. Pardon me, Calthrop, for "The Gentle Art" is delightfully leisurely and is loved in this study, as of course is, "The Autobiography of a Fisherman," by Day, good old Day-by-Day. These are all beautifully bound and ultra modern, more than satisfactory too. Ah, here is "Fishing Ways and Wiles," by Morritt, an English book issued on this side in beautiful format, a book to take to bed with you and read for the sheer joy of its diction.

But how I have run on, and I have failed to make you acquainted with many of my friends, and believe me, they are all my friends, every one. How they slip in and comfort me when all the world is wrong, and everything at cross purposes. There are no friends to compare with friendly books. Anglers, if you know not the pleasure and thrill of fishing in books, you have missed something not only worth while but something that will minister to the soul of you. I never go fishing in a book that I do not secure a full creel.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

FLY FISHING FOR BASS

Dear O. W.: For casting spinners, bugs and flies is there any advantage in using a tapered line? What would you recommend for a 9½ ft., 6½ oz. rod? What is proper balance between rod and reel? What book do you recommend upon fly fishing for bass?—R. R. W., Texas.

Sir: I am of the opinion that while not always necessary, one gets better action with a tapered line. Especially is this true when casting flies. Of course much depends upon the action of the particular rod, though speaking generally I would say that an E should prove perfectly satisfactory. The reel is supposed to weigh, with line, once and a half as much as the rod, which of course is a general rule. I doubt if there is a wholly satisfactory book upon fly-fishing for bass, though there are hundreds of books on fly-fishing, generally written from the viewpoint of the trout fan; but you can get a deal of worthwhile information from such books, information which will prove of worth in bass fly-fishing. Ozark Ripley has out a book that will help, "Modern Bait and Fly Casting." There are just bushels of fly-fishing books. Write Outdoor America for anything you want.—O. W.

A ROD WITH A BROKEN BACK

Dear O. W.: I have a split bamboo which cost me 25 bucks, but it has developed a set tip and second joint. Is there any way of straightening the rod so that it will be as good as new?—J. S. D., Okla.

Sir: It is exceedingly doubtful if you can straighten your rod satisfactorily. That is the danger one runs when he uses a too light rod for bass fishing. When the second joint is set it is almost impossible to straighten it. I have removed all windings and guides, then after straightening under pressure, rewound and placed guides on opposite side from set; but never have I succeeded to any great degree, always the rod has a weakness. As between a 5¾ and a 7 oz. rod for bass, I think I would select the latter: 5¾ ounces is not heavy enough for average bass fly-fishing. It is better to err on the side of too much weight than to run the danger of a permanent set because too light. If you will suspend your rods from the tips, weights attached to the butts, and let them hang for a week or so now and then, you will find them much improved. **Do it before a set develops.**—O. W.

FISH FARMING

Dear O. W.: Would like to have you tell me where I can secure books on building ponds, the kinds of fish raised in ponds, food, etc. Would like particular information upon raising the following: perch, bass, bullheads, dace and brown trout.—R. B. A.

Sir: I know of no complete and thorough recent book upon the subject of pond culture. Norris published "American Fish Culture" in 1868. Mather, "Modern Fish Culture" in 1900. W. E. Meehan, "Fish Culture" in 1913. The latter can be secured from Sturgis and Walton, New York, the others through second hand stores. There are bulletins upon the subject from the Federal Fish Commission, and perhaps from the Agricultural Department. Write the U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C., stating your wants, and I am sure he will put

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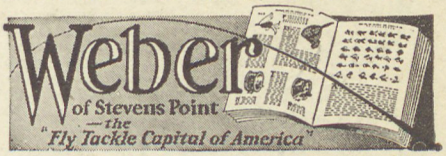

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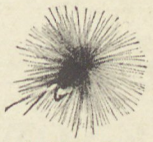

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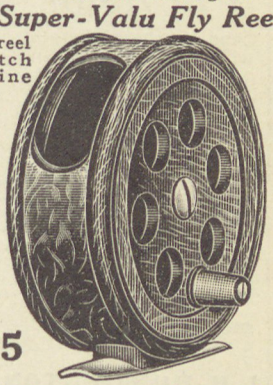

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you in the way of securing bulletins and information, or write Seth Gordon, Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League, care Outdoor America.—O. W.

DO THEY SHRINK?

Dear O. W.—This summer I took a muskellunge from the Lake of the Woods which weighed, four days after capture, 37½ pounds. It was 51 inches long from the tip of nose to fork of tail. When caught it was well rounded and filled out, and when weighed four days later the belly appeared to be flabby and empty. I am more than anxious to ascertain as nearly as possible the accurate weight of this fish when caught.—T. B., Okla.

Sir: Following is the table given of the shrinkage of fish:

Weight just killed	Weight dead six hours	Weight dead twelve hours
1 lb.	15½ oz.	15 oz.
2 lbs.	1 lb. 14½ oz.	1 lb. 14 oz.
3 lbs.	2 lbs. 13¼ oz.	2 lbs. 13 oz.
4 lbs.	3 lbs. 13 oz.	3 lbs. 12 oz.
5 lbs.	4 lbs. 12¼ oz.	4 lbs. 11 oz.
6 lbs.	5 lbs. 11½ oz.	5 lbs. 10 oz.
7 lbs.	6 lbs. 10¼ oz.	6 lbs. 9 oz.
8 lbs.	7 lbs. 10 oz.	7 lbs. 8 oz.
9 lbs.	8 lbs. 9¼ oz.	8 lbs. 7 oz.
10 lbs.	9 lbs. 8½ oz.	9 lbs. 6 oz.
11 lbs.	10 lbs. 7¾ oz.	10 lbs. 5 oz.
12 lbs.	11 lbs. 7 oz.	11 lbs. 4 oz.
13 lbs.	12 lbs. 6¼ oz.	12 lbs. 3 oz.
14 lbs.	13 lbs. 5½ oz.	13 lbs. 2 oz.
15 lbs.	14 lbs. 4¾ oz.	14 lbs. 1 oz.
16 lbs.	15 lbs. 4 oz.	15 lbs.
17 lbs.	16 lbs. 3¼ oz.	15 lbs. 15 oz.
18 lbs.	17 lbs. 2½ oz.	16 lbs. 14 oz.
19 lbs.	18 lbs. 1¾ oz.	17 lbs. 13 oz.
20 lbs.	19 lbs.	18 lbs. 12 oz.
30 lbs.	28 lbs. 9½ oz.	28 lbs. 2 oz.
40 lbs.	38 lbs. 2 oz.	37 lbs. 8 oz.
50 lbs.	47 lbs. 10½ oz.	46 lbs. 14 oz.

Naturally, I do not know how accurate this table is, but it is the so-called "standard." You speak of the extended stomach of your fish when first caught, which can be accounted for by gas, is not always an indication of present food, and anyway an undigested small fish in the stomach of a capture would not be an accurate weight. In the old days, before anglers were as honest as they are now, I have heard of filling the stomach with shot to increase the weight. You certainly got a dandy, and I congratulate you.—O. W.

WHO CAN TELL!

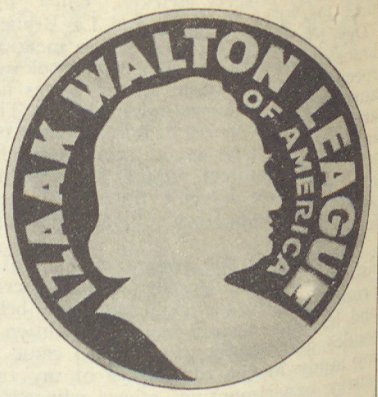
Dear O. W.: Where in northeastern Minnesota can I get good black bass fishing, and by "good" I mean be sure of from 20 to 100 strikes a day, from fish weighing from 1½ to 4 pounds?—D. R. B., Ill.

Sir: I am unacquainted with any lake in northeastern Minnesota or elsewhere where "one can be sure of from 20 to 100 strikes a day." And I am afraid if I did know, that I wouldn't tell even my mother-in-law. I can get a great kick out of a morning's fly-casting if I secure half a dozen rises; that's how easily satisfied I am.—O. W.

HOW TO CATCH SUCKERS

Dear O. W.: Recently I came across a stream near here, the water being very cold and spring fed. The stream is full of what I take to be suckers, and I cannot see why these fish in nice, clean, cold water would not be good to eat. Are they and what bait would you use to catch them? There are a few trout in the stream.—R. M. R., Wis.

Sir: There is little doubt but that the fish are suckers, and as you suspect, fairly good eating. I have found the species, when taken early in the spring, or from fairly cold water later, to be delicious, but very bony. If one could devise some way to eliminate the bones the sucker would take high rank as a food fish, for the flesh is firm, sweet and palatable. The only bait I have found worth while is the common earth worm, and the method is to fish the bottom. In a trout stream the fish are quite shy, and one must "reel," let the baited hook down from above. The fish is a deliberate feeder, a "sucker," therefore it takes considerable time for him to work the bait into his mouth. Give plenty of time for the worm to be drawn within his puckerstring mouth. He puts up a surprisingly satisfactory fight. I am unacquainted with your stream, but would judge it a good brown trout stream. Why not plant liberally with fingerling browns? The suckers would be pie for them.—O. W.



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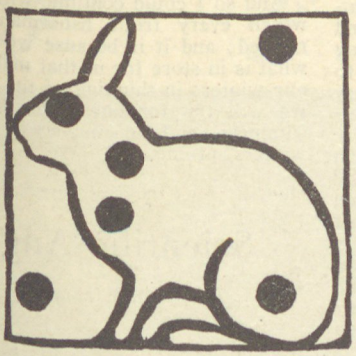
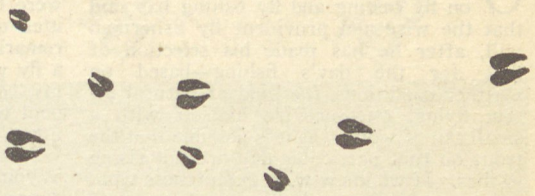
How Much Do You Know About Woodcraft?



How well do you see? Are your eyes really as strong and accurate as you think? Have you ever tried this interesting Rabbit-Test? It is only one among thousands of valuable helps to the woodsman, hunter and outdoor man —with which these books are crowded.

Scenes like these are the very essence of woodland fascination. This sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton himself shows a baby raccoon being spanked up a tree by his mother. It is one of over 1450 drawings and photographs contained in this set of books covering every phase of outdoor life.



Deer tracks!—another sketch from THE LIBRARY OF PIONEERING AND WOODCRAFT, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Do you know the thrill of coming upon these marks in the wilds? Of recognizing them? Of following them with gun or camera? Let this master woodsman tell you how to read the marks beasts leave behind them for you to trail.

All you need to know to make the out-of-doors your home is contained in these six books. Here are definite instructions for finding natural foods. Pictures to help you identify flowers, birds, trees and animal tracks. Games to be played in camp. Pastimes for the camp-fire circle. Lists of necessary equipment for long or short excursions into wild country. First aid treatment. What to do if you lose your way. A veritable college course in the school of nature!

HOW good a woodsman are YOU? Are you at home in big timber, in the mountains, in a frail canoe on lakes or streams? Can you light a fire without matches? Can you tie all kinds of knots? Can you make a sun dial—quickly, with materials at hand? Can you lay a good cooking fire? Identify the birds? Tell the difference between edible mushrooms and toadstools? Recognize poison ivy? Erect a tepee?

This marvelous set of books tells you how to do all of these things—and countless others. *Hiking and Canoeing* covers every phase of those two sports, from equipment and directions for achieving the utmost comfort on the trail or stream to the handling of small craft over rapids, etc., etc. *Animals and Birds* tells its own story. Tracking, taxidermy, hunting with both gun and camera. *Indiancraft* is full of the lore of the first and best of all woodsmen. Sign language, ceremonials, blazing trails, etc. *Woodcraft,* stories of adventure, instructions for erecting waterproof shelters, living on the land, *seeing* with both eyes everything that is before you. *Earth and Sky,* weather forecasting, romance of the flowers and shrubs and trees. How to find your way by natural signs, "compass-golden-rod," moss on trees, the stars at night. Contains maps of the heavens, etc., etc. *Wild Animals!*

Nature's Own University

No one knows more about outdoor life than Ernest Thompson Seton. No one has studied the lives of Indians and pioneers more carefully. No one has a greater or more sympathetic knowledge of the beauties and wonders of nature—flowers, trees, birds, small winged creatures, wild and domestic animals.

He wrested this knowledge from Nature herself, by living in the open and through years of intimate contact with the American Indians.

Everyone who loves the out-of-doors will find these the most fascinating and valuable of books. Master woodsman and master story teller, Ernest Thompson Seton always has something new and interesting to tell you. Here are over 1700 pages of interesting information and entertainment: Woodland lore, adventure tales, animal stories, Indian songs, dances, ceremonials, pioneer tales and specific instructions covering every phase of life in the open.

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Without cost or obligation on your part, we will gladly send the six volumes of The Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft, beautifully bound in three-quarter leather and profusely illustrated with more than 1450 photographs and drawings by the author, for 5 days' inspection. Return them at our expense if you choose, or send only $1.50 first payment, then $2 a month till a total of $13.50 has been paid, an astonishingly low price for books of such charm and worth. No risk. A world of pleasure awaits you. Mail the coupon NOW.

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Uncertainties *and* Trout

By *F. A. Preston*

ONE of our great English authorities on fly casting and fly fishing has said that the wise and provident fly fisherman will, after he has made his selection of flies for the day's fishing—based on weather conditions, the kind of natural insect flying, etc.—provide himself with a small can of worms, as it is possible that the trout on that particular day are not rising to flies. If we knew with definiteness what trout were going to do, the greater part of the interest in fishing for them would be lost: it is the fact we know we don't know what they will do that makes trout fishing the most interesting of all outdoor activities—that makes the obsession of golf, shooting or horseback riding as nothing compared to it.

One of our great psychiatrists, furthermore, has pronounced the most beneficial outdoor recreation to be fishing for trout with a fly, as it combines, under the most ideal outdoor conditions, physical exercise of proper proportions with mild mental concentration. The cold, swift water of the mountain stream—the freedom from contaminating influences of city life—the alertness required to hook the trout when he has risen—and the physical energy of casting the fly and of wading a stream, afford an ideal combination of mental and physical exercise.

There is no living thing which can at times so digress from his natural habits of life as the Brook Trout: he is by nature cautious; he requires the greatest deception to permit his capture and yet I have seen him fall for the most senseless lures.

I happened by chance one day to discover a large brook trout under a rock in a perfectly transparent pool. No fly or other artifice of my extensive equipment made the slightest impression on that passive countenance—nor worm nor grasshopper created the slightest sign of desire; and yet he made a mad rush for my cigarette butt which was cast upon the water after all hope had fled.

And on another occasion two of us had fished a most inviting pool without a rise and finally with all hope gone, decided to comfort our perspiring bodies by plunging into the inviting depth of the pool. As we were leaving the place, after several minutes of splashing and diving, my friend remarked that he always believed in casting a fly where he had been swimming, and to my bewilderment he took from the very pool where we had so recently been swimming, six sizeable fish.

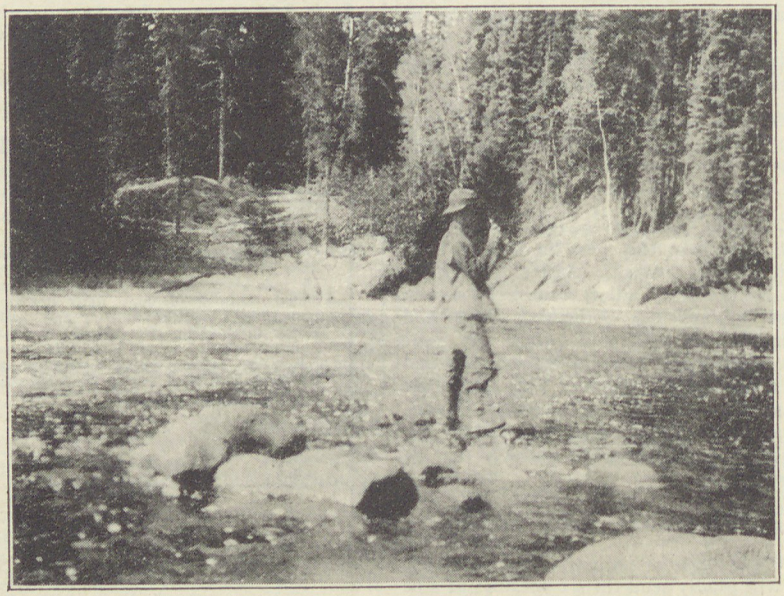
I was once fishing a small clear stream in Wyoming for Cut-Throat Trout. I had approached with great caution a pool which was almost hidden by willows and had cast a small, dry fly without result. From a hidden position I tried fly after fly—wet and dry—and was not even rewarded with a rise, when I was brought out of my reverie by the sound of slipping shoes on a sloping boulder which protected one side of the pool—then a loud splash as stick and stone preceded a woman who slid into the water from above. She pulled herself out; then with heavy rod and line cast a large and noisy bass fly into my carefully fished pool and was instantly rewarded with the largest Cut-Throat that I had ever seen taken from that stream. On my remark that she was a highly successful fisherman, she replied that it was the first fish she had ever caught in her life. So much for my expensive outfit, designed to outwit the rascals!

I fished a certain rapid in the Kowkash River in Ontario one entire afternoon without a single rise, until a floating log, bumping over the rocks, crashed into the very rock where I had been fishing. Immediately afterwards the trout started to strike and I have never seen more trout in a short period of time than I saw there in the next thirty minutes.

On another occasion, in a small stream in Wisconsin, I saw a tiny floating leaf scatter in all directions a number of trout which had been taking at regular intervals a small gray palmer and were not disturbed by either the thrashing of the captured trout or the clumsiness of the landing net.

On the Escaganagi River in Ontario, I saw a number of large trout which were concentrated in the mouth of one of the small cold streams make the water fairly boil in their anxiety to escape, because a fly was caught on an overhanging bush; yet these same trout had submitted in the previous thirty minutes to the most incautious movements of two fishermen in a canoe who were casting with difficulty in a heavy wind and without science or landing net, and were taking at regular intervals from their midst, one of their protesting companions.

And so I could continue with the stories which every trout fisherman has experienced; and it is because we never know what is in store for us that makes us spend our winters in thinking of the pools where we will try for our trout the following summers—and the summers in fulfilling the winters' promises.



A four pound trout was hooked just after this picture was taken on the Little Current River, Ontario.

Scientific Angling

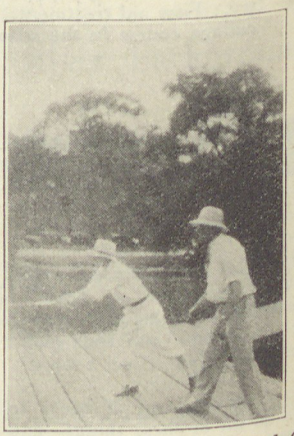
(Continued from page 51)

not only his ability but his judgment, and his object is to cast as close to his selected handicap as possible and not to make as few demerits as in the regular game. If the scoring judges at end of contest show a score the same as the handicap the caster has a perfect score. If one, or two, away from his handicap the score is 99 or 98.

The winners of the meet were:

	Handicap	Demerits	
J. B. Nystrom	45	45	Perfect Score
M. B. Cooley	45	45	Perfect Score
E. Lambert	35	36	99

Four others were tied with Lambert, while fifteen of the contestants cast within five points of that handicap. The winners are not the leaders in regular contests but their skill and judgment were superior. Mr. Zuster, 955 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, will be glad to give further information as to the system.



P. S. Gilbertson of the Lincoln Park Casting Club casting Distance Fly.

The contest at the West Side pool resulted in a win for our National Secretary, Frank Leach, who led his club with only two demerits, but everybody knows that one turkey will not do for Frank, so another contest was staged with a goose as a prize, and Frank won again by the same score.

The Illinois Club recently elected Alvin McCombs president for 1930, with Euett Gates again serving as Secretary.

A new member, Weaver, was the winner of the Club's Turkey Shoot, and in addition the captaincy of the Club for the coming year was wished on him.

"Unaccustomed as I am—

"I . . . er, er . . a . . . don't know just what to say on the subject."
"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."
"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."
"Er . . . that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."

...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words.*

* * *

For fifteen years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a natural gift of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply quickly the natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

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Have you an open mind? Then send for this free book, *How to Work Wonders With Words.* Over 65,000 men in all walks of life—including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men—have found in this book a key that has opened a veritable floodgate of natural speaking ability. See for yourself how you can become a popular and dominating speaker! Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of the coupon.

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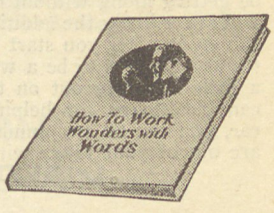

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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

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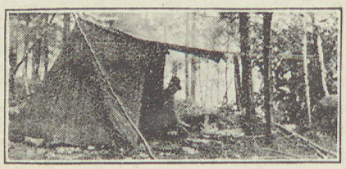
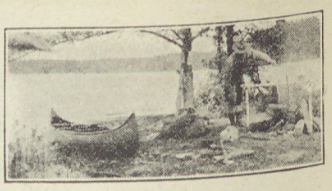


Camping

Where • When How



This department belongs to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about* how *to camp, or about* when and where. *If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.*

Camp Questions

Axe or Hatchet?

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I always carry a hatchet when on camping trips, but I have noticed that the professional campers, such as foresters and the like, always carry a large axe in the northwoods. Do you consider a large axe necessary, and do you recommend a double or single bit? I notice most of these men carry a double bit axe. What is the advantage of them, and how do you drive stakes with them?

R. R. Richards.
Indianapolis.

I wouldn't go camping anyplace without a fair sized axe. Not a huge one, but one weighing two and a quarter pounds. These are the kind that your men up north carry. They are a little more trouble to carry than a hatchet, but a hatchet is a tool for puttering around and an axe is one for making yourself comfortable in the woods. My preference is a double bit axe, two pounds, with a leather sheath for the head. I drive tent stakes with the flat side of it, although I realize this is dangerous. It's the only thing to do if that's the axe you carry.

The advantage of the double bit is that you use one edge for rough work and keep one edge keen for fine cutting. And the balance of the axe, for some reason, seems to be better.

A hatchet is too large to be used as a knife and too small to be used as an axe, and I gave up trying to use one after my first few tries. An axe is the handiest thing you can take on any trip. You may be getting along without one now, but you will never know the additional comfort you can enjoy after you start using one. Your firewood ceases to be a worry, you can do a little brushing out on the portages, you can cut stakes for helping un-mire your car, you can do any number of things that are out of your range with a hatchet.

DUSTY WATERS.

Camping in Quebec

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I wish to take a few days' camping trip next September in the beautiful Gaspe Peninsula. What clothing would you recommend? What kind of a tent would be best for a party of three? Do you have to have a permit to enter the Quebec woods at that time of the year?

J. Clive Briand.
Douglastown, Que., Canada.

The month of September is one of the most enjoyable to spend in any section of the great Canadian woods. You will find the days warm and comfortable, but late afternoon and evening rather crispy. Therefore, it is necessary to tote two complete sets of clothing to comply with the warmth of the day and the chilly atmosphere of early morning and evening. I will suggest for all around wear, a pair of leather top, moccasin foot, boots. One pair medium weight wool socks and one pair heavy lumberman's wool socks. Whipcord breeches, heavy lumberman's shirt, medium weight khaki shirt, leather jacket or light-weight wool pull-over sweater, V neck. A couple of light-weight wool or khaki shirts might also come in handy. The usual felt hat or cap worn by the outdoorsman will suffice. The light-weight silk and wool underwear, long legs, short sleeves, will be ideal.

The light-weight items mentioned should be worn during the daytime, while the heavy clothing for early morning and late afternoon wear. I have found a pair of moosehide moccasins excellent for wearing in my canoe or about camp at night. A light-weight slicker or raincoat should also be among the items.

As I note you intend to travel by automobile, I suggest that you use the modern umbrella type tent, as same can be easily carried on your running board or bumper and is very compact when folded. The poles of the tent are also collapsible, which also adds to its compactness. If there are only two in the party, the cruiser or surveyors' tent would be excellent. A tent of this nature can be easily put up with the ropes that accompany it, and just a few small poles cut from the woods are necessary to hold it rigid. Both types of tents recommended come of the waterproof, mildewproof and bugproof variety, having a heavy canvas floor of waterproof material sewed in. If you intend to stay any length of time in your outdoor home, it might be well to tote along an extra wall tent or tarpaulin which can be used as a grub tent. Rainy weather makes trying to live in a small tent very disagreeable, hence, the recommendation of an additional grub tent.

You do not have to have a permit to enter the woods, necessarily, in any section of Canada, providing you do not carry firearms and abide by the laws prevailing in Canada. However, as you will be going in September, you will be able to enjoy some excellent waterfowl shooting as well as big game. Hence, I suggest that you equip yourself with hunting licenses, as well as fishing licenses, in order to eliminate any possible chance of violating the game law.

CAL JOHNSON.

Camp Cooking

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I have tried to use a reflector for baking biscuits in camp, but I cannot make it work. The first biscuits got all black from the smoke, and do not seem to cook thoroughly. I used the baker according to directions, being sure that the fire has been reduced to a solid bank of coals before using it.

B. K. W.

Your trouble is that you let the fire reduce itself to a bed of coals. The reflector oven requires a high flaming fire of any wood other than pine, which produces a sooty smoke. The fire should be built against a rock wall or a backlog, and should be burning furiously when the reflector is placed facing it. Too many campers who use a reflector for the first time make the mistake of supposing that the heat must come from below. As a matter of fact, more than one-half of the baking is done by heat that is in the upper half of the oven. Trying to bake from below makes the bottoms of the biscuits hard and tough without thoroughly cooking the upper parts. The trouble might also be in your recipe. Herewith are three recipes that have been tried out thoroughly which I suggest you use on your next trip.

Baking Powder Bread

Flour, 1 pint; sugar, 1 tablespoonful; baking powder, 1 heaping teaspoonful; salt, 1 teaspoonful; cold water, 1 cupful. Mix by stirring with a spoon the baking powder, sugar, salt, and flour together; then add water enough to stir the mixture into a thin batter. Pour into a well-greased pan and put into the baker. Never knead this kind of bread. If the dough sticks to a sliver stuck into the bread, it is not yet done.

Camp Biscuits

For one dozen use the ingredients as given above, adding three-fourths teaspoonful of cold grease, as lard, pork fat, etc., to the mixture. Mix the grease in well so that no lumps remain and no grease sticks to the pan. Enough water is added to make a stiff dough. Now sprinkle the flour on the dough, mixing pan and hands, and with the roller (may be made out of a sapling) roll out to a three-quarter inch thickness. Cut the biscuits with the lid of the baking powder can and put them into a well-greased bake pan and set before the fire.

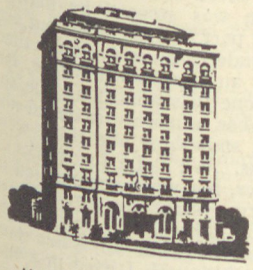
Army Bread

This is easy to mix, is made without grease and keeps fresh for a long period, and will not dry up or mold. It is good when laying in cold, and is just the thing when it is a supply for a week. For routine it is the best of the baking powder products. Take of flour, 1 quart; salt, 1 teaspoonful; sugar, 1 tablespoonful; baking powder, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls. Mix 1½ pints of cold water to make a thick batter and pour out level into the pan. Bake forty-five minutes, or until a sliver will not stick in the dough.

Hotel Floridan,
Tampa

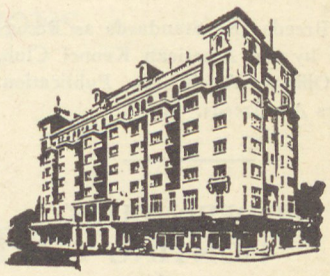
The Pleasure of Traveling . . .

Hotel Tampa Terrace,
Tampa



Hotel Sarasota Terrace,
Sarasota

The pleasure of traveling in Florida is greatly enhanced now that the visitor can stop in the leading resort centers always at hotels under one efficient management. At all times you will find the same excellent service pleasantly rendered—the same thoughtful provisions for your comfort in these seven thoroughly modern hotels.



Hotel Manatee River,
Bradenton

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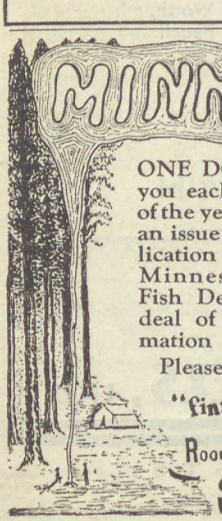

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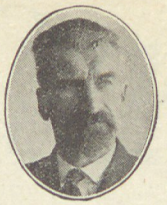

Murdo Gibson's Letter from the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods.

KING WINTER, my dear Waltonians, is now firmly established in this portion of his realm and, already, has wrought marvelous transformations on all the surroundings. As a landscape artist and architect, that rompish monarch is unsurpassed. Although his color masses are generally confined to variant tints and shades of white and green, myriads of prismatic jewels sparkle iridescently and illuminate, with carnival-like gayety, those surfaces that, otherwise, might show a rather tiresome uniformity. Everything in the Northland, from the symmetrical perfection of the individual snowflake to the stupendous grandeur of the towering iceberg; from the fantastic frescoes and latticework on roof and walls of snow mantled evergreen forest, to the intricate traceries on windswept plains; everything in Nature evinces the exquisite artistry of our jovial, beauty-loving sovereign.

On arrival, it is his custom to spread a bafflement of thin ice around "my" island and keep me in solitary confinement for about three weeks. But, from oft-repeated experience, I have learned that such imprisonment is more of a privilege than a misfortune. Also, that the temporary bafflement will, by the middle of December, become a peerless highway, over which I can go and come as and when I wish.

Those who have seen King Winter only in the lower latitudes, can hardly imagine what a splendid fellow he really is. There, he feels as out of place as a sucker on a sandbar, and shows few, if any, of his charming characteristics. In hostile territory he is more than likely to be irascible, hysterically temperamental and altogether disagreeable.

Outdoorsmen of the north country have a very high opinion of him. In spite of the ruffianly manner he sometimes assumes, we know he is a beneficent despot, habitually kind and but seldom rude. We know he possesses qualities as admirable, as pleasing, and is as exquisitely artistic as either Spring, Summer or Autumn. Furthermore, we know he gives us immunity from many annoyances and stimulates us to a pitch of endeavor unattainable at any other season.

However, there are large portions of his realm totally unsuited to permanent human habitation. To discourage us from settling there, he scourges those places with bitter, long-continued cold and terrific blizzards that would daunt anyone not obsessed by a maniacal lust for pelf, or an equally strong passion for extraordinary adventure. Dense stands of thrifty timber mark the districts he considers fit for us, so those who venture into the winter barrens have ample warning and must accept full responsibility for their own rashness.

Literature and tradition are crowded with lurid tales of hardship and privation endured by invaders of these "forbidden" areas. Some, no doubt, are based on facts but the greater number originated in the imaginative minds of mere yarners, who never experienced the conditions they so graphically describe, and whose sole intention is to entertain credulous sensation lovers.

Professional story writers seldom record ordinary happenings. It is the bizarre, the unusual, that gets into print, and, because most of us "know only what we read in the papers" those highly colored and usually grotesquely exaggerated narratives are largely responsible for widespread misconceptions regarding our northern climate. Having spent nearly a score of delightful winters in our timbered northland, I feel qualified to testify in its behalf and justified in protesting vehemently against its traducement.

Last winter, Lake of the Woods was in the path of but two snowstorms and neither of them would have kept a prairie girl from walking to school. At no time was there more than ten inches of snow in the sheltered woods, and its average depth was less than seven inches. Auto travel across the lake was stopped by thawing weather during part of December, but was practically unhindered by snow at any time.

True, it was an exceptional winter, but the preceding one was almost as fine for camping. Timber cruisers traversed the forests without snowshoes and there were very few storms. We had a few weeks of sub-zero weather, but when not exposed to wind, even mercury-freezing temperatures (42 below zero, Fahrenheit) do not prohibit outdoor activities or enjoyable evenings in camp. Although I lived in a tent throughout both winters, I feel quite sure the average Chicago householder who tended his own furnace, suffered more from cold in a single week than did I during a total of ten months in winter quarters. My single "room" could be superheated in five minutes, regardless of outside temperatures; his suite or house, *might* be comfortably warm shortly after he left for his place of business.

The number of Waltonians who are learning that winter camping in a forested wilderness has infinite possibilities for wholesome fun, is increasing rapidly, but the majority are still very skeptical about it. Nothing but personal experience will convince them that frost, ice and snow do not preclude camping comfort and outdoor sports. If those doubting Thomases could be induced to experiment with a few week-end trips to well selected camp sites, and to get expert advice on suitable equipment, they would soon become enthusiastic, all-year campers and feel sorry for their timid, fair-weather brothers of the rod, axe and gun fraternity.

As for me, I am all ready for another winter in the wilderness and looking forward to it with the keenest possible relish. Good King Winter, I know, will amply compensate me for everything I must lose by his coming. I do not fear him. On the contrary, I love every hair in his hoary whiskers. But I do not flout him; therefore, I prepare for the conditions he imposes. In this there is no trace of dread, or anxiety, and as little foreboding of hardship as Miss Fluffy Ruffles feels when she contemplates her annual trip to California.

At this writing the lake ice is safe for any sort of travel; the snow in sheltered woods is twelve inches deep and temperatures have been ranging from twenty degrees above to twenty below zero.

Such conditions are seasonable and eminently satisfactory for out of door living in this region. My roomy, well banked tent is efficiently heated by a capacious box-stove, and the crude furniture is ample for my needs and convenience. I find neither hardship nor discomfort indoors or outside, and time passes with incredible rapidity.

Murdo Gibson, Outdoor America's ambassador to the wilderness, has for two and a half years been living in a tent in the Superior Forest. This is the third consecutive winter he has camped there alone.

His monthly letters to Outdoor America's readers telling of his solitary forest life are engrossingly interesting, recounting as they do, the experiences and thoughts of this remarkable man in his unusual life.

Dear Murdo Gibson:

Just thought I would drop in to your campfire, in spirit, and say hello.

There have been many snows since we have seen each other.

As to the cause of this unexpected visit—while camped on the bank of the Big River, about 300 miles below St. Paul, a hunter brought a bunch of magazines over to my fleet, and among them were a number of issues of "Outdoor America." Being somewhat of an Outdoor American myself, I picked up the February, 1929, issue and recognized, among the authors, a name that seemed very familiar, and a photo of a personage that was not a stranger to me. Hence this epistle.

I have acquired all the subsequent issues, to date. Murdo, I sure was pained to learn that you have had to give up your work on account of failing eyesight, but as I read article after article from your pen I feel rather envious of you.

There are times, and plenty of them, when I get so lonesome for the old North Woods, that I am sorely tempted to leave work and family and get back to the old game. I would almost give up everything just to spend a winter in the pines. My memories of the Great White Silence that is the North Woods in the calm of a winter night crowd upon me till the pain is almost physical and the surroundings of my every day life and my work become almost unbearable.

You are there, where I want to be, and your every sense drinks in the wonder and the glory and the grandeur of it all, while I must listen to the petty bickering of politicians, the squalling of the neighbors' kids, and the whole damn discord that makes up modern life in a small city. Hell! Murdo, if you can't see as well as you did thirty years ago you can hear and feel and remember.

You are lucky, Lad, you are lucky. You have the sturdy Scot's ancestry that laughs at trouble, bids misfortune welcome and throws her out on her ear, beats hard luck to the punch, and can see the Glory of God in the trees, the lakes and the hills. That is the heritage of your race. For yourself, you have a heart that is young enough to enjoy the hardships—so called—of primitive life and is also old enough to live on in the memories of the past. What a glorious bunch of memories you must have, of the States, Canada, the Yukon, the Klondike, of the lakes and woods and mountains. Murdo, you have them all, all that is worth while, all that is untouched with the taint of civilization. Do you wonder that I envy you?

My work for the past twelve years has been on the banks and bosom of the Father of Waters, trying to teach him to stay in his bed and to bring back the old days of steamboats. Sometimes it seems a hopeless task, a disagreeable task, but for some fool reason or other we still keep trying. And I miss, far more than I can tell, the tall pines that were my friends for so many happy years.

Well, I've got that out of my system; just wanted to say "Booshoo," so will hit the trail again. So long, and good luck.

W. M. M.

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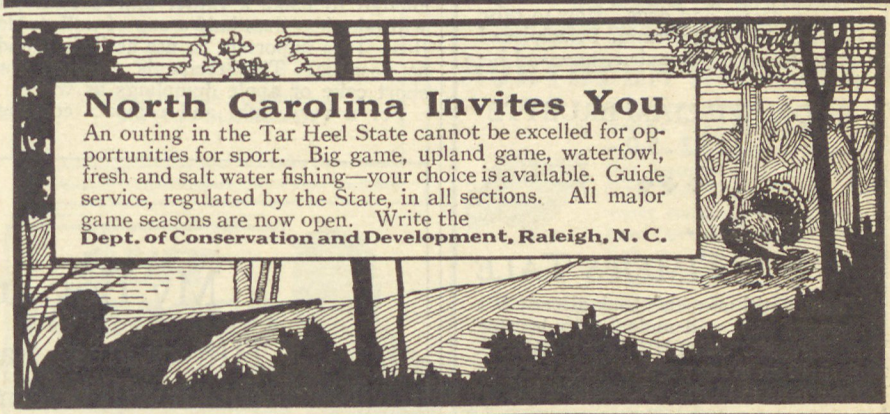
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Trips Afield with Boys

(Continued from page 42)

sticks. In either case it is well to fasten bits of bacon on the roast with small green wood skewers.

Steaks or chops may be grilled between two hot stones. The stones should be flat and dry without seams. It is also important to select stones that will not explode when heated. Sandstone and shale should never be used. Heat both stones in the fire, then place one of the stones on three rocks high enough so that a fire may be built under it. Place the chop on this stone and around it place smaller stones upon which the upper flat stone is to be placed. Cover the upper stone with live coals. Remove the chop when well browned.

Biscuit dough may be baked on a stick over the coals. Take a stick about two inches in diameter and three to four feet long. The best wood to use for this purpose is either hard or soft maple, since they have a sweet juice which will flavor the dough to some extent. Some trees have an acrid juice and they should be avoided. Shave the bark off this stick and hold it over the coals until it becomes so hot that the juice boils out of the end.

Have the dough ready and worked into a strip one half an inch thick and an inch wide. Wrap this spirally about the hot stick, being sure to bring each end of the dough around and unite so that it will not break loose when baking. Hold this over a bed of coals, turning it so that all parts of the dough are evenly heated. It should bake in about fifteen minutes. To make the dough, take one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, four level tablespoonfuls of butter. All measurements should be level. In mixing this it should be kept as cool as possible, so that it is not advisable to mix with your hands. There are other reasons why this is not good form in the woods! The butter should be cut into the flour with a table knife until the mixture looks like bread crumbs, then add milk enough to make a rather stiff dough. It will take less than half a cup of milk to do this. It is important to use as little liquid as possible. This recipe is splendid for short cake or apple dumplings as well.

For a very light and compact cooking outfit that will serve on overnight hikes there is a small one on the market. It consists of a small frying pan with a folding handle, a small pail, a pan and a cup which nest together and fit into a canvas bag. The one that I have used is made of aluminum. This metal retains the heat, so that you must be careful in drinking any hot liquid out of the cup. It has the advantage of being light, but is too easily dented. I believe that this kit is also made in tinned steel, and while somewhat heavier I think it would suit me better. There is also to be had a small cook kit for two persons, consisting of two cups, two small frying pans, a kettle and a grid which fold into a packet that may be slipped into one's pocket.

For more extended trips and particularly in a canoe where carrying is not so burdensome as where you have everything on your back, I prefer more cooking equipment. For my own use I have worked out a kit consisting of two frying pans that nest perfectly. Inside these fit four tin plates. These fit into one side of a box I made that is just high enough to hold them. There is room for a kettle of just the height of the diameter of the frying pans. Inside this fits my coffee pot, and inside the coffee pot nest the cups. I also have room for a larger pan that serves as a mixing and dish pan, and a smaller pail. In one corner is a compartment for knives, forks and spoons. I have salt in a bamboo joint, matches in a friction top tin can, and a pancake turner which has many uses besides that for which it is named. The box has a lid held down by a small hasp. Across the top I have a heavy strap which buckles near one end. The box is small enough so that when picked up by the strap it may be easily carried without striking your leg. In camp it is large enough to make a good seat, and in the spaces beside the dishes one can find room to tuck many small articles. The cracks are all filled with canoe glue, and it is painted with a waterproof paint so that it may be left out in the rain or fall in the river without harming the contents. Indeed it has had these very experiences many times. All these articles except the frying pans are steel with a heavy tin coating. It is very convenient to have everything that you need all ready packed in the attic in case you want to go in a hurry.

My Boy and I Contest

THIS contest has proved so popular that it will be continued until January 1, 1931. Three prizes will be given, 1st—$15.00, 2nd—$10.00, 3rd—$5.00.

Entrants must send outdoor photographs of themselves with their sons or daughters, accompanied by letters, not over 200 words in length recounting their experiences together in the outdoors.

What Will a Fish Eat?

By Mark Anderson

IT would seem from what we have observed that when a hungry snake meets a hungry fish it is merely a question of which can open his mouth widest and get on the outside quickest. Some years ago while fishing in Flat Creek in Jackson's Hole I caught a fair sized native trout with approximately ten inches of a water snake's tail end trailing from one corner of his mouth. The head end of the snake was found to be almost entirely digested.

Recently while fishing in Nebo Creek here in Utah I was startled by the sight of what I thought was a horrible reptile about three feet from the water's edge and partially hidden in the vegetation. Closer examination revealed that an ordinary sized water snake had just swallowed a very extraordinary sized bullhead tail first. Only the head and front fins of the Blob were protruding from the snake's badly stretched jaws. The bullhead was still alive with gills and mouth working, and the two fins sticking straight out from the corners of the snake's mouth did not add to the beauty of the snake-fish combination.

Native Trout

BRUSHY streams save the remnant of native trout. If it were not for the inaccessibility of a few of our streams, because of the overhanging thicket of willow, birch, alder, dogwood and wild rose, there would be slight chance for the native cut throat trout to withstand the excessive fishing of the present day. Of course the natives are still fairly abundant in some of our more remote mountain lakes but the most of our speckled natives that remain are the smaller variety that have adapted themselves to spending their entire life cycle in these small mountain streams with plenty of brush protection. So while you are crawling through the brush on your hands and knees and find that more than three feet of line is a handicap don't wish that all the damn' brush in the country would burn up or something. Without it there would be no little native trout to go after in these small streams. First because the brush checks and clarifies the flood waters and second because it is difficult to fish every inch of these brushy streams.

Women—Out of Doors

(Continued from page 39)

Just then the young son of the Mansion, Dan junior, gave us an audience. Smiles merged into a laugh as this small replica of his father, the Governor, brought the out of doors in—sunshine and fresh winds. The day was cold, for Texas, but Dan junior was going out.

Another caller was announced and received. And still Mildred Paxton Moody had no opportunity to change from her golf clothes. Calm, graciously cordial, this young woman reigns, with time for social duties and her personal friends and out of door pleasures. But before and above all else she is known as the wonderful mother in doors and out of doors to her sturdy young son.

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed By
Thomas Ambrose

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Ralph Cheyney

TO FAR WESTERN ALASKA FOR BIG GAME, *by Theodore R. Hubback, with 67 illustrations from photographs and 3 maps—decorated cloth, with dust jacket—8 v., 232 pp.—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York—1929. Buy through Outdoor America.*

THE author is English, but his roof tree is in the Malay Peninsula, whence "from lands of sun to lands of snow" upon two occasions he made the long, long journey from Singapore to Seward in quest of the Giant Moose of the Yukon, the Big Brown Bear, the Caribou, and the White Mountain Sheep.

He was fortunate in having capable guides and packers, and in following a route where several provident "roadhouses" afforded shelter and bases of supplies. He had no difficulty in filling his card with the legal limit of everything he went after, and he records his inexplicable misses as well as his successful shots.

But it must not be supposed that his was a mere holiday personally conducted jaunt. They towed a scow laden with 2,000 pounds of stores more than fifty miles up the icy waters of the Skwentna, and packed their duffle day after day through bogs and along difficult trails to the ultimate happy hunting grounds in the Kiskokwin River country, where they found game in abundance, apparently oblivious to the civilizing influence of the white man's high powered rifle.

It is an interesting narrative, and the numerous half tones from photographs are unusually good.

T. A.

ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU, *by Paul Eipper. Translated from the German by Patrick Kirwan. 32 full-page photographs by Hedda Walther—163 pages—6¼x9½—the Viking Press, New York, 1929. $3.00. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

AT the zoo do the creatures outside the cages look queer to those inside? Here's a book that may help you to decide.

William Blake speaks commiseratingly of those who see *"with, not through the eye."* Apropos of a flock of flamingos, Eipper remarks that "there are some things to be seen not only with the eye but with the soul." It is because Eipper sees with insight as well as sight that "Animals Looking at You" is so much more fascinating than the average book of nature lore. He adds love to lore, and is scientist, artist, poet and seer combined, justifying the great Gerhart Hauptmann's statement to him, "Marvelous how you have given the animals their souls, and your own too."

This book is clear-eyed, clear-headed pioneering in a field across the edges of which we have hardly stepped, the inner world—or worlds—of the other members of the animal kingdom. (Few of us have taken more than a few short steps into the inner worlds of the other members of our same species!) Constant, sympathetic but dispassionate contact with the living subject is required. It is so much easier to deal scientifically with dead specimens than live individuals. That Eipper made the friendships with animals which are the basis of his book of anecdotes and observations mostly in zoological gardens and menageries should impair its value little if at all, especially since it is the model Berlin Zoo in which most of his delightfully reported contacts have occurred.

Indeed, the photographs by Hedda Walther, the most remarkable still photographs of animals we have ever seen, could not have been taken anywhere in the world outside of a zoo, or similar guest-room man provides for his wilder brothers. And the photographs by themselves justify your adding the book to your library. You could well sacrifice almost any other book on animals published in a blue moon to make room for it.

And the word-pictures. . . . Well, here is another writer-scientist in a class with William Beebe! To quote all that should be quoted, we would need a volume of as many words as the book itself. What is really a bird's-eye view of man? How does the self-appointed king of animals look to his subjects? Well, turn to this masterpiece and experience the pose-shattering feeling of *animals looking at you.*

R. C.

DENIZENS OF THE MOUNTAINS, *by Edmund C. Jaeger, author of "Denizens of the Desert" and "The Mountain Trees of Southern California"—Illustrated by line drawings by Richard Allman and by more than twenty-five photographs—cloth—168 pages—Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill. — 1929 — $2.00. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

A CHARMING contribution to a shelf in the library of science that is too bare, a book redolent of the evergreens mantling the delectable mountains of the west, a fresh proof that keen observation is the chief secret of an interesting style as well as of science. If the "Nature Books" to come measure up to the standard of this introductory volume in text, format and delightful illustration, the inevitable gratitude of scientists and teachers will surely be shared by laymen who enjoy glimpsing nature behind the lines of a book.

This book is a magic box out of which merry chipmunks and chickadees, squirrels and other interesting mammals and birds of the mountains of the western United States scurry and enact the dramas of their lives. The racket-making wood rat, "that midget mountaineer, the cony," the quaintly-named and merry-mannered nuthatch and nutcracker, the fairy-like white-footed mouse, that gaudy ruffian of the wood, the blue-fronted jay, the gray fox with his "wonderful, sharp, piercing eyes," the curtseying water ouzel "wedded to wetness," and that unwelcome guest, the western striped skunk, are among the mountain-dwellers who disport through the pages of this book.

R. C.

MY TROPICAL AIR CASTLE—*Nature Studies in Panama, by Dr. Frank M. Chapman, Curator of Birds, American Museum of Natural History—with numerous drawings by Francis L. Jaques and more than fifty photographs by the author—417 pp.—1929—D. Appleton and Co., New York—$5.00—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

LIT with "the supernal light of a tropical afterglow," this book by America's Ambassador to Birdland and favorite interpreter of birds to us, Dr. Frank M. Chapman, is vocal with the sounds and vivid with the sights of the tropics—to be specific, of Barro Colorado, an island in the Panama Canal Zone, more fascinating than any fairyland of fancy.

Tropical birds songless? Not so, declares Dr. Chapman—and proceeds to tell us of "the appealing trills of the Tinamous, the booming of Pigeons and crooning of Doves, the hooting of Motmots, the cowing of Trogons, the weird notes of Goatsuckers, loud cries of Guans and Toucans, screams of Parrots, whistles of Wrens and Woodhewers, and piping of Antbirds." He points out that "where a northern woods is vocal with songsters whose notes charm us with their cheerful friendliness, sheer beauty, or spiritual quality, the prevailing tone of a chorus of tropical forest birds is weird and rather sad." He speaks of the song of the two-toed Anteater, "in all the world of birds or man I have heard none sweeter or sadder . . . one thinks of it as a woman's voice—a deep, mellow contralto calling in hopeless grief," of the wood quails that give duets and of Lawrence's Cacique, "a self-conscious musical poseur."

But birds are not the only population of Barro Colorado. One cannot overlook the sniffling, snuffling coatis that carry their jaunty tails like question marks and curl their noses in contempt at their brothers. Dr. Chapman tells nothing that throws light on a characteristic of a coati in the London zoo and another in the Philadelphia zoo. To each of these coatis, the only coatis I have ever been on speaking terms with, I presented a wad of cotton saturated with rather delicate perfume. Each was delighted with the gift and straightway rubbed his tail with it.

One of the most noteworthy attractions of this engrossing book is the remarkable series of photographic self-portraits by pumas, peccaries, ocelots, tapirs, bats, an opossum, agouti, tayra and coatis. These flashlight photographs enable us to see through the dark how the night-prowlers look when freely following tropic trails.

"Does the turkey buzzard follow his nose?" is one of the living puzzles the author sets himself to solving. The answer as discovered by Dr. Chapman is that it does make "a *discriminating* use of its senses of sight and smell," being a wise bird. After watching with Dr. Chapman one has a new respect for it—and much less respect for the old saying that familiarity breeds contempt.

R. C.

COASTWISE CRUISING, *by Francis B. Cooke—Illustrated with twenty charts and ten sketches of beacons and lighthouses—212 pages—Edward Arnold & Co., London, —England—Longmans, Green and Co., New York—1929—$5.00. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THE subtitle of this book is review enough: *"From Erith to Lowestoft."* If you want to climb aboard a yacht at mast-forested Erith and cruise to cozy Lowestoft, here is the book for you; it will make you coast-wise. But you must first board an ocean liner and travel to good old London.

R. C.

NOTE THE NEW TITLES!

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY *Dog Editor Outdoor America*

Random Dog Notes

WHEN the season for hunting game birds with bird dogs is in full sway, more strange ideas are expressed by lovers of the long and short haired fraternity than at any other period because hunters and field trial devotees meet and let loose upon one another not only their actual experiences but pet hobbies of thought, which they have carefully nursed for years.

One little opinion was only recently expressed to me and it excited personal comment because I had not heard it for a long time. Among a gathering of sportsmen, the word rabies came up. Immediately a venerable looking old fellow with unmitigated conviction on his face declared severely that you could invariably tell which puppy, at birth, would never go mad. I expected his answer when the "Which's" were flung back at him with the abandon of those who want a reply right away. With a grave face he told them that any puppy having dew-claws would never be afflicted with rabies. When I laughed internally it was not at the advisor, but at myself, for when I was a boy, I firmly believed the same thing.

Personally I am a great believer in breeding, good breeding, which necessarily obtains proper selection of blood lines of performing families for generations back as far as separate breeds of bird dog are endorsed by a stud book. Pedigree has always been regarded by the writer with biblical devotion, particularly when all included in it have been doers. I never got such a shock in my life as when once I came in contact with a man who had far more faith in actually recorded ancestry than I. His belief in pedigree positively defied credulity. He had engaged me to train his young dog. The animal he delivered in person was a merry going, little, pure white, snipey-nosed setter. I happened to look at its gums and, seeing how pale they were, I told the beaming owner that the young animal was afflicted with worms. Whereupon, he turned on me indignantly and said that such a thing was impossible because it was registered in the field dog stud book.

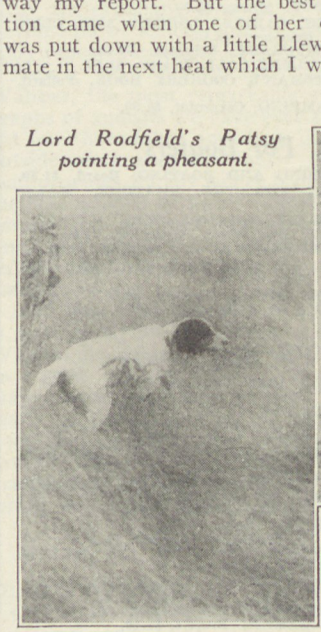
Perhaps more personal questions come to me about a certain Irish setter bitch than any animal of that breed, or other breeds. When you get among a bunch of the younger generation of dog men they pepper a fellow with questions and from then on you marvel how they ever have the time to read so much dog stuff. I wish this Irish setter had been a field trial champion or at least had one of the open, big circuit, all-age stakes, for clever advertising has produced the notion among many that she has such outstanding wins to her credit. She is, to tell the truth, or was, nothing but a good, merry shooting dog performer of fair ability for numerous amateur and kindred stakes. I must say I saw her put down only twice, and saw nothing great in her. But, at that, field trial dogs perform well one day and on the next are likely to flop when you most want them to do their best.

On the occasion when her name was brought to me publicly for comment, the younger generation who possessed her blood likes emphatically insisted that she had won in nothing but open events and ultimately won a championship. I had to tell the painful truth that such was not the case, and her possession of actual class of that type was but a fanciful notion. It looked as if a fight were going to be staged in which I was to be an active performer, until a big, sturdy old friend of mine who had judged her running told the truth about her, which corroborated in every way my report. But the best corroboration came when one of her descendents was put down with a little Llewellyn brace mate in the next heat which I was assisting in judging at one of the best field trial courses I have ever seen. The thirty-five-pound Llewellyn ran rings around the touted red prospect and out-birded it in every way.

This season is not different from others. Since September I have been afield, in contact with sportsmen and their dogs, beginning in New Brunswick and Quebec woodcock and grouse shooting, in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and now, at the time of writing, in Oklahoma, I have heard all about the best dog in the world and seemingly, with few exceptions, everybody, at one time or another, possessed it. Owning the best dog is ineradicable with most men; it is the combined traditional love and faith in your own dog from constant companionship, inability to realize the merits of others or the possibility of one being able to surpass your own.

In the shiney, sage and plum thicket, prairie country in which I hunted the first day with a group of sportsmen, five dogs were down all the time, and each owner, save one, had the best dog going. I was very much attracted by the looks of a pale young, lemon and white, pale yellow eyed, upstanding pointer. He was somehow excluded from the class of the best dogs in the world. Nevertheless, he attracted me all the time on account of his beautiful, independent going, his style and real gameness. Furthermore, he could cover worlds of territory at a fast clip and do it in a sensible manner. I saw no fault in the dog, barring the forgivable one in youth of chasing cottontails a few times, yet he found birds and held them nicely. What puzzled me most, none of the owners of this greatest dog in the world could see him at all, and his owner was the only one of the quiet type. He was observing, listening and saying nothing, but watching his animal carefully. I could not help laughing at all the owners of the best dog in the world when their pets encountered the open sand burr fields and were forced to cross them. They suffered greatly, limping and most painfully achieving the hazard at the slowest of gaits, yet not one owner expressed a word of praise in favor of the lemon and white when he ran speedily over the terrible going of sand burrs without once showing that they could in any way reduce his speed and display of guts under the most trying circum-

Lord Rodfield's Patsy pointing a pheasant.



Seth Gordon and his daughter Phyllis with their Llewellyn, Lord Rodfield's Patsy.

Mrs. Ozark Ripley with the pointer Ozark Ripley's Jingo.

stances. The way he found birds and held them was enough to make any sportsman long to own him.

You can anticipate most everywhere when you meet dyed-in-the-wool shooting dog fans that they will relate incidents of their great canine possessions and one of them will, as sure as anything, tell you about the great scenting ability of an animal he once owned and for proof cite the inevitable incident of its pointing another bird while it still held the bird it had retrieved in its mouth. First of all, this feat certainly indicates nothing in the way of great scenting ability, but rather, depends a good deal on the way the opportunity comes. A stone dead bird emits very little, if any, scent to interfere with another bird. And lots of these crack dead bird finders that are praised for their supposed scenting ability depend more on sight than nose to accomplish this trick. The majority of really great dogs prefer to hunt live birds than to hunt dead, and actually suffer quite a mental strain when they are forced to do the latter.

Some of the worst dubs I ever owned almost daily performed the feat of pointing singles with a dead bird in the mouth. But the contrary, of course, may be the case at times. I had a very oversized pointer that did it regularly. Otherwise he was a dub. He always hunted his scattered or dead birds in timbered cover more with his eyes than with his nose. He had no speed and so little bird sense that I wanted to be rid of him locally. His faults were so obvious that I could not offer him for sale, and among my friends it was impossible to wish him on them, since they were all too well aware of his frailties. He was at home waste material, eating up what would maintain a good dog.

Fortunately came a quail hunter whom I had to guide, and this dog was forced into the day's service for I had no other available. Then came an opportunity to give him away. When the old dub pointed a single while he carried a dead bird in his mouth in the act of bringing it to the master, the latter raved so much over what he considered a wonderful feat, I suddenly developed a bigness of heart that immediately made me give him the pointer, declaring that a man who understood so much about dogs was entitled to him. He actually accepted him, and believed for years that dub was the real thing, never suspecting that I had given it to him because no dog man that I knew would accept him as a gift.

Field trials of late years have developed so many ramifications that it is difficult for a man who experienced them in past periods to anticipate which way they are trending. He finds himself in a debatable state as to whether some of the practices are of any value or not. The present day driven dog is the hardest thing to masticate mentally and then swallow without a choking sensation or at least voicing constructive or destructive criticism. It often brings up the question of whether men ought to be developed, or dogs. Whether a man is ranging well, or the dog.

Teaching a dog to range as far as feasible and as speedily, too, engenders the point of developing a running or getting farther away from the handler instinct more than the one of hunting. It will persist in running, which, in the judgment of many, deserves surpassing merits. Truly dogs, particularly puppy and derby entrants, are regularly placed as winners by this sort of going. So little attention is paid to *where* they hunt during the usual twenty minute or half hour heat that one can't help remarking that the practice is deplorable.

It is not the actual thing of racing wide

Letter from a Famous Scientist

Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA:

My attention has been called to statements on rabies made several times recently in your columns by Ozark Ripley, one of the associate editors of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Every intelligent lover of dogs will regret to see any writer for your magazine take a position so utterly inimical to the best interests of those animals. There is no question that every year thousands of valuable and cherished dogs in the United States die from this infection. The symptoms of this disease and the changes that are produced in the body organs are as definitely known as those of hog cholera or smallpox or any other infectious disease. Unless one is prepared to deny the existence of all infectious diseases and of all the other effects produced by microorganisms such as the souring of milk, the fermentation of apple juice and the spoiling of food, one will have to admit the reality of rabies in dogs and hydrophobia in man. Any attempt to shut one's eyes to the existence of rabies or any other infection can only involve dogs and their masters in misfortune. It is manifestly unfair to dogs not to make every effort to save them from this disease, either by various forms of quarantine, which have entirely done away with the disease in Great Britain and in some Scandinavian countries, or by preventive inoculation, which has been practiced successfully in Japan and some other localities. It is unfair to all friends of dogs to try to make them believe that there is no danger from the bite of a rabid animal when there are in the United States from 50 to 80 deaths of human beings annually from this frightful disease.

The "dumb rabies" of which Mr. Ripley writes is nothing but the well known paralytic stage of the infection in which, of course, the animal cannot stand, walk or bite; attempts to help a sick dog in this stage by removing a suspected "bone in its throat," etc., are highly dangerous and have often led to fatal infection of kindly dog-lovers. Human infection is not necessarily caused only by bites, but may also result when a rabid dog licks a hand on which there is a cut or abrasion.

The fact that a person bitten by a supposedly rabid animal does not always develop hydrophobia, of course, proves nothing. The animal may not have really been rabid—mistakes in diagnosis are always possible—no one is infallible. It is well known, also, that not all persons bitten by demonstrated rabid animals develop infection, partly doubtless because if the teeth pass through clothing much of the saliva is rubbed off before the teeth enter the skin.

Is it not the sensible thing to acknowledge the existence of a danger to dogs and men, face it coolly and try to protect our canine friends and ourselves in the best way we can, rather than to shut our eyes, hide our heads in the sand and cry out loudly that there is no danger?

Very truly yours,
EDWIN O. JORDAN,
University of Chicago.

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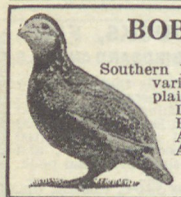

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that gripes so much as the fact that dogs winning through this are praised in the press despite their overlooking birdy territory. After being a quiet spectator at a number of trials of this sort, it is a puzzle to me how the press can report about dogs working birdy territory when the man doing the write-up was woefully deficient of knowledge of what was birdy territory in the region where the trials were conducted. So many call certain cover birdy territory when birds never feed or stay in that sort of cover, for a hundred obvious reasons, and those that happen to be there are found only by accident.

Curing the driven dog craze inspires certain ways of correcting it. It is against all modern ideas to suggest that all handlers be made to handle afoot. If such a proposition were offered as a remedy, immediately would return the old protest, and it has reality for proof, that dogs would not range so wide. With this suggestion in disfavor comes one whose sanity cannot be very well overlooked, and yet it will not in any way cramp a dog with natural ranging, going and bird finding qualities, and that is to penalize all handlers or pros who do not keep within a certain distance of the judges. In other words, let the dogs do the work of any type of going, instead of the handlers, and not leave the spectators with the impression that they are doing as much ranging as the dogs.

Right now at field trials one has to report on the quality of a point and the staunchness of a dog without giving the animal, in most cases, any opportunity to display it. Here is an example of the average deportment at the trials of today. The moment the announcement of: "Point, judge!" is heard, handlers, and judges, too, because they are forced to it, race like all sixty towards the pointing dog, and deprive the animal of a chance to display how long he would hold steady if the entire gallery, judges and handlers proceeded leisurely there, instead of making the pell-mell rush they now do.

The field trial bunch are surely a fine lot of sportsmen and welcome every sort of criticism for the benefit of their game. The Moses who can lead them out of some of their wilderness has not yet appeared, but when he does not only will he be received with open arms, but also he will have as his reward the tremendous achievement of developing better and brainier bird dogs instead of aimless runners.

Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

A FIGHT AND A CANKER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

About two weeks ago my bird dog had a fight with a supposed mad dog. I looked him over carefully but could not find even a scratch on him. I have tied him and don't want to turn him loose until I have some information about it. If he had bitten the dog and was not bitten himself would this make any difference? How long must I keep him up before I am sure he is all right?

Another dog I have has something wrong with his ears. One ear is split and I can't get it to heal. The other ear, he scratches all the time and whines when I rub it. What can I use to relieve this condition?

BILL COURTNEY,
Coalgate, Okla.

Dear Bill Courtney:

To satisfy yourself, keep your dog up for five weeks. Not much chance of his developing rabies. If he had bitten the dog and had not been bitten the disease could not be transferred in that manner.

Split ear seems to be a case of canker. Wash well with warm water and soap and then bathe with a 15% solution of phenol. Watch the other ear for inside ear canker—if discharge appears blow into it powdered boracic acid after syringing it out with castile soap and warm water.

OZARK RIPLEY.

PILES OR FISTULA

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer dog 17 months old. I think he has a case of piles.

Some months back he was troubled with constipation and I gave him castor oil several times which apparently relieved the situation. About two weeks ago in running him in the field he became very slow after about 5 minutes of running and seemed to work in much difficulty, carrying his tail with a crook towards the ground and he has been carrying it in the same fashion since. I immediately took him up and noted that the rectum was irritated and slightly protruded. I feed a prepared cereal dog food, and I have been using pile remedies with no results. Is a case of piles unusual for a dog to have? No one I know seems to have heard of it before. Will you kindly diagnose and advise what treatment you think best?

H. J. NELSON,
Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Nelson:

Doubtless your dog is developing a case of fistula. Feed soft foods for a while, especially at night, and give a tablespoonful of cod liver oil twice a day. Wash parts with warm water and castile soap. Apply resinol ointment twice a day in rectum. Do not give dog hard exercise until well. Certainly dogs are afflicted at times with such ailments as humans. Keep on the watchout for worms.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WASHING AND FEEDING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I would like some information on the care, training and diet of a Water Spaniel (liver and white). How can one keep her coat nice and glossy? I bathe her about once a month in soft water and a good soap, but do not know how to comb, or take care of it afterward. This dog is a year and a half old, and has been spayed.

I enjoy your section of Outdoor America immensely.

R. M. REED,
Faribault, Minn.

Dear Doctor Reed:

Feed your dog a balanced ration about one half meat and one half cereals, and some vegetables cooked in. Table scraps form a good feed, provided poultry bones and the like are kept out of it, and you have sufficient.

Use every day a very coarse brush for the coat. Sometimes the cheap scrubbing brushes with long fibre make the best. Give plenty of exercise, and when you wash with soap and water use any soap that is not caustic in action.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SORE EYES

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Cocker Spaniel dog three years old that has a white scum forming on one eye. Would like to know what could be done for it.

L. L. DALE,
Pasco, Washington.

Dear Mr. Dale:

If the eyes do not yield within fifteen days, bathing twice a day with a saturated solution of boracic acid, write me again.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SLIPS HIS COLLAR

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I recently purchased a pointer dog and he has a habit of slipping his collar. I have tightened it until I am afraid to tighten it more. I had a harness made and when I put it on him, he stood for about five minutes then crowded his fore-legs together and pulled it off as though it were an undershirt. If I should put a choke collar on him would there be danger of his choking himself to death?

E. F. HULMAN,
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Mr. Hulman:

You can safely put a spike choke collar on the dog, using a string or rubber elastic to hold it set so that it won't release or slip off. Then chain dog with it and observe him. Unless he is the most violent fellow, I am sure that he

will not choke to death for the spikes ought to punish him sufficiently to make him yield, and in time he can be depended upon to stay put in any collar. Lead him around awhile with the force collar before he is permitted to remain alone chained, and then keep him under observation and see how he reacts to it.

OZARK RIPLEY.

RUNNING AND BARKING FITS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a beautiful Springer Spaniel, age 7 months. He gets running and barking fits, and I'm at my wit's end what to do as I've tried many things and followed advice of many supposed to be dog authorities. He had three today, and annoys not only my family, but the neighbors with his noise when in a spell.

Please tell me what's the best thing to do and I'll follow your advice. He does not have worms for he has been properly treated for them. He is languid and has no "pep" at all lately. He has a fair appetite and drinks fresh water readily.

CHARLES A. HANES,
Ambler, Pa.

Dear Mr. Hanes:

Doubtless the running fits are caused by the presence of hook worms. I would immediately worm the dog for them with one of the tetraclorythelene preparations advertised in the columns of Outdoor America. You cannot tell their presence in the stools with the naked eye, but doubtless a microscopic examination would reveal them.

Whether the dog has worms or not, keep him on a diet composed of at least two-thirds fresh meat, for at least thirty days. Also give him cod liver oil. Doubtless he will get over it.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WHELPED TOO SOON

Dear Ozark Ripley:

On August 11th, my bitch Gentry Doon Babe whelped eleven days before time from some unknown cause. Since then although she seems to be in good health she has had a white mucous discharge. Will you give me a probable cause, a remedy and advise whether it will have any bad effect on future breeding?

J. J. CLINTON,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Mr. Clinton:

Cannot tell exact cause of your bitch's miscarriage. It may have been due to violent exercise, jumping or something of the kind. The discharge can be checked with douches of 5% phenol and warm water.

Probably it will have no effect on her future breeding, but when she is in whelp again would guard against making her jump over high fences, climbing, or any violent exercise.

OZARK RIPLEY.

1930 EVENTS

National Field Trial Championship Association, Grand Junction, Tenn., January 20. C. E. Buckle, secretary.

Pinehurst Field Trial Club, Pinehurst, N. C., January 26. Leonard Tufts, secretary.

National Field Trial Club, Union Springs, Ala., January 27. R. J. Goode, secretary.

Continental Field Trial Club, Union Springs, Ala., February 5. F. L. Hadkins, secretary.

Grand American Championship Field Trial Club, Holly Springs, Miss., February 17. E. B. Coe, secretary.

Central Alabama Field Trial Club, Selma, Ala., February 24. I. J. Hix, secretary.

Grand Junction Field Trial Club, Holly Springs, Miss., March 3. Webster Price, secretary.

Nashville, Tenn., is making great preparations to entertain the foxhunters during the National Field Trials and renewal of the ninth Chase Futurity the week of November 18th to the 23rd. Everything is being planned for the foxhunters' pleasure and comfort and the greatest field trials ever held is anticipated.

This will be the first time a field trial has ever been held in a paneled country and, in addition, there is an abundance of fox in this territory. With this combination we cannot see how it would be possible to have a more perfect set-up.

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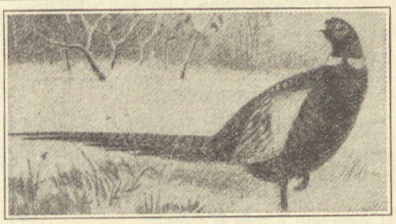

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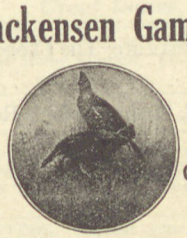

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

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FEBRUARY, 1930, ISSUE

Help Waltonism! Patronize the Advertisers Who Help Support Your League!
Mention OUTDOOR AMERICA in Writing to Advertisers!

ARMS, AMMUNITION AND ACCESSORIES

Black Products Co. 57
Hoppe, Inc., Frank A. 57
Ithaca Gun Co. 57
Lefever Arms Co. 56
Stoeger, Inc., A. F. 55
Three-In-One Oil Co. 55
Winchester Repeating Arms Co. . . . . II Cov.

BINOCULARS, TELESCOPES AND COMPASSES

Benner & Co. 57

BOATS AND CANOES

Acme Boat Co. 48
Kennebec Canoe Co., The. 51
Kidney & Sons, Inc., Dan. 50
Old Town Canoe Company. 51
Pioneer Manufacturing Company. 51
Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co. . . 48

CAMPING EQUIPMENT

Gold Medal Folding Furniture Co. 69

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

See Pages 77, 78, 79, 80.

FISHING TACKLE

Bevin Wilcox Line Co., The. 60
Enterprise Mfg. Company, The. . . . 1
Hildebrandt. 60
Huntington, L. B. 60
Pflueger Fishing Tackle. 1
Weber Lifelike Fly Co. 59
Willmarth, J. F. 60

KENNELS, LIVE STOCK AND SUPPLIES

Allston Squab Co. 74
American-Mexican Bird & Animal Co. 75
American National Fox & Fur Breeders Association. 73
Bakko's Gold Seal Rabbitry. 73
Bear, L. J. 73
Bogle, M. E. 74
Comrade Farm Kennels. 73
Crowe Animal Co., The. 73
Fox Farm, The. 74
Grousehaven Farms. 74
Indianfield Pheasantry. 75
Johnson, Earl. 74
Mackensen, Wm. J. 75
Montcalm Game Farm. 75
Outdoor Enterprise Co. 74
Perfection Foods Co. 73
Plymouth Rock Squab Co. 74
Ransom Fur Farm. 74
Sinclair, Mr. 74
Wisconsin Aquatic Nurseries. 73

MISCELLANEOUS

Audubon Bird Cards. 48
Inkograph Co., Inc. (Fountain Pens). . . . . IV Cov.
Keeley Institute, The (Tobacco Cure). 69
Landon & Warner (Men's Reducing Belt). 50
North American Institute (Course in Effective Speaking). 63
Sandfelder Co., The (Men's Reducing Belt). 55
Stilwell, L. W. (Arrow Points). 57

OUTBOARD MOTORS AND ENGINES

Johnson Motor Company. 49
Outboard Motors Corporation. . . . 47

PUBLICATIONS

American Fur Breeder. 73
Book Service Department. 71, 75
Doubleday, Inc., Nelson. 61
Fins, Feathers and Fur. 66
Game Breeder, The. 75
Hounds & Hunting. 73
Hunting & Fishing. 50
Maryland Conservationist. 60
Southwest Wilds & Waters. 69

RAILWAYS

Chicago & North Western Railway 69

RESORTS, CAMPS, HOTELS, GUIDES, PROPERTY

See Pages 65, 67, III Cover.

TAXIDERMY

Cownie Tanning Co. 57
Jonas Bros. 67
Northwestern School of Taxidermy 69

WEARING APPAREL

Filson Co., C. C. 57
Hookless Fastener Company. . . . 53

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Three ads for price of two! The lowest rate per word per thousand circulation offered by any A. B. C. outdoor publication. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 25th of the second month preceding date of issue to be used.

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Books and Publications

THRILLS!! Adventures! Gun Play! Every word of it true! Learn the inside story of the winning of the Wild West by a man who grew up with it. Learn how he captured a drink-crazed murderer unarmed. How he escaped from a living maelstrom of terror, surrounded by two thousand wild Texas long-horned cattle stampeded by a thunder storm. Read of forest fires that stretch for miles and tower higher than a sky-scraper! A dead deer comes to life! Wild Men and Wild Women in towns whose sole ruins are tons of broken glass from every kind of bottle that held red hot drinks. Be sure not to miss "The Old Timer's Tale" by El Comancho, the man whom Teddy Roosevelt envied. Get an autographed copy of this book signed by El Comancho himself by sending only $1.00 to Outdoor America Book Service Department, 549 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill. For other thrilling books see page 71. (2-2)

Coins—Curios—Antiques

OLD Money Wanted. $5 to $500 each paid for old coins. Keep all old money. Many very valuable. Get Posted. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book. 4x6. Guaranteed cash prices. We buy and sell. Coin Exchange, Box 41, Le Roy, N. Y. (6-4)

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GENUINE Small Type English Call Drakes $2.50 each, Mallard Hens $2.00, Drakes $1.25 each. Shipped C. O. D. C. G. Coffman, R. 2, Carthage, Illinois.

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ENGLISH Callers. Small type, $5 per pair. Guy Stubblefield, Woodson, Texas. (3-2)

Dogs

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CLASSY, pedigreed Airedale male puppies, $15. Prompt service, safe delivery guaranteed. Guy Dille, Ridgway, Ohio. (3-4)

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BEAGLES: Mature dogs, youngsters and puppies. Field trial caliber and A.K.C. stock. Buena Vista Beagles, Storm Lake, Iowa.

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BEAUTIFUL registered bull pups $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (6-4)

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CHAMPION Babe Barron Puppies sired by Thompson's Dakota Mack. Also two litters from good working stock. Texas Chesapeake Kennel, H. C. English, owner, Wichita Falls, Texas. (3-4)

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DALMATIANS. Guard home and automobile with a coach dog. Choice puppies for sale. Price reasonable. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-3)

COACH puppies at $25 and up. Beautiful black and white markings. Healthy. Eligible to registration. Mrs. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-4)

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REGISTERABLE puppies. Prices reasonable. Tanana Great Dane Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colo. (3-3)

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ALL kinds hunting hounds on trial. Write for prices. Blueticks, Blacktan, Redbones and Walkers. Ramsey Creek Kennels, Ramsey, Illinois. (3-3)

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COON, opossum, skunk, rabbit hounds, blacktans, blueticks, redbones; cheap; trial. Joe Sarver, Herrick, Ill. (3-3)

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed. Leichtle, Cold Spring, Ky. (3-3)

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

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ENGLISH Setter and Irish Water Spaniel Pups for sale. Papers furnished. Fred McGough, Pine River, Minn.

FOR Sale: German Police Dog registered, fine stud dog. $35.00. W. O. Ewinger, Burlington, Ia.

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BROKEN Pointer dog 3 years old, white and liver spotted, stanch on points, good nose, retriever, $75.00. Broken English Setter dog 3 years old, stanch on points, good nose, retriever, $75.00 C. O. D., 5 days' trial. You pay express charges. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn. (3-2)

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Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

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For other books on dogs see page 71. (3-3)

WANTED: Bird dogs for training, thirty-four years experience in developing shooting dogs on grouse, pheasant, quail. Excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

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"BAIT Casting," by William C. Vogt, Authority on overhead casting, striking and playing fish. Autographed. Send $2.50 for it today to Outdoor America Book Service Department, 549 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois. For other books on fishing see page 71. (3-3)

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BUY—Sell—Exchange. On approval. Dogs, Guns, Animals, Relics, etc. B. M. Wolfe, R. 1, Grant, Mich. (6-2)

Fur Farming

Mink

"MINK Farming" by Edwards. This plainly written, splendidly illustrated book is published to meet the demand for an authoritative guide on the subjects of building enclosures, dens, feeding, breeding and sanitation of mink. Only $1.00 from Outdoor America's Book Service Department, 549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. For other books on fur farming see page 71 of this issue. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Choice quality Dark Northern Mink. If it's quality dark breeding stock you want we have them. Booking orders for bred females for spring delivery. Prices and terms reasonable. Erdahl Mink Ranch, Blue Earth, Minnesota. (3-3)

MINK: The finest Yukon Mink raised in the climate where mink are at their best. Black Mink Fur Farm, Inc., 211 Truax Blk., Superior, Wisc. (3-2)

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MINK low price. Satisfaction or your money back. Union Fur Farm & Associates, Wadena, Minnesota. (6-5)

MINK priced to sell. Nova Scotia-Northern cross. Mrs. H. Crecelius, Volin, So. Dakota. (3-3)

MINK of quality. Priced right. Greenacres Fur Farm, Sioux Falls, So. Dak. (9x29)

Miscellaneous Fur Farming

"FUR Farming for Profit," by Frank G. Ashbrook, Chief of U. S. Division of Fur Resources. Up-to-date information on foxes, rabbits, martens, skunks, mink and every other fur-bearer suitable for fur-farming. Covers such subjects as choice of animals, breeding, feeding, housing, sanitation and handling and marketing fur. 300 pages, 135 illustrations. Invaluable to fur-farmers. Only $4.00 from Outdoor America Book Service Department, 549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. See page 71 for other books on fur-farming. (6-7)

Fur Farming

Miscellaneous Fur Farming—Continued

"RACCOON Raising," by Edwards. Well-written, well-illustrated authority on building enclosures, sanitation, dens, feeding and breeding of raccoons. Only $1.50 from Outdoor America's Book Service Department, 549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. For other books on fur farming see page 71 of this issue. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Jet Black Raccoons. Also Dark Northern. Having one of the largest ranches of its kind in the United States. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also Dark Northern Ranch raised mink. Silver, Cross and Red Foxes. Silver Tip Fox Ranch, Box 252, New Ulm, Minn. (3-4)

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MUSKRATS: Before buying, write for our proposition on pen raised stock. Large discount on orders booked now for marsh raised muskrats, spring delivery. Write for literature and trial offer on our live catch trap. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minn. (3-2)

LIVE Muskrats—Black or Brown. Prompt delivery. Order now to avoid being disappointed. We are experienced and reliable. Write for terms and prices. Large contracts and foreign orders solicited. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. J-2, Chester, Pa.

WISCONSIN Muskrats, Good Breeders, Excellent Animals. All our customers satisfied. $10.00 per pair. Ready for shipment March 1, 1930. The Maples, Rib Lake Muskrat Farm, Rib Lake, Wis. (3-4) E. A. Holden, Prop.

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FAMOUS Idaho Muskrats, Hudson Seal, ranch raised. Idaho Fur Ranches, Boise, Idaho. (3-3)

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OLD established breeders of high-grade rabbits, New Zealand Whites and Reds, Silver Black Fox, Chincillas. Send for literature. You will like our stock and our reasonable prices. Hawkeye Fur Farm, Dept. 60, 921 North 34th St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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FINE income from Rabbits under our contract. Proposition covers housing, feeding, breeding, marketing. Build your own big business. Free particulars. Aulabaugh Fur Farms, Box 3, Waterloo, Nebr.

RAISE Chinchillas or White Beveren Fur Rabbits. Big money makers. Send dime for catalog and contract. 409 Elkhorn Fur Farm, Norfolk, Neb. (3-2)

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Rabbits—Continued

WHITE Beverens (blue eyes) mature in shortest time. Chinchillas all (Stahl's) prize winning stock. Bonnie Brae Fur Co., 214 Tramway Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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Miscellaneous

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15,000 STAMPS low price, approvals 1c up. Dandy packet 2c to approval requests. Harvey Teeple, Decatur, Indiana. (3-3)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-3)

150 GOOD mixed foreign stamps, 3c. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-3)

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MY new catalog of taxidermists' supplies is now ready. Write for your copy NOW. Most beautiful and complete catalog ever published. Brilliant Colored Insert—introducing two New Alluring Colored Art Shields. Dozens of new money-making items. Glass eyes, materials, head forms—everything—and at the lowest prices. You will be highly interested—you will save money—make more money. Write today. J. W. Elwood, Dept. 15, Omaha, Nebr. (3-2)

NOTICE: Taxidermists, Furriers, fox fur farms, rabbit fur farms. Save money. Write for free catalogue of supplies, tools, best books ever printed on taxidermy, tanning, trapping, fur farming and fur trade. Manufacturers of glass eyes for mounted birds, animals, wooden decoy ducks, human beings, etc. Glass Indian beads (sample card) 25c. Guaranteed wire fur stretchers for all fur animals. F. Schumacher and Sons, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-3)

MOUNTED specimens and fur rugs for sale. Also complete line of Taxidermist's supplies and glass eyes. Send stamp for list. We buy horns, scalps, skins, etc., for mounting. Beverly Taxidermy Studio, 2301 West 91st Street, Chicago, Illinois. (3-4)

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FREE catalog glass eyes—taxidermy books. Write "Get-Acquainted Offer H." Schoepfer, 16 West 36 Street, New York. (3-3)

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WANTED: Men, boys, to raise rabbits and poultry for us. We supply stock. We also buy eggs and furs. Caruso's Rabbitry, R. D. No. 1, Verona, Pennsylvania.

WANTED: Used Johnson class B Twin 1928-29. Lowest price. Address Paul Newman, Hobart, Indiana.

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 74. (7-7)

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REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

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Dec. 16, 1929

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